





BETSY ROSS SHOWING THE FIRST AMERICAN FLAG TO GENERAL WASHINGTON.

GREAT AMERICANS

AND THEIR NOBLE DEEDS

CONTAINING

THE LIVES OF ALMOST FIFTY OF OUR NATION'S
HEROES AND HEROINES

	WASHINGTON,		
FULTON,	EDISON,	FRANCES WILLARD,	JACKSON,
GIRARD,	LEE,	MEADE,	ROOSEVELT,
MOLLY PITCHER,	PERRY,	FARRAGUT,	HOBSON,
PUTNAM,	JACK DAVIS,	HENRY,	GREENE,
GRANT,	PENN,	LINCOLN,	LONGFELLOW,
LAWTON,	CLAY,	DEWEY,	BETSY ROSS,
FRANKLIN,	GOODYEAR,	DECATUR,	BOONE,
	AND OTHERS		

A Book of Entertainment and Instruction for the Young

HELPING THEM TO FORM HIGHER IDEAS AND SHOWING
THEM THAT BY INDUSTRY AND PERSEVERANCE THEY
MAY OVERCOME GREAT OBSTACLES AND RISE
TO SUCCESS AND FAME.

By MILTON HADLEY

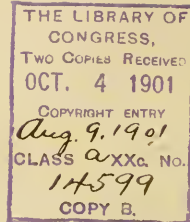
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PREFACE.

MEN and women who have become famous on account of their noble virtues and grand achievements are bright examples to the young. The patriotism of Washington, Franklin and other heroes of the Revolution will never cease to inspire Americans. They stand out in history as patterns worthy the imitation of all generations of their countrymen.

It is the high aim of this volume to portray the noble traits and the noble deeds of the men and women of our country whose names have become household words. It is not merely a grand work for boys and girls, but for all classes of readers. The great Generals, Orators, Statesmen, Explorers, Inventors and Pioneers of our country are depicted in a masterly manner. The reader is delighted with the glowing tales of patriotism and the superb valor and daring exploits of heroes like Washington, Putnam, Lee, Grant, "Stonewall" Jackson, Dewey, Roosevelt, Lawton and many others.

Here, too, are thrilling accounts of Polar Voyages, Explorations beyond the Mississippi; brave deeds of our Army and Navy; brilliant examples of poor boys and girls who have risen to fame, showing how the young, by labor and perseverance, can achieve success. There are examples of men who have amassed fortunes, like Girard by his ships and real estate investments; Elias Howe by his invention of the sewing machine; Edison by his discoveries in electricity; James Gordon Bennett by founding a great newspaper.

The men and women who have achieved distinction in all the various walks of life are here made illustrious, their names being written on the immortal scroll of history.

Not the least thrilling of the great deeds of Americans are the explorations made in the Polar Region by Dr. Kane, Lieutenant Lockwood, Lieutenant Peary and others who have braved the snows and frosts of northern winters in a fruitless search for the Pole. The hardships and

sufferings of these and of the early pioneers who pushed on into the wilderness making way for the new Nation, all have a thrilling fascination for the young. Valuable instruction is also conveyed by this narrative and much of interest is to be learned.

A work abounding in incidents showing what can be accomplished by that spirit of enterprise which characterizes the American people. At the same time much is here written that will stir the patriotism of all who read this volume. Descriptions are given of the old Independence Hall, Carpenter's Hall, the home of "Old Glory," the great speeches and thrilling scenes in which such orators as Patrick Henry, Webster, Clay, Lincoln and many others were participants. These all have their captivating power and are not without their effect when placed before the youth of the present day.





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GEORGE WASHINGTON

THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY.



Y little friends, said Uncle Frank, I promised to tell you some stories about the great men and women of our country who have become famous. Are you ready to have me begin?

That is just what James and I have been waiting for, said Elsie, and now that cousin Mabel has come, we are all ready to listen.

It was a beautiful morning and Uncle Frank and the young folks were seated on the porch, which was shaded by the thick leaves and branches of a large elm tree. What great American shall I tell you about first? asked Uncle Frank.

Washington, said James. Elsie and Mabel were of the same mind, and Uncle Frank leaned forward in his easy chair and began his story, while the young people listened with eager attention. Washington, he said, was born in Virginia on the 22d of February, 1732. His father, Augustine Washington, was a wealthy farmer, but his death, when George was eleven years old, deprived his son of his care, and also of the means of getting an education.

GEORGE ATTENDING SCHOOL.

He soon acquired all the learning he could gain at a country school, from which he passed to an academy of somewhat higher grade. Here he made a study of mathematics. His half-brother, Lawrence, who was fourteen years older than himself, had received a careful education and directed the studies of his younger brother.

Though deprived of the care of his father at such an early age, it was the good fortune of George Washington to have in his mother an excellent guide. She was a woman of rare good sense, and was an earnest Christian. Her tenderness and sweet disposition won the love of her children, and her firmness enforced their obedience. George had a quick

temper, and from his mother he learned the lesson of self-control which enabled him to govern it.

As a boy Washington was noted for his truthfulness and courage. He was both liked and respected by his schoolmates, and such was their confidence in his fairness that he was usually chosen to settle their boyish disputes. He joined heartily in their sports and was noted for his skill in athletic exercises. He was a fearless rider and a good hunter, and by his fondness for manly sports became a very strong young man. He was cheerful and pleasant in temper, though rather shy and grave in manner. He early acquired habits of industry and order, and there are still many things to show the careful manner in which he discharged every duty at his early age.

At the age of fourteen it was decided that he should enter the navy, and his brother Lawrence, who had served with credit in that branch of the service, had no difficulty in obtaining for him a midshipman's place.

What is a midshipman, Uncle Frank? said James.

AFFECTION FOR HIS MOTHER.

That's right, Uncle Frank replied; if there is anything you don't know, you should ask about it. People who respectfully ask questions are the ones who are likely to know the most. A midshipman, James, is one on board ship, I mean a war ship, whose business it is to carry messages and orders from the officers in one part of the vessel to the officers in another part.

The ship Washington was to join lay in the Potomac, and his trunk was sent on board; but at the last moment his mother, dreading the temptations of a seaman's life upon a boy so young, appealed to him by his affection for her to remain with her. Washington was sorely disappointed, but he yielded cheerfully to his mother's wish.

His elder brother having married a connection of Lord Fairfax, his lordship gave George Washington, in his eighteenth year, the appointment of surveyor, to survey his lands. In 1751 he was appointed one of the adjutant-generals of Virginia, with the rank of major. Soon afterwards he was sent by the Governor of Virginia to carry a letter to the French commander on the Ohio, forbidding his encroachment on the lands belonging to Virginia. The journey was about 400 miles, 200 of which lay through a trackless wilderness, inhabited by Indians. He left Williamsburg on the 31st of October, and delivered his letter on the 12th of

December. Having received an answer he set out immediately on his return, which proved dangerous and toilsome. The following is his own account of it, which I will read:

"As I was uneasy to get back, to make a report of my proceeding to his honor the governor, I determined to prosecute my journey the nearest way, through the woods, and on foot. I took my necessary papers, pulled off my clothes, and tied myself up in a watch-coat. Then, with a gun in my hand, and pack on my back, in which were my papers and provisions, I set out with Mr. Gist, my guide, fitted in the same manner. We fell in with a party of Indians who had lain in wait for us. One of them fired not fifteen steps off, but fortunately missed; we walked on the remaining part of the night, without making any stop, that we might get the start so far as to be out of reach of their pursuit the next day, as we were well assured that they would follow our track as soon as it was light. The next day we continued travelling until quite dark and got to the river. We expected to have found the river frozen, but it was not more than fifty yards from each shore. The ice, I suppose, had been broken up, for it was driving in vast quantities.

RAFT GOT JAMMED IN THE ICE.

"There was no way of getting over but on a raft, which we set about making with one poor hatchet, and finished just after sun-setting: this was one day's work. We got it launched, then went on board of it, and set off; but before we were half way over, we were jammed in the ice, in such a manner that we expected every moment our raft to sink and ourselves to perish. I put out my setting pole to endeavor to stop the raft, that the ice might pass by, when the rapidity of the stream threw it with so much violence against the pole, that it jerked me out into ten feet of water." At length, on the 16th of January, he arrived at Williamsburg; and delivered the important letter to the governor.

Having been appointed colonel of a regiment raised to defend the rights of the colonists against the French, Washington distinguished himself greatly by his defense of Fort Necessity, although he was finally forced to give up the fight. Having resigned his commission, he retired in 1754, to Mount Vernon, on the Potomac, a country-seat which had been bequeathed him by his brother. In 1755 he accepted the invitation of Braddock, the British General, to enter his family as a volunteer, and accompanied him in an unfortunate expedition to the Ohio, against the

French and Indians, the result of which would probably have been very different from what it was, had Braddock followed the prudent advice of his aide.

When the troops fell into the Indian trap, the officers were singled out by their savage foes and deliberately shot, Washington being the only aide that was not wounded, and on him devolved the whole duty of carrying out the orders of the commander-in-chief. Though he had two horses killed under him, and four balls through his coat, he escaped unhurt,



DISASTROUS DEFEAT OF GENERAL BRADDOCK.

while every other officer on horseback was either killed or wounded. Dr. Craik, the physician who attended him in his last sickness, was present at this battle, and says, "I expected every moment to see him fall. Nothing but the superintending care of Providence could have saved him from the fate of all around him."

After an action of three hours, the troops gave way in all directions, and Colonel Washington and two others brought off Braddock who had been mortally wounded. Washington attempted to rally the retreating troops; but, as he said himself, it was like attempting to stop the wild bears of the mountains. The conduct of the regular troops was most cowardly. The enemy were few in numbers, with no hope of victory.

The preservation of Washington during this battle was wonderful. He was exposed more than any other officer, and was particularly the object of savage attacks on account of his superior bravery. After the defeat, a famous Indian warrior, who acted a distinguished part in that bloody tragedy, was heard to say that Washington was never born to be killed by a bullet; "for," said he, "I had seventeen fair shots at him with my rifle, and yet I could not bring him to the ground."

GALLANT CAPTURE OF THE FORT.

To bring the French and Indian war to a close it was found necessary to capture Fort Duquesne, which stood where the city of Pittsburg does now. General Bouquet had charge of the American troops in this part of the country. He had with him a force of about two thousand men, chiefly Highlanders and Virginians. Learning from his scouts that Fort Duquesne was held by a garrison of only eight hundred men, of whom three hundred were Indians, Bouquet, without orders from General Forbes, resolved to attempt the capture of the fort by a sudden blow.

He detached a force of eight hundred Highlanders and a company of Virginians, under Major Grant, to reconnoitre Fort Duquesne. The French were fully informed of all of Grant's movements, but they allowed him to approach unmolested, intending to disarm his vigilance and then attack him.

The French commander had posted the Indians along the sides of the defile by which Grant was advancing, and at a given signal the garrison made a sudden sally from the fort against the Highlanders, while the Indians opened a heavy fire upon them from their place of concealment. The regulars were quickly thrown into confusion, and their officers were found incapable of conducting such a mode of warfare. Attracted by the firing, Major Lewis, with a company of Virginians, hastened to the scene of the encounter, and by engaging the enemy hand-to-hand enabled the regulars to save themselves from a general massacre.

The enterprise was on the point of being abandoned when fortunately three prisoners were brought in, from whom Washington drew the information that the garrison of Fort Duquesne was reduced to a very small force, that the Indians had all deserted the French, and that the expected reinforcements and supplies from Canada had not arrived. It was evident that a well-executed effort would result in the capture of the fort.

It was then decided to continue the expedition. A force of twenty



WASHINGTON PLANTING THE FLAG ON FORT DUQUESNE.

five hundred picked troops was placed under Washington's command, and he was ordered to push forward as rapidly as possible, and prepare the road for the advance of the main army. Washington was ably seconded in his movements, and the march was pressed with such vigor that in ten days the army arrived in the vicinity of Fort Duquesne.

The French now saw that the fall of the fort was inevitable. They had but five hundred men, and Bradstreet's capture of Fort Frontenac had cut them off from the reinforcements and supplies they had expected from Canada. Unwilling to stand a siege, the result of which was certain, they abandoned the fort on the night of the twenty-fourth of November, and embarking in flat boats, floated down the Ohio to join their countrymen in the valley of the Mississippi. On the morning of the twenty-fifth, Washington, with his gallant band, entered the fort and planted the flag on the ramparts just abandoned by the French.

After the expulsion of the French from Ohio, and the cessation of hostilities on the part of the Indians, Washington retired to his farm, and soon after married Mrs. Custis, a lady of large fortune, and many accomplishments. He continued to take an active part in public affairs, and on the approach of hostilities with Great Britain, was chosen to the first Congress. On the 14th of June, 1775, he was chosen commander-in-chief of the armies of the United Colonies.

HARD FIGHTING BY WASHINGTON'S ARMY.

He repaired immediately to the headquarters of the American army at Cambridge, Massachusetts, and having forced the British to evacuate Boston, led his army to New York, where he was doomed to witness the defeat of the Americans on Long Island, on the 27th of August, but the retreat of the army was conducted in a masterly manner. After the battle of White Plains, the prospects of the Americans appeared hopeless, but the successes of Trenton and Princeton inspired the army with fresh courage. By these, Philadelphia was saved and New Jersey regained.

On the 25th of August, 1777, the British forces under Lord Howe, which had sailed from New York, disembarked at the ferry of Elk river, and on the 10th of September, the battle of Brandywine was fought and the Americans defeated. In this battle, the young Marquis de la Fayette, who had come from France to help the American cause, displayed great courage, and though severely wounded, continued many hours on foot and horseback, endeavoring to rally and encourage the troops.

Major Ferguson, who commanded a rifle corps a day or two previous to this battle, was the hero of a very singular adventure which he thus describes in a letter to a friend :

"We had not lain long, when a rebel officer, remarkable by a hussar dress, pressed toward our army, within a hundred yards of my right flank, not perceiving us. He was followed by another, dressed in dark green and blue, mounted on a bay horse, with a remarkably high cocked hat. I ordered three good shots to stand near, and fire at them ; but the idea disgusting me, I recalled the order. The hussar, in returning, made a circuit, but he passed within a hundred yards of us ; upon which I advanced from the woods towards him.

"Upon my calling, he stopped ; but, after looking at me, again proceeded. I again drew his attention, and made signs to him to stop, leveling my piece at him ; but he slowly cantered away. By quick firing I could have lodged half a dozen balls in or about him, before he was out of my reach. I had only to determine ; but it was not pleasant to fire at the back of an unoffending individual, who was very coolly acquitting himself of his duty ; so I let it alone.

"The next day, the surgeon told me that the wounded rebel officers informed him that General Washington was all the morning with the light troops, and only attended by a French officer in the huzzar dress, he himself dressed and mounted as I have before described. I am not sorry I did not know who it was at the time."

WASHINGTON PRAYING AT VALLEY FORGE.

The battle of Brandywine, in Pennsylvania, September 11, 1777, opened the way to Philadelphia for the British, who entered it on the 26th of September. After an unsatisfactory engagement at Germantown, the American troops were quartered for the winter at Valley Forge, where their sufferings were extreme. One day, a Quaker by the name of Potts had occasion to go to a certain place, which led him through a large grove at no great distance from headquarters. As he was proceeding along, he thought he heard a noise. He stopped and listened.

He did hear the sound of a human voice at some distance, but quite indistinctly. As it was in the direct course he was pursuing, he went on, but with some caution. At length he came within sight of a man whose back was turned towards him, on his knees, in the attitude of prayer. Potts now stopped, and soon saw Washington himself, the commander of

the American armies, returning from bending before the God of hosts above.

Potts himself was a pious man, and no sooner had he reached home. than in the fulness of his faith, he broke forth to his wife Sarah:

"All's well! all's well! Yes,—George Washington is sure to beat the British—*sure!*" "What's the matter with thee, Isaac?" replied the startled Sarah. "Thee seems to be much moved about something."

"Well! what if I am moved? Who would not be moved at such a sight as I have seen to-day?"

"And what hast thou seen, Isaac?"

"Seen! I've seen a man at prayer!—in the woods!—George Washington himself! And now I say,—just what I *have* said,—all's well! George Washington is sure to beat the British!—*sure!*"

In June, 1778, the British evacuated Philadelphia



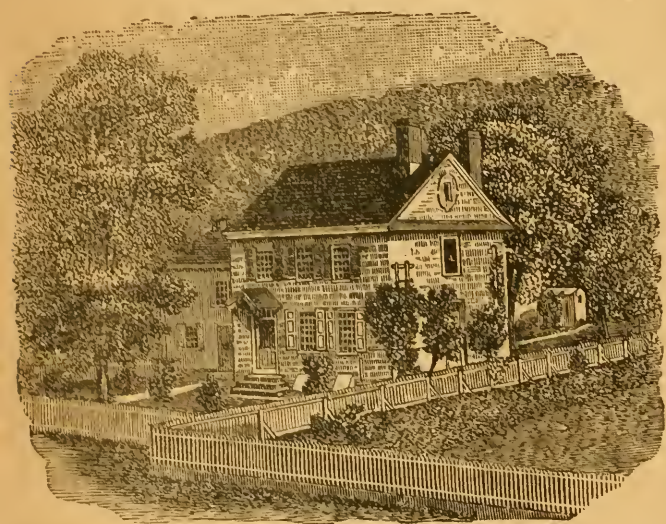
VALLEY FORGE, PENNSYLVANIA, WHERE WASHINGTON'S ARMY WENT INTO WINTER QUARTERS.

and retreated upon New York closely followed by Washington, who attacked them at Monmouth on the 24th, and fought them with advantage, although without gaining a decided victory. Washington, having given his orders to La Fayette, was personally engaged in forming the line of the main body near the court-house, and was speaking with Colonel Hartly of the Pennsylvania line, when a cannon ball struck just at his horse's feet, throwing the dirt in his face and over his clothes. The general continued giving orders without noticing the derangement of his toilet.

"Never," says La Fayette, "was General Washington greater in war than in this conflict; his presence stopped the retreat, his disposition

fixed the victory. His fine appearance on horseback, his calm courage roused by the animation produced by the vexation of the morning, gave him the air best calculated to excite enthusiasm."

In 1781 Washington, in conjunction with Count Rochambeau, planned an expedition against New York, which was abandoned with a view of directing their operations to the south. Demonstrations, however, were made against the city, and Sir Henry Clinton, the British general, was not aware of the change in his intentions. The siege of Yorktown, Virginia, commenced on the 28th of September, and Lord Cornwallis was compelled to surrender, after much hard fighting, on the 19th.



WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS AT VALLEY FORGE.

If we are called upon to admire the conduct and successes of Washington in action, our admiration is no less due to his behavior in those intervals of repose when the American forces had time to reflect upon their wants, and brood over their supposed grievances. He quelled mutiny, but he pitied the sufferings that produced it; and while he was resolved to enforce subordination, he was no

less determined to give all the comfort which it was in his power to bestow.

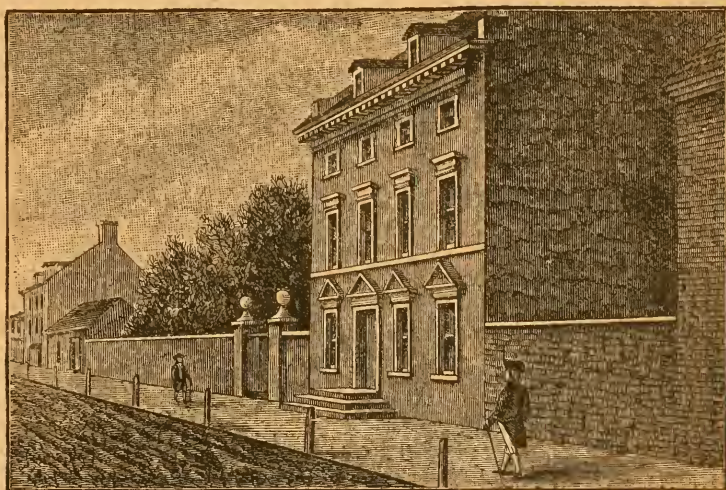
On the 25th of November, 1783, Washington made his public entry into the city of New York. On the 4th of December the principal officers of the army assembled at Francis' tavern in New York, to take a final leave of their beloved commander-in-chief. Soon after his excellency entered the room. His emotions were too strong to be concealed. Filling a glass, and turning to them he said: "With a heart full of love and gratitude, I now take leave of you. I most devoutly wish that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former ones have been glorious and honorable."

Having drank, he added, "I cannot come to each of you, but shall be obliged to you if each of you will come and take me by the hand." Gen-

eral Knox, being nearest turned to him. Incapable of utterance, Washington in tears grasped his hand, embraced and kissed him. In the same affectionate manner, he took leave of each succeeding officer.

Leaving the room he passed through the corps of light infantry, and walked to White Hall, where a barge waited to convey him to Paulus' Hook. The whole company followed in mute and solemn procession, with dejected countenances, testifying feelings of melancholy which no pen can describe. Having entered the barge, he turned to the company, and waving his hat, he bade them a silent adieu. They paid him the same affectionate compliment, and after the barge had left them they returned in the same solemn manner to the place where they had just assembled.

On the 23d of December, 1783, General Washington resigned his commission to Congress then sitting at Annapolis. But he was not permitted to remain in his retirement; for the



WASHINGTON'S HOUSE, HIGH STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

nation, aware of the importance of securing his wisdom and influence, chose him the first President, under the new constitution of 1789.

In the first Presidency, the door of the President's house gathered but little rust on its hinges, while often was its latch lifted by the "broken soldier." Scarce a day passed that some veteran of the heroic time did not present himself at headquarters. The most battered of these types of the days of privation and trial were "kindly bid to stay," were offered refreshment and then dismissed with lighter hearts and heavier pouches.

So passed the many; but not so with one of Erin's sons. It was about the hour of the Tuesday levee, when German John, the porter, opened to a hearty rap, expecting to admit at least a Congressman or foreign Ambassador, when who should march into the hall but an old fellow whose weather-beaten countenance and well-worn apparel showed

him to be no great man. His introduction was short, but to the purpose. He had come to headquarters to see his honor's excellence, God bless him! He was an old soldier.

In vain the porter assured him that it would be impossible to see the President at that time; a great company was momentarily expected; the hall was not a fitting place; would he not go to the steward's apartment and get something to eat and drink? To all which Pat replied he was in no hurry; that he would wait his honor's leisure;—and taking a chair composed and made himself comfortable.

And now passed ministers of state and foreign ministers, senators, judges, and the great and the gay; meanwhile poor Pat stoutly maintained his post, gazing on the crowd till the levee ended. The President, about to retire to his library, was informed that an obstinate Irishman had taken possession of the hall, and would be satisfied with nothing short of an interview with the President himself.

GENERAL WASHINGTON AND THE IRISH SOLDIER.

The Chief good-naturedly turned into the hall. So soon as the old veteran saw his old commander, he roared out, "Long life to your honor's excellency!" at the same time hurling his hat to the ground, and erecting himself with military precision. "Your honor will not remember me; though many is the day that I have marched under your orders, and many's the hard knock I've had, too. I belonged to Wayne's brigade—Mad Antony the British called him, and, by the powers, he was always mad enough for them. I was wounded in the battle of Germantown. Hurrah for America! and it does my heart good to see your honor, and how is the dear lady and the little ones?"

Here the usually grave temperament of Washington gave way, as with a smile he replied that he was well, as was Mrs. Washington; but they were unfortunate in having no children; then pressing a token into the soldier's hand, he ascended the staircase to his library. The Irishman followed with his eyes the retiring general, then looked again and again upon the token which he had received from his *honor's own hand*, put it in his pocket, recovered his hat, which he placed with military exactness a little on one side, then took up his line of march, and as he passed the porter, he cried out, "there, now, you Hessian fellow, you see his honor's excellence has not forgotten an old soldier."

Throughout the eight years of his Presidential career, Washington

did nothing to forfeit the esteem of his fellow citizens, who acknowledged him, "first in peace, first in war, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." An Englishman in Philadelphia, speaking of the Presidency of Washington, was expressing a desire to see him. While this conversation passed, "there he goes," cried the American, pointing to a tall, erect, dignified personage, passing on the other side of the street. "That General Washington!" exclaimed the Englishman; "where is his guard?" "*Here!*" replied the American, striking on his breast with emphasis.

On Friday, the 13th of December, 1799, exposure to wet produced an inflammatory disorder of the throat, which terminated fatally on the night of Saturday. The deep and wide-spread grief occasioned by this melancholy event, assembled a great concourse of people for the purpose of paying the last tribute of respect to the first of Americans. On Wednesday, the 18th of December, attended by military honors and the ceremonies of religion, his body was deposited in the family vault at Mount Vernon.

This place is a short distance below Washington, and is reached by boat on the Potomac River. The old house that Washington lived in is still standing, and when we had our World's Fair at Chicago a house was built there exactly like Washington's at Mount Vernon. Of course, hundreds of thousands of persons visited it, and went through all the rooms, to see what kind of a house he lived in. Many persons who visit the city of Washington take a trip to Mount Vernon, which is one of the most interesting spots in our country.

When Uncle Frank had finished his story of Washington his young friends thanked him for telling them so much about the Father of his Country.

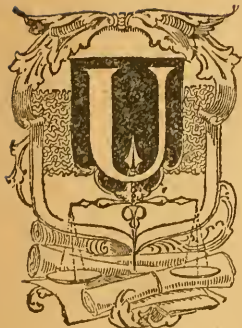
I trust that you will remember what I have said, replied Uncle Frank, and now I will ask you some questions and see if you can answer them.

QUESTIONS.

When and where was Washington born? What chance did he have to get an education? What wish of his mother did he obey? What was his first service in the army? What gallant act did he perform at Fort Duquesne? Mention some of his exploits in the War of the Revolution? What escapes from death did he have? What high office was he called to after gaining the independence of his country? Tell me the story of the Irishman who called on him when he was President. What was the cause of his death and how old was he?

ROBERT FULTON

AND HIS STEAMBOAT.



UNCLE Frank laid aside his newspaper as the young people came tripping into the sitting-room, their faces all aglow with health and enjoyment. We are ready for another story, Uncle, said James, drawing a chair up for himself.

Mabel and Elsie want chairs, too, don't they? said Uncle Frank. Why do you not wait upon them? We must think of others beside ourselves.

James smiled pleasantly, ran to the other side of the room, drew up two chairs, and soon the group were ready for the story.

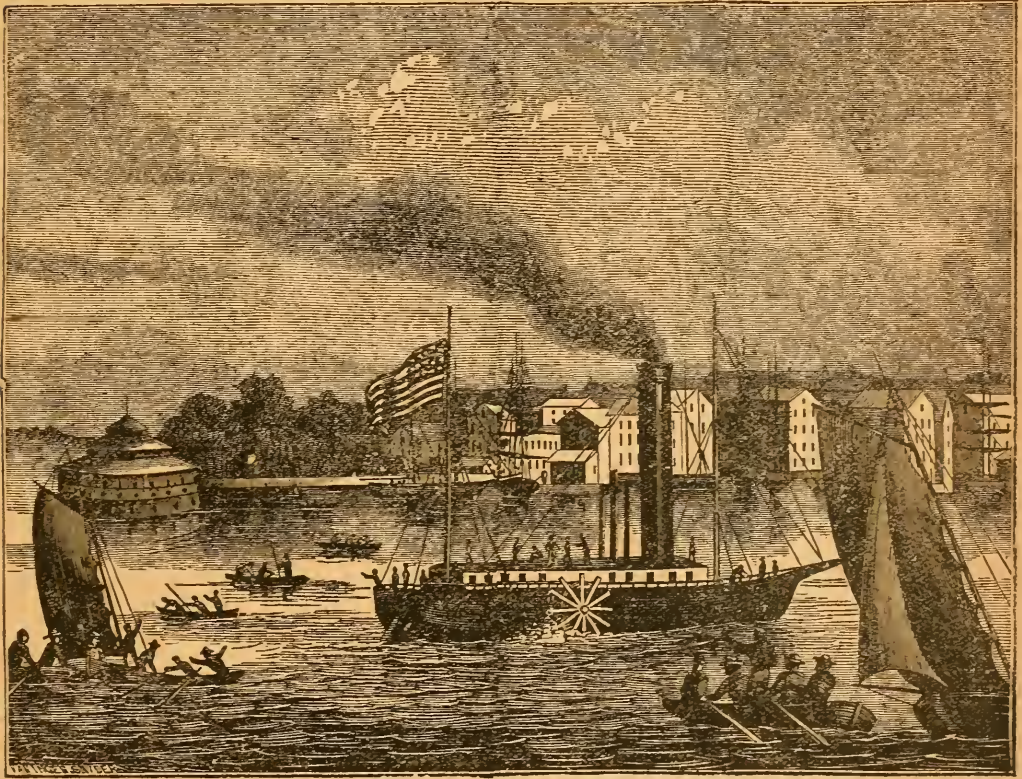
I must tell you to-day, began Uncle Frank, about Robert Fulton and the first steamboat that was ever a success. Fulton was born in Little Britain, Lancaster Co., Pennsylvania. When a boy he was fond of machinery, and if he did not understand how any machine worked, he would spend hours trying to find out.

THE FIRST STEAMBOAT AND ITS MISHAP.

When quite a young man Fulton went to France. During his residence in Paris he had made the acquaintance of Mr. Robert R. Livingston, then the American minister in France, who had previously been connected with some unsuccessful steamboat experiments at home. Mr. Livingston was delighted to find a man of Fulton's genius so well satisfied that boats could be made to go by steam, and joined heartily with him in his efforts to prove it.

Several small working models made by Fulton convinced Mr. Livingston that the former had discovered and had overcome the cause of the failure of the experiments of other inventors, and it was finally agreed between them to build a large boat for trial on the Seine. That is a river which you will see if you ever go to Paris. This experimental steamer was furnished with paddle wheels, and was completed and launched early in the spring of 1803.

On the very morning appointed for the trial, Fulton was aroused from his sleep by a messenger from the boat, who rushed into his chamber, pale and breathless, exclaiming, "Oh, sir, the boat has broken in pieces and gone to the bottom!" Hastily dressing and hurrying to the spot, he found that the weight of the machinery had broken the boat in half and carried the whole structure to the bottom of the river. He at once



ROBERT FULTON'S FIRST STEAMBOAT.

set to work to raise the machinery, devoting twenty-four hours, without resting or eating, to the undertaking, and succeeded in doing so, but inflicted upon his constitution a strain from which he never entirely recovered. The machinery was very slightly damaged, but it was necessary to rebuild the boat entirely. This was accomplished by July of the same year, and the boat was tried in August with triumphant success, in the presence of the French National Institute and a vast crowd of the citizens of Paris.

This steamer was very defective, but still so great an improvement

upon all that had preceded it, that Messrs. Fulton and Livingston determined to build one on a larger scale in the waters of New York, the right of navigating which by steam vessels had been secured by the latter as far back as 1798.

Fulton returned to America and began building his boat. Everybody laughed at him and said it would be a failure, but he went on with his work, his boat attracting no less attention and exciting no less ridicule than the ark had received from the scoffers in the days of Noah. A steam-engine ordered in England was received in the latter part of 1806; and in the following spring the boat was launched. Fulton named her the Clermont, after the country-seat of his friend and partner, Chancellor Livingston.

She was one hundred and sixty tons burthen, one hundred and thirty feet long, eighteen feet wide, and seven feet deep. Her boiler was twenty feet long, seven feet deep, and eight feet broad. The diameter of the paddle-wheels was fifteen feet. The boat was completed about the last of August, and she was moved by her machinery from the East River into the Hudson, and over to the Jersey shore.

GREAT CROWD EXPECTS TO SEE A FAILURE.

This trial, brief as it was, satisfied Fulton of its success, and he announced that in a few days the steamer would sail from New York for Albany. A few friends, including several scientific men and mechanics, were invited to take passage in the boat, to witness her performance; and they accepted the invitation with a general conviction that they were to do but little more than witness another failure.

Monday, September 10, 1807, came at length, and a vast crowd assembled along the shore of the North River to witness the starting. As the hour for sailing drew near, the crowd increased, and jokes were passed on all sides at the expense of the inventor, who paid little attention to them, however, but busied himself in making a final and close inspection of the machinery.

Says Fulton, "The morning I left New York, there were not, perhaps, thirty persons in the city who believed that the boat would ever move one mile per hour, or be of the least use; and while we were putting off from the wharf, which was crowded with spectators, I heard a number of sarcastic remarks."

One o'clock, the hour for sailing, came, and expectation was at its



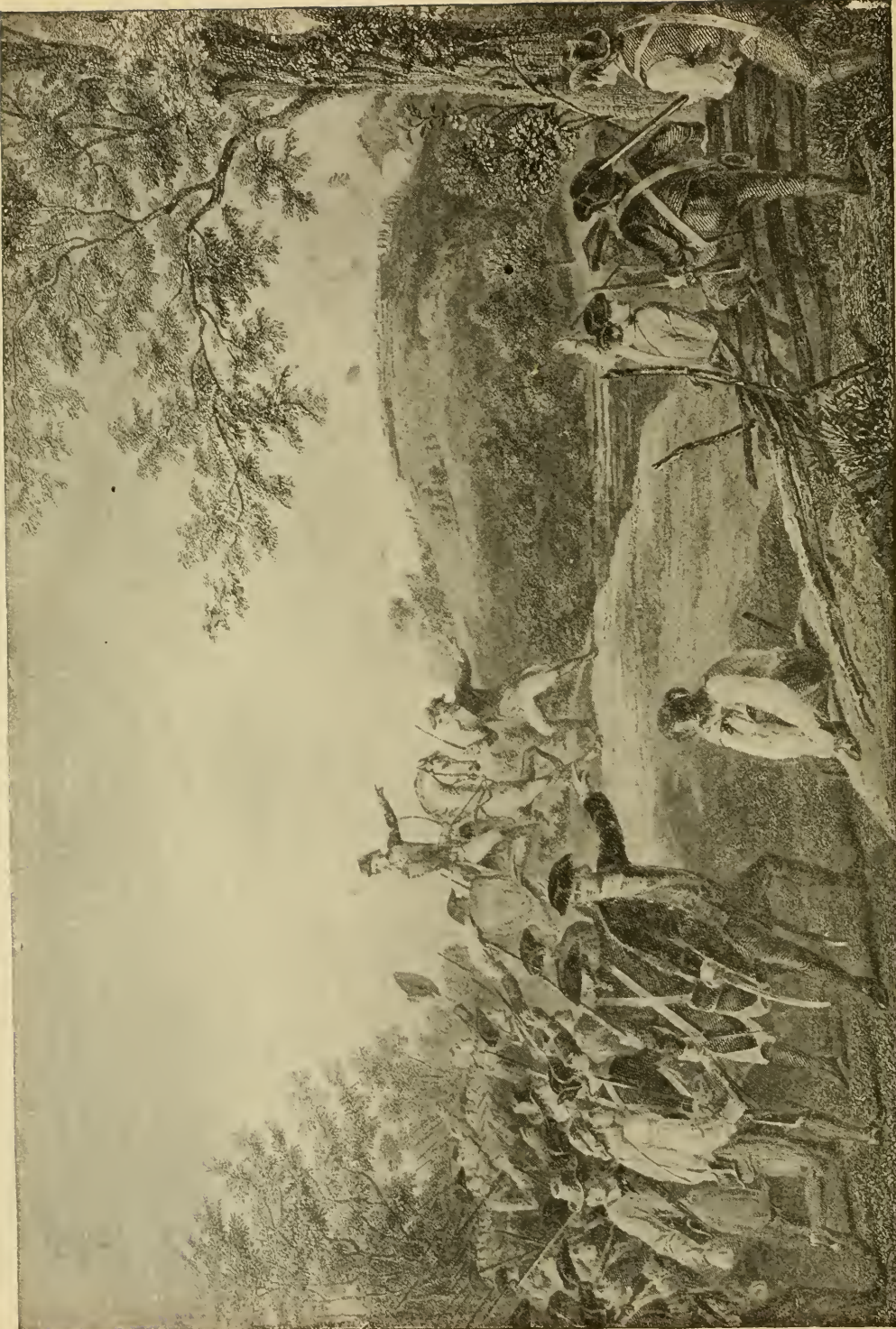
MAJOR-GENERAL H. W. LAWTON

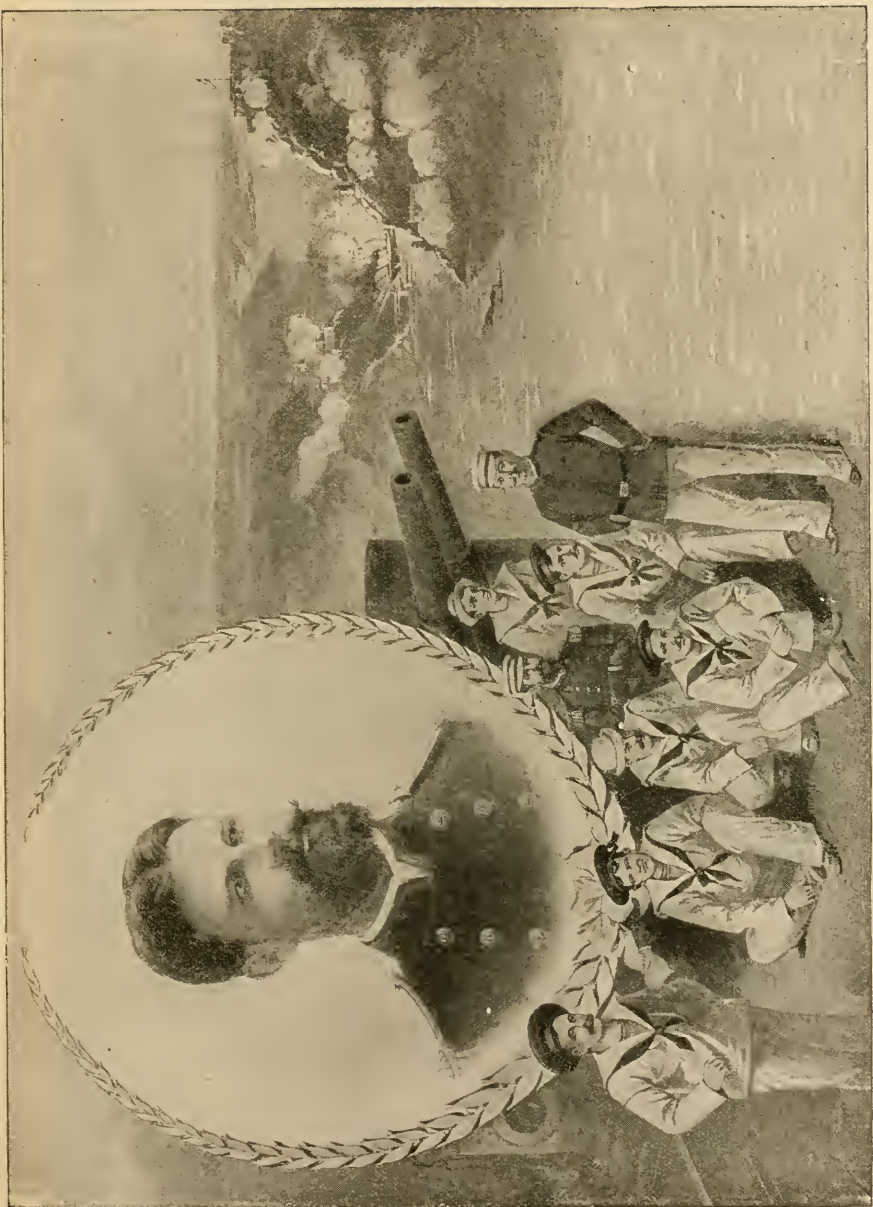


GEN. P. H. SHERIDAN

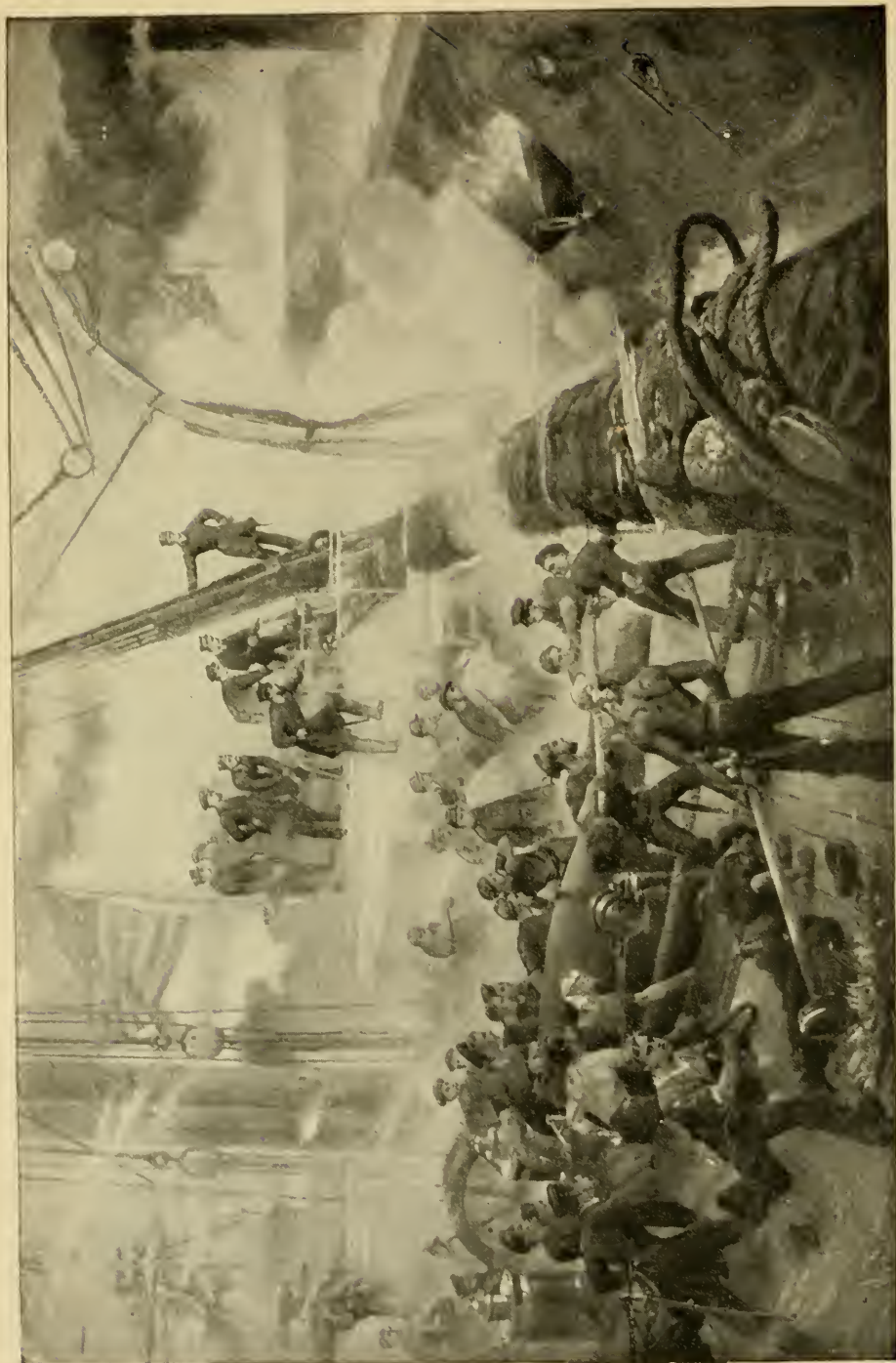


U S. BATTLESHIP OREGON

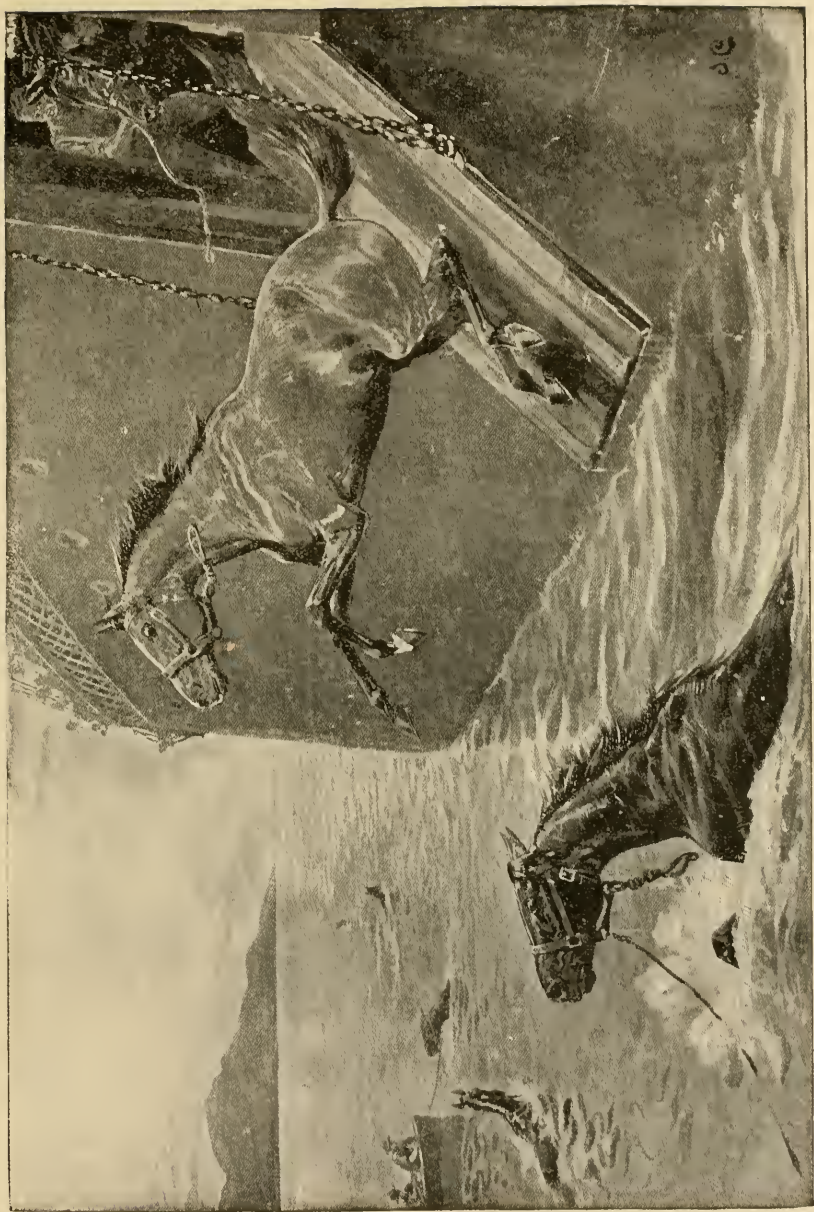




HEROES OF THE MERRIMAC



ADMIRAL FARRAGUT'S FLAGSHIP "HARTFORD" AT THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS
IN THIS BATTLE ADMIRAL DEWEY WAS A MINOR OFFICER AND RECEIVED HIS FIRST LESSON OF HEROISM FROM FARRAGUT, THE
RENOWNED COMMANDER OF OUR GULF SQUADRON



METHOD OF LANDING HORSES FROM TRANSPORTS



WASHINGTON CROSSING THE DELAWARE



THE BALLOON USED IN MODERN WARFARE



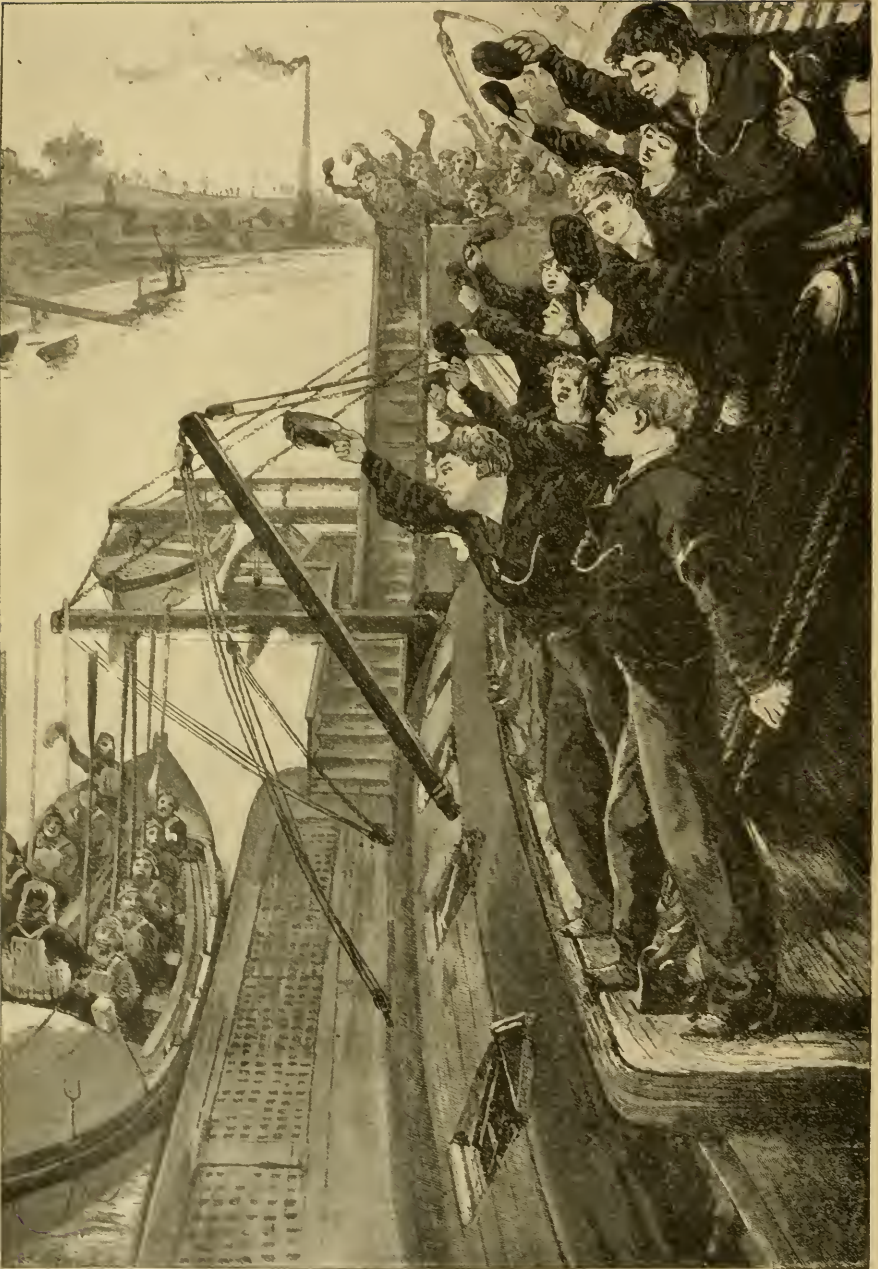
U. S. Grant



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PROF. CHARLES E. TRIPLER

HE IS TO LIQUID AIR WHAT EDISON IS TO ELECTRICITY. THIS NEW AND GREAT DISCOVERY IS DESTINED TO REVOLUTIONIZE EVERYTHING PERTAINING TO THE SUPPLY OF MOTIVE POWER FOR TRANSPORTATION, MACHINERY, REFRIGERATION, MANUFACTURE OF POWERFUL EXPLOSIVES, Etc. THE ABOVE ILLUSTRATION SHOWS A HAMMER OF FROZEN MERCURY.



SCENE ON BOARD A SCHOOLSHIP—CADETS CHEERING
THE LIFE-BOAT

highest. The friends of the inventor were in a state of feverish anxiety lest the enterprise should come to grief, and the scoffers on the wharf were all ready to give vent to their shouts of derision. Precisely as the hour struck, the moorings were thrown off, and the Clermont moved slowly out into the stream. Volumes of smoke and sparks from her furnaces, which were fed with pine wood, rushed forth from her chimney, and her wheels, which were uncovered, scattered the spray far behind her. The spectacle she presented as she moved out gradually from her dock was certainly novel to the people of those days, and the crowd on the wharf broke into shouts of riculture.

LOUD CHEERS FROM THE VAST THRONG.

Soon, however, the jeers grew silent, for it was seen that the steamer was by degrees increasing her speed. In a little while she was fairly under weigh, and making a steady progress up the stream at the rate of five miles per hour. The doubts of the spectators had been succeeded by surprise, and now this feeling gave way to great delight, and cheer after cheer went up from the vast throng. Many people followed the boat for some distance up the river shore. In a little while, however, the boat was observed to stop, and the enthusiasm of the people on the shore at once died out. The scoffers were again in their glory, and pronounced the boat a failure.

Their chagrin may be imagined when, after a short delay, the steamer once more proceeded on her way, and this time even more rapidly than before. Fulton had discovered that the paddles were too long, and took too deep a hold on the water, and had stopped the boat for the purpose of shortening them.

Having remedied this defect, the Clermont continued her voyage during the rest of the day and all night, without stopping, and at one o'clock the next day ran alongside the landing at Clermont, the seat of Chancellor Livingston. She lay there until nine the next morning, when she continued her voyage toward Albany, reaching that city at five in the afternoon, having made the entire distance between New York and Albany (one hundred and fifty miles) in thirty-two hours of actual running time, an average speed of nearly five miles per hour. On her return trip she reached New York in thirty hours, running time—exactly five miles per hour. Fulton states that during both trips he encountered a head wind.

The river was at this time navigated entirely with sailing vessels, and

large numbers of these were met by the Clermont during her up and down trips. The surprise and dismay excited among the crews of these vessels by the appearance of the steamer was extreme. These simple people, the majority of whom had heard nothing of Fulton's experiments, beheld what they supposed to be a huge monster, vomiting fire and smoke from its throat, lashing the water with its fins, and shaking the river with its roar, approaching rapidly in the very face of both wind and tide.

THOUGHT THE STEAMBOAT A TERRIBLE MONSTER.

Some threw themselves flat on the decks of their vessels, where they remained in an agony of terror until the monster had passed, while others took to their boats and made for the shore in dismay, leaving their vessels to drift helplessly down the stream. Nor was this terror confined to the sailors. The people dwelling along the shore crowded the banks to gaze upon the steamer as she passed by. A former resident of the neighborhood of Poughkeepsie thus describes the scene at that place, which will serve as a specimen of the conduct of the people along the entire river below Albany. I will read it to you :

"The whole country talked of nothing but the sea-monster, belching forth fire and smoke. The fishermen became terrified, and rowed homewards, and they saw nothing but destruction devastating their fishing-grounds ; while the wreaths of black vapor, and rushing noise of the paddle-wheels, foaming with the stirred-up waters, produced great excitement among the boatmen, which continued without abatement, until the character of the curious boat had been understood."

The alarm of the sailors and dwellers on the river shore disappeared as the character of the steamer became better known ; but when it was found that the Clermont was to run regularly between New York and Albany, as a packet-boat, she became the object of the most intense hatred on the part of the boatmen on the river, who feared that she would entirely destroy their business. In many quarters Fulton and his invention were denounced, and frequently attempts were made by captains of sailing vessels to sink the Clermont by running into her. She was several times damaged in this way, and the hostility of the boatmen became so great that it was necessary for the Legislature of New York to pass a law declaring combinations to destroy her, or willful attempts to injure her, public offences punishable by fine and imprisonment.

It had been supposed that Fulton's object was to produce a steamer

capable of navigating the Mississippi River, and much surprise was occasioned by the announcement that the Clermont was to be permanently employed upon the Hudson. She continued to ply regularly between New York and Albany, carrying passengers and freight.

This, said Uncle Frank, was the beginning of steam navigation. Look now at our own great battleships and fine ocean steamers.

Now, let me ask what you learn from this story?

Fulton went right ahead and wouldn't give up, said James.

QUESTIONS.

Who built the first successful steamboat? Where was he born and when? Who became his friend in Paris? On what river did Fulton navigate his first boat? Describe the scene as the Clermont started. At what rate per hour did she make her first voyage to Albany and back? What did the sailors on the river and the people on shore think of her?



STEPHEN GIRARD

AND HIS COLLEGE FOR POOR BOYS.



We are ready, Uncle Frank, if you are, said James as the young people gathered about the table in the sitting-room. The weather was threatening and Uncle Frank and his young friends remained indoors.

What will you tell us about to-day? asked Mabel.

I was thinking of Stephen Girard, said Uncle Frank.

I know, said Elsie; he was that rich Philadelphia merchant that was such a droll man.

Yes, very singular, but possessed of many good traits, very shrewd and odd, yet a man who became very rich, said Uncle Frank.

One May morning, in the year 1776, the mouth of the Delaware Bay was shrouded in a dense fog, which cleared away toward noon, and revealed several vessels just off the capes. From one of these, a sloop, floated the flag of France and a signal of distress. An American ship ran alongside the stranger, in answer to her signal, and found that the French

captain had lost his reckoning in a fog, and was in total ignorance of his whereabouts.

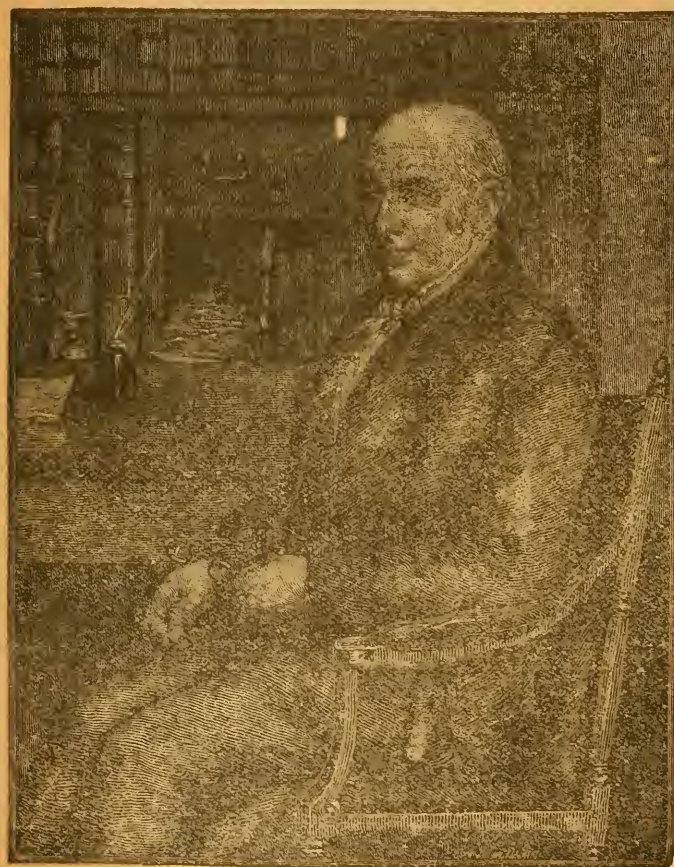
His vessel, he said, was bound from New Orleans to a Canadian port, and he was anxious to proceed on his voyage. The American skipper informed him of his locality, and also of the fact that war had broken out between the colonies and Great Britain, and that the American coast was

so well lined with British cruisers that he would never reach port but as a prize.

"What shall I do?" cried the Frenchman, in great alarm.

"Enter the bay, and make a push for Philadelphia," was the reply. "It is your only chance."

The Frenchman protested that he did not know the way, and had no pilot. The American captain, pitying his distress, found him a pilot, and even loaned him five dollars, which the pilot demanded in advance. The sloop got under weigh again, and passed into the Delaware, beyond the defenses which had been erected for its



STEPHEN GIRARD.

protection, just in time to avoid capture by a British war vessel which now made its appearance at the mouth of the bay.

Philadelphia was reached in due time, and, as the war bade fair to put an end to his voyages, the captain sold the sloop and her cargo, of which he was part owner, and, entering a small store in Water street, began the business of a grocer and wine-bottler. His capital was small, his business trifling in extent, and he himself labored under the disadvantage of being

almost unable to speak the English language. In person he was short and stout, with a dull, repulsive countenance, which his bushy eyebrows and solitary eye (being blind in the other) made almost hideous. He was cold and reserved in manner, and was disliked by his neighbors, the most of whom were afraid of him.

This man was Stephen Girard, who was afterward destined to play so important a part in the history of the city to which the mere chances of war sent him a stranger.

He was born at Bordeaux, in France, on the 21st of May, 1750, and was the eldest of the five children of Captain Pierre Girard, a mariner, or sailor, of that city. His life at home was a hard one. At the age of eight years, he discovered that he was blind in one eye, and the grief which this discovery caused him appears to have soured his entire life. He afterward declared that his father treated him with considerable neglect, and that, while his younger brothers were sent to college, he was made to content himself with merely a knowledge of reading and writing.

A CABIN BOY ON A SHIP.

When he was quite young, his mother died, and, as his father soon married again, the cuffs and scoldings of a step-mother were added to his other troubles. When about thirteen years of age, he left home, with his father's consent, and began, as a cabin-boy, the life of a sailor. For nine years he sailed between Bordeaux and the French West Indies, rising steadily from his position of cabin-boy to that of mate. He improved his leisure time at sea, until he was not only master of the art of navigation, but generally well informed for a man in his station.

His father possessed sufficient influence to procure him the command of a vessel, in spite of the law of France which required that no man should be made master of a ship unless he had sailed two cruises in the royal navy and was twenty-five years old. Gradually Girard was enabled to amass a small sum of money, which he invested in cargoes easily disposed of in the ports to which he sailed. Three years after he was licensed to command, he made his first appearance in the port of Philadelphia. He was then twenty-six years old.

From the time of his arrival in Philadelphia he devoted himself to business with an energy and industry which never failed. He despised no labor, and was willing to undertake any honest means of making a living. He bought and sold any thing, from groceries to old "junk." His

chief profit, however, was in his wine and cider, which he bottled and sold readily. His business prospered, and he was regarded as a thriving man from the start. It was considered quite honorable in those days to sell wines and liquors.

In July, 1777, he married Mary Lum, a servant girl of great beauty, and somewhat cross and ill-tempered as well. The union was an unhappy one, as the husband and wife were unsuited to each other. Seven years after her marriage, Mrs. Girard showed symptoms of insanity, which became so decided that her husband was compelled to place her in the State Asylum for the Insane. He appears to have done every thing in his power to restore her to reason. Being pronounced cured, she returned to her home, but he was afterward compelled to place her permanently in the Pennsylvania Hospital, where, nine months after, she gave birth to a female child, which happily died. Mrs. Girard never recovered her reason, but died in 1815, and was buried in the hospital grounds.

FLEES FROM PHILADELPHIA FOR SAFETY.

To go back a little, Girard fled from Philadelphia, with his wife, in September, 1777, at the approach of the British, and purchased a house at Mount Holly, near Burlington, New Jersey, where he carried on his bottling business. His claret commanded a ready sale among the British in Philadelphia, and his profits were large. In June, 1778, the city was given up by Lord Howe, the British commander, and he was allowed to return to his former home.

Though he traded with the British, Girard considered himself a true patriot, as indeed he was. On the 27th of October, 1778, he took the oath of allegiance required by the State of Pennsylvania, and renewed it the year following, that is, he promised to be a good, loyal citizen. The war almost destroyed the commerce of the country, which was slow in recovering its former prosperity; but, in spite of this discouraging circumstance, Girard worked on steadily, scorning no employment, however humble, that would yield a profit.

Already he had formed the plans which led to his immense wealth. Whatever he undertook prospered, and though his gains were small, they were carefully laid up, and at the proper time invested in such a manner as to produce a still greater yield. Stephen Girard knew the value of little things, and he knew how to take advantage of the most trifling circumstance. His career teaches what may be done with these little things,

and shows how even a few dollars, properly managed, may be made to produce as many thousands.

At the outbreak of the great insurrection among the black people in St. Domingo, in 1791, Girard had two vessels lying in one of the ports of that island. At the first signal of danger, a number of planters sent their valuables on board of these ships for safe keeping, and went back to their estates for the purpose of securing more. They never returned, doubtless falling victims to the fury of the brutal negroes, and when the vessels were ready to sail there was no one to claim the property they contained. It was taken to Philadelphia, and was most liberally advertised by Mr. Girard, but as no owner ever appeared to demand it, it was sold, and the proceeds—about fifty thousand dollars—turned into the merchant's own coffers. This was a great assistance to him, and the next year he began the building of those splendid ships which enabled him to engage so actively in the Chinese and East India trades.

GIRARD HAD NO FAITH IN LUCK.

His course was now onward and upward to wealth. At first his ships merely sailed between Philadelphia and the port to which they were originally destined; but at length he was enabled to do more than this. Loading one of his ships with grain, he would send it to Bordeaux, where the proceeds of her cargo would be invested in wine and fruit. These she would take to St. Petersburg and exchange for hemp and iron, which were sold at Amsterdam for coin. From Amsterdam she would proceed to China and India, and, purchasing a cargo of silks and teas, sail for Philadelphia, where the final purchase was sold by the owner for cash or good paper. His success was constant, and was attributed by his brother merchants to *luck*.

Stephen Girard had no faith in luck. He never trusted anything to chance. He was a thorough seaman, and was perfect master of the knowledge required in directing long voyages. He was familiar with the ports with which he dealt, and was always able to obtain such information concerning them as he desired, in advance of others. He trusted nothing of importance to anybody else. His instructions to the commanders of his ships were always full and precise.

Upon one occasion one of his best captains was told to buy his cargo of teas at a certain port. Upon reaching home he was summoned by the merchant to his presence.

"Captain Blank," said Mr. Girard, sternly, "you were told to buy your cargo at Canton."

"That is true, Mr. Girard," replied the Captain, "but upon reaching that port I found I could do so much better at Hong Kong, that I felt justified in proceeding to the latter place."

"You should always obey your orders, sir," was the stern reply.

"I wanted to serve your interests, sir. The result ought to justify me in my act, since it put many thousands more into your pocket than if I had bought where I was instructed."

"Captain Blank," said Girard, "I take care of my own interests. You should have obeyed your orders if you had broken me. Nothing can excuse your disobedience. You will hand in your accounts, sir, and consider yourself discharged from my service."

THE CAPTAIN WHO DISOBEYED WAS DISCHARGED.

He was as good as his word, and, though the captain's disobedience had vastly increased the profit of the voyage, he dismissed him.

The way he kept his word is well shown by a circumstance which occurred long after he was one of the "money kings" of the land. He was once engaged with his cashier in guessing the length of time a man would take in counting a million dollars, telling out each dollar separately. The dispute became warm, and the cashier declared that he could make a million of dots with ink in a few hours.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said Girard, who was thoroughly vexed by the opposition of the other, "I'll wager five hundred dollars that I can ride in my gig from here to my farm, spend two hours there, and return before you can make your million dots with ink."

The cashier, after a moment's reflection, accepted the wager, and Mr. Girard departed to his farm. He returned in a few hours, confident that he had won. The cashier met him with a smile.

"Where is my money?" asked Girard, triumphantly.

"The money is mine," replied the cashier. "Come and see."

He led the merchant to an unused room of the bank, and there, to his dismay, Girard saw the walls and ceiling covered with ink, which the cashier had dashed on them with a brush.

"Do you mean to say there are a million dots here?" he cried, angrily.

"Count them and see," replied the cashier, laughing. "You know the wager was a million of dots with ink."

"But I expected you would make them with the pen."

"I did not undertake anything of the kind."

The joke was too good, and the merchant not only paid the amount of the wager, but the cost of cleaning the walls.

A VERY SINGULAR MAN.

In the midst of all his wealth, which in 1828 was estimated at ten millions of dollars, Girard was a lonely old man. He lived in a dingy little house in Water street. His wife had died in an insane asylum, and he was childless. He was repulsive in person. He was feared by his employes—by all who had dealings with him—and liked by none. He was mean and close in his personal habits, living on less, perhaps, than any of his clerks, and deriving little or no benefit from his vast wealth, so far as his own comfort was concerned. He gave nothing in charity. Lazarus would have lain at his doors a life-time without being noticed by him. He was lonely, soured, cold, with a heart of stone, and fully aware of his personal unpopularity. Yet he valued wealth—valued it for the power it gave him over men.

He had no vices, no bad habits; his whole soul was in his business. He knew that his only hope of praise from his fellow-men was in his wealth, and he was resolved that nothing should make him swerve from his endeavor to get a fortune which should make him all powerful in life and remembered in death. He sought no friends, and was silent as to his career, saying to those who questioned him about it, "Wait till I am dead; my deeds will show what I was."

In the summer of 1793 the yellow fever broke out with fearful violence in Philadelphia. The citizens fled in dismay, leaving the plague-smitten city to its fate. Houses were left empty, and the streets were deserted. It was a season of horror and dread. Those who could not get away avoided each other, and the sufferers were left to languish and die. Money could not buy nurses in sufficient numbers, and often the victims lay unburied for days in the places where they had died. So terrible was the panic that it seemed that nothing could stay it.

Meetings were held at the City Hall, and a volunteer committee was appointed to superintend the measures to be taken for checking the pestilence. Twenty-seven men volunteered to serve, but only twelve had the courage to fulfill their promise. They set to work promptly. The hospital at Bush Hill was reported by the physician to be in a very bad state

—without order, dirty and foul, and in need of nurses. The last, he stated, could not be had for any price. Two of the committee now stepped forward and nobly offered themselves as managers of the hospital. They were Stephen Girard and Peter Helm.

Girard was now a man of wealth and influence, yet he did not hesitate to take the post from which others shrank. He and Helm were regarded as doomed men, but they did not falter from their task. They went to work at once. Girard chose the post of honor, which was the post of danger—the management of the interior of the hospital. Order began to appear, medicines and nurses were procured, and the very next day the committee were informed that the hospital had been cleaned and put in shape, and was prepared to receive patients.

SHOWED HIMSELF TO BE A HERO.

Girard opened his purse liberally, and spared no expense where money would avail. But this was not all. Besides looking after the hospital, he went about through the city seeking the sick and conveying them to the hospital.

In the great scarcity of help, he used frequently to receive the sick and dying at the gate, assist in carrying them to their beds, nurse them, receive their last messages, watch for their last breath, and then, wrapping them in the sheet on which they had died, carry them out to the burial ground and place them in the trench. He had great difficulty of finding any kind of fabric in which to wrap the dead, when the vast number of burials had exhausted the supply of sheets. "I would put them," he said, "in any old rag I could find."

If he ever left the hospital, it was to assist in removing the sick from the houses in which they were dying without help. One scene of this kind, witnessed by a merchant who was hurrying past with camphored handkerchief pressed to his mouth, affords us a vivid glimpse of this heroic man engaged in his noble work. A carriage, rapidly driven by a black man, broke the silence of the deserted and grass-grown street. It stopped before a frame house, and the driver, first having bound a handkerchief over his mouth, opened the door of the carriage, and quickly remounted to the box.

A short, thick-set man stepped from the coach and entered the house. In a minute or two the observer, who stood at a safe distance watching the proceedings, heard a shuffling noise in the entry, and soon saw the stout

little man supporting with extreme difficulty a tall, gaunt, yellow-visaged victim of the pestilence. Girard held round the waist the sick man, whose yellow face rested against his own; his long, damp, tangled hair mingled with Girard's; his feet dragging helpless upon the pavement. Thus he drew him to the carriage door, the driver turning his face from the sight, far from offering to assist. Partly dragging, partly lifting, Girard succeeded, after long and severe exertion, in getting him into the vehicle. He then entered it himself, and the carriage drove toward the hospital.

For sixty days Mr. Girard continued to discharge his duties, never absenting himself from his post, being nobly sustained by Peter Helm.

Such acts, said Uncle Frank, are grand. You will hear of many deeds of heroism, my young friends, but nothing more sublime and worthy of praise than what I have just told you.

MEETS WITH A SERIOUS ACCIDENT.

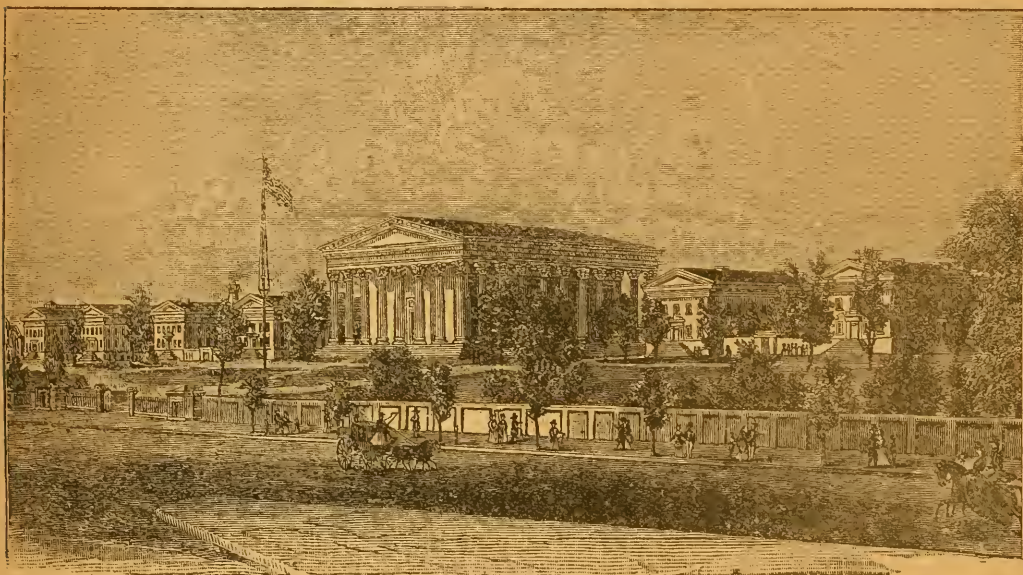
To the last Girard was active. In 1830, having reached the age of eighty, he began to lose the sight of his eye; yet he would have no assistance. In attempting to cross a crowded street, he was knocked down by a passing wagon and injured severely. His ear was cut off, his face bruised, and his sight entirely destroyed. His health now declined rapidly, and on the 26th of December, 1831, he died.

His immense wealth was carefully divided by his will. He gave to his surviving brother and eleven of his nieces sums ranging from five to twenty thousand dollars, and to his remaining niece, who was the mother of a very large family, he gave sixty thousand dollars. He gave to each of the captains then in his employ who had made two voyages in his service, and who should bring his ship safely into port, fifteen hundred dollars. To each of his apprentices he gave five hundred dollars. To his old servants yearly sums, ranging from three to five hundred dollars.

He gave thirty thousand dollars to the Pennsylvania Hospital, in which his wife had been cared for; twenty thousand to the Deaf and Dumb Asylum; ten thousand to the Orphan Asylum; ten thousand to the Lancaster schools; ten thousand for the purpose of providing the poor in Philadelphia with free fuel; ten thousand to the Society for the Relief of Distressed Sea-Captains and their Families; twenty thousand to the Masonic Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, for the relief of poor members; six thousand for the establishment of a free school in Passyunk, near Philadelphia: five hundred thousand dollars to the Corporation of Phila-

delphia for certain improvements in the city; three hundred thousand to the State of Pennsylvania for her canals; and a portion of his valuable estates in Louisiana to New Orleans, for the improvements of that city.

The remainder of his property, worth then about six millions of dollars, he left to trustees for the erection and endowment of the noble College for Orphans, in Philadelphia, which bears his name.



GIRARD COLLEGE, PHILADELPHIA.

Thus it will be seen that this man, who seemed steeled to resist appeals for private charity in life, in death gave all his money to the noblest objects, and I am not surprised that persons who wished to honor his memory set up a bronze statue of him on the west side of the City Hall in Philadelphia.

QUESTIONS.

How did Girard first come to visit Philadelphia? Where was he born and when? What was his occupation in early life? Whom did he marry? What were his prominent traits of character? How did he profit by the insurrection in St. Domingo? Why did he discharge one of his ship captains? What singular bet did he make with his cashier and who won it? Narrate what Girard did when the yellow fever visited Philadelphia. Repeat the story of Girard carrying a man to a carriage to get him to the hospital. What accident did he meet with and how did it affect his health? How did he dispose of his vast fortune?

MOLLY PITCHER

AND HER BRAVE DEED.



EAR Uncle Frank, said Elsie, Mabel and I would like you to tell us about Molly Pitcher. We read something about her in a newspaper the other day, but we don't know the whole story; so please tell us.

I would like to know it too, said James; who was she, and what did she do?

I will tell you, said Uncle Frank, and you will be interested I am sure, because it is the story of a very brave woman. It was the custom during the American Revolution for women, generally wives of private soldiers, to follow the armies into the field as laundry women. The records of Sir Henry Clinton's English army show this fact, and to some extent this was true of the Americans. Every regiment had women who did duty in laundering for the officers and had quarters assigned them and wagons to carry them from place to place. The records of the battle of Monmouth show that these camp followers of Sir Henry's army were sent from Philadelphia around the Delaware Bay to New York in ships or transports.

In Washington's army the same custom was followed. There were doubtless a number of women who followed Washington to Monmouth and so on to New Brunswick, and who, after the war, settled here and there throughout the country.

Molly Pitcher's right name was Mary Ludwig. She was the daughter of John George Ludwig, and was born on October the 13th, 1744. She was employed as a domestic at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, in the family of General William Irvine. She was married to John Hays, a barber, July the 24th, 1769. He enlisted in Proctor's First Pennsylvania Artillery, and was followed by his wife.

No account of the battle of Monmouth is complete without this story of Molly Pitcher. Some years ago the people of New Jersey built a monument on the field where the battle was fought. On this monument

several scenes are pictured in what we call bronze reliefs. The pictures are such as you might draw with your pencil on paper, only they are in bronze and so do not fade or wear out. The fact that Molly is remembered on this monument shows that she did something worthy of honor.

As the story goes she was a powerful woman dressed in the skirts of her own sex, the coat of an artilleryman, cocked hat and feather.

She must have looked very gay, said James, and what a strange thing for a woman to take the place of a soldier and go into battle.

BATTERIES FIRING FURIOUSLY.

Yes, said Uncle Frank, that is the strange thing about it. The battle of Monmouth was fought June 28, 1778. General Washington was the commander on the American side, and General Clinton on the other. Before the real battle commenced one American battery and another English, that were not very far from each other, began a hot fire. Molly's husband was connected with the American battery and was helping to serve the guns. The day was very warm and he and the other artillerymen suffered very much from thirst. Molly was not far away watching the fight. She saw that the men were thirsty, and, obtaining a bucket, she began to bring water for them from a neighboring spring.

While thus engaged she saw her husband fall. She ran to his aid, but he was dead when she reached him. Just then poor Molly heard the officer order the gun removed, because, as he said, he could not fill the post with so brave a man as he had lost. Molly's patriotism got the better of her fear, and, facing the officer, she asked to be allowed to take her husband's place. Her request was granted, and she handled the gun with such skill and courage that all who saw her were filled with admiration.

She was a very brave woman, said Mable. What do you think you would have done, Elsie, if you had been there?

I doubt, said Elsie, if I would have had such courage as Molly had, but I presume that if James were to have such a chance to show his bravery he would step right up and help man the guns.

Indeed, I would, said James, straightening himself up to his full height, and looking as much like a soldier as any boy could.

I was going to tell you, said Uncle Frank, that the attention of General Washington was called to Molly's brave act, and it has been said that he gave her the rank of sergeant, and she was granted half-pay during life. She was known afterward as Captain Molly. Her story is certainly a

very thrilling one, and such as we seldom read in history. Men, you know, are expected to do the fighting and women to do the nursing.

Although I have told you Molly's story, I will read to you an account of her bravery that I happen to have here. It is much the same as what I have narrated, but may bring out some points I omitted :

The particular incident of the Battle of Monmouth, in which Molly made such a name for herself, may be described as follows: the enemy having attacked Livingstone's and Varnum's brigade, which lined a hedge-row across an open field, some American artillery took post on a knoll in the rear of this fence, but the British cavalry and a large body of infantry, skilled in the use of the bayonet, charging upon the Americans, broke their ranks. It was during this part of the action that Molly displayed great courage and presence of mind.

MOLLY'S HUSBAND KILLED AT HIS POST.

While her husband was managing one of the field pieces, she constantly brought him water from a spring near by. A shot from the enemy killed him at his post, and the officer in command, having no man able to fill his place, ordered the piece to be withdrawn. Molly saw her husband fall as she came from the spring, and also heard the order. She dropped her bucket, seized the rammer, and vowed that she would fill the place of her husband at the gun and avenge his death.

She performed the duty with a skill and courage which attracted the attention of all who saw her. On the following morning, covered with dirt and blood, General Greene presented her to Washington, who, admiring her bravery, conferred upon her the commission of Sergeant. The French officers, charmed by the story of her bravery, made her many presents. She would sometimes pass along the French lines with her cocked hat, and get it almost filled with crowns.

Some years after the thrilling incident at Monmouth she married George McKolly, another soldier; this name was also written McCauley, and so appears on Molly's tombstone. She lived for many years at the Carlisle Barracks after the Revolution, cooking and washing for the soldiers. Subsequently she kept a small store in Carlisle.

Bold Molly of Monmouth's home was for years one of the show places of Carlisle, and it really seems a pity that the time has at last come when this relic of one of the most famous characters of the Revolutionary period had to be torn down. In the cemetery left to the city by William

Penn, Molly's Pitcher's monument is to be seen among the graves of the old inhabitants, bearing the following inscription :

MOLLIE McCAULEY,
 RENOWNED IN HISTORY AS
 "MOLLIE PITCHER,"
 THE HEROINE OF MONMOUTH.
 DIED JANUARY 22, 1823,
 AGED SEVENTY-NINE YEARS.
 ERECTED BY THE CITIZENS OF CUMBERLAND COUNTY,
 JULY THE FOURTH, 1876.

QUESTIONS.

Why did women go with the armies in the war of the Revolution? What was Molly Pitcher's maiden name? When was she born? Whom did she marry, and to what branch of General Washington's army did she belong? Give an account of the battle of Monmouth and what Molly did when her husband fell. What did Washington think of her act? Who was Molly's second husband? What about the inscription on her tombstone?



GENERAL ISRAEL PUTNAM AND HIS FAMOUS EXPLOITS.



STEPPING into the summer house, Uncle Frank took his seat in his arm-chair, put down his walking stick and said, I have something very interesting to tell you to-day.

James was already there waiting for the story to begin, and very soon there were two additions to the company. These were Elsie and Mabel. The young folks were always interested in Uncle Frank's stories; there was much to be learned from them, while, at the same time, they afforded pleasant entertainment. I will tell you to-day, said Uncle Frank, about General Israel Putnam.

They used to call him "Old Put," said Uncle Frank, but this was only a nickname and was not on account of any disrespect for him. He



SURRENDER OF LORD CORNWALLIS TO GENERAL WASHINGTON.



was born a good while ago in Danvers, Massachusetts. The date of his birth was January 7th, 1718. This, you remember, was before the American Revolution, in which our country gained its independence. Very few men made so many sacrifices or fought so gallantly in that great struggle as did General Putnam.

Before telling you about this, we must follow him to his new home near Pomfret in Connecticut, where he bought a farm and settled in 1739, when but twenty-one years of age. Of course, all that part of the country was new at this time, and the forests were frequented by wild beasts, such as bears, wolves, and panthers. It so happened that there was an old she-wolf that gave great trouble to the settlers, and although this wolf had been seen at different times by a number of persons, nobody had succeeded in capturing her. Young Putnam determined that he would try and put an end to the pranks of Mrs. Wolf, and so he gathered several young men, quite as bold and fearless as himself, and they started out to make the capture.



GENERAL ISRAEL PUTNAM.

They found the cavern where the wolf made her home, but the opening at the entrance was so small that only one person could crawl in. It was a perilous undertaking for any one to enter the cave, but young Putnam resolved to take the risk. He had ropes tied to his feet by which he was to be pulled out by his comrades when he gave the signal. Into the cavern he went with a lighted torch in one hand and his gun in the other. For a few minutes he saw nothing, for the wolf was in the farther end of the cavern. Not knowing but he would be pounced upon at any moment, Israel held up his torch and peered into the darkness.

Finally at the farther end of the cave he saw two bright eyes glaring at him. It was a question whether he would capture the wolf or the wolf

would make an onslaught on him. Instantly he leveled his gun and, being a good shot, laid the wolf sprawling on the floor of the cave. His companions, hearing the discharge of his gun, immediately pulled him out of the cave. The story of young Putnam's bold exploit was told far and near.

As might be expected, a young man whose personal courage was so great would not hesitate to join an army going forth for the defense of his country. In 1755 he obtained a commission as a captain in a regiment of 1,000 men, which Connecticut sent to repel a threatened French invasion of New York, and was present at the battle of Lake George. His patriotic spirit animated his troops, who looked upon him as a brave and able commander, and were ready to follow wherever he should lead the way.

BATTLES BETWEEN INDIANS AND WHITE SETTLERS.

Our country at this time was inhabited by savage tribes, and many were the wars and skirmishes they had with the white settlers. The French and Indian War, which broke out in 1754, was one of the thrilling periods of our country's history, and in this war young Putnam distinguished himself. He did this not merely at the Battle of Lake George, but elsewhere. In 1758 he was captured by the savages, tortured, and then bound to a tree and was about to be burned to death.

The Indians had him completely in their power and had already decided his doom. It was useless to plead with them; they were blood-thirsty and meant to take his life. It looked as if Putnam were about to die by the most cruel death that can be inflicted upon a human being. He was tied to a tree, dry wood was piled around him and lighted. The flames were already beginning to scorch him when a French officer who had just arrived on the ground rushed forward, and scattering the fire-brands with his sword, rescued the victim.

That was a very narrow escape, wasn't it? said James.

Yes, in a few minutes more his life would have been burned out of him, but this humane French officer was not willing to see even an enemy burned at the stake and boldly saved Putnam's life.

In 1759 he was given command of a regiment, and in 1764 he helped to relieve Detroit, then besieged by Pontiac the Indian chief.

After this Putnam led a quiet life at home for ten years, during which time he made his farmhouse into an inn and became very prominent among a society called the Sons of Liberty, the object of which was to fur-

ther the cause of American Independence. In 1775, after the battle of Concord, he was given the command of the forces of Connecticut. He was at work in the field when he heard that he was wanted to resist the British invasion; he left his plow standing and hurried to join the army. At the battle of Bunker Hill, which was one of the first battles of the Revolution and was fought just across the bay from Boston, he was the highest officer in command, although he offered that position to General Warren.



BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

He was next appointed by Congress a Major-General, and held command of the troops at New York, and in August, 1776, at Brooklyn Heights, where he was defeated by the British General Howe. This did not discourage him, but he went right on as if nothing had happened, feeling sure that success would come later.

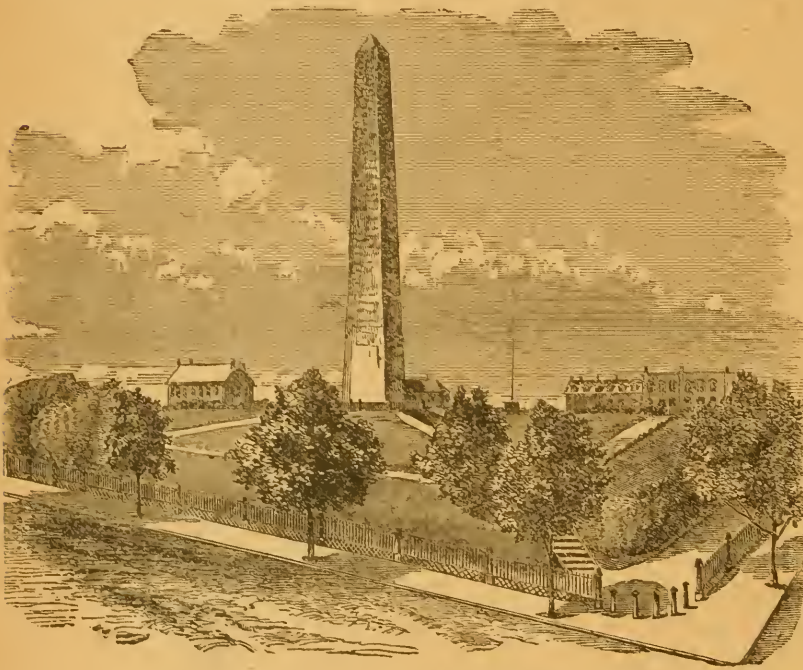
He afterwards held various commands, and in 1777 was appointed to the defense of the Highlands of the Hudson. While at Peekskill a

lieutenant in a British regiment was captured as a spy and condemned to death. Sir Henry Clinton, a British commanding officer, sent a flag of truce to Putnam threatening vengeance if the sentence was carried out. Putnam wrote a brief reply that Sir Henry could understand without much trouble. I have it here and will read it:

“Headquarters, 7th August, 1777. Edmund Palmer, an officer in the enemy’s service, was taken as a spy lurking within our lines; he has been tried as a spy, condemned as a spy, and shall be executed as a spy,

and the flag is ordered to depart immediately. Israel Putnam. P.S. He has accordingly been executed.”

In 1778 Putnam made his famous escape from Governor Tryon’s dragoon’s in Western Connecticut by riding down the stone steps at a place call-



BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.

ed Horseneck. You may have seen the picture of him riding down this steep place. Here he was as fortunate as usual, and escaped with his life. He died May 19th, 1790, having served his country nobly.

QUESTIONS.

Do you remember where and when Putnam was born? To what place did he move in early life? What dangerous exploit did he perform and how did he escape from the cavern? At what battle was he present with the Connecticut regiment? In what way did he come near losing his life, and who saved him? What part did he perform in the Revolutionary War? What was his last exploit when pursued by dragoons?

HOW SAMMY HELPED GENERAL PUTNAM.



AM going to tell you about a boy, said Uncle Frank, as he noticed the young folks seated to hear his next story. Boys, you know, can do wonders, sometimes, as well as men and women.

That's right, said James, I like to hear about boys.

So do I, said Mabel, if they are not hateful boys, and are polite and gentlemanly.

I see no reason, said Uncle Frank, why boys and girls should not treat one another politely and be on good terms. But I must tell you the story.

Sammy Belnap was a strong young boy of nine when the soldiers of the Revolutionary Army came to the township of Redding, Connecticut, for the winter of 1778. "Old Put," as every one called the great fighter, General Israel Putnam, had been keeping the tavern over in Brooklyn before the war broke out, but when he came to the "Nutmeg" State, as a hardy pioneer, he had settled at Pomfret, and his farm had adjoined that of Sammy's grandfather, who had come from Danvers, Massachusetts, with him.

The famous General was very fond of boys—boys who were brave and full of life. He had not forgotten that he was once one himself, and we have seen how brave he was when a young man. Sammy was just the kind of boy that the old General would like. He was full of life, and, alas, full of mischief. So, when the General was riding through the little village of Redding one afternoon soon after the three camps of the Continental soldiers had been established, he saw Sammy and inquired if there was not a son of Uriah Belnap living in the village. The General was taking the first few moments of his leisure in looking up his old friends.

Sammy never forgot the expression of his great rosy face and smiling eyes when he answered:

"Why, yes, sir; he was my grandfather, and Samuel Belnap, who lives over yonder, is my father." He was almost breathless, for he knew

the man on horseback, and he had heard a great deal about his bravery in the midst of these trying days. But he was reassured at once, for the great big General came down from his horse, and, sitting on the curb, took him in his arms, and began to tell him about his grandfather.

"I might have known you were Uri Belnap's grandson, if I had looked twice," he said, "for you are for all the world just like him, and, I'll wager, he was just like you at your age! Those are your grandfather's eyes, and I can see his nose and his mouth in you, and do you know, my son, I could sit here all the afternoon and tell you about your grandfather? He settled on the farm next mine, over yonder in Pomfret. What would I not give for one hour of those old days! And did he ever tell you about the wolf we hunted for so long?"

SAMMY LEADS GENERAL PUTNAM'S HORSE.

Sammy's eyes lighted up with pleasure at this. He had hardly known how to receive the attention of his distinguished visitor, for he had heard much to make him fear him; but he was entirely won over now. He had heard of that famous wolf hunt many times from his grandfather, who had died in the Revolutionary cause, when he had gone with General Putnam to Bunker Hill, and had spilled his blood in that encounter with the British.

"But you must take me to your father, for I want to tell him how well your grandfather fought that day in Charlestown; General Washington has let me take my army near my old home for the winter, and it will be the first time since the day of that battle I have had to tell Uriah Belnap's son how his father fell in the foremost ranks, as fearless and brave as man should be in these days—for these are trying times, my son. Come, lead my horse up to your home."

The General sprang into the saddle, and Sammy proudly led his guest to the house. When he had grown to manhood he was always delighted to tell of that episode in his life, and to another to which we shall soon allude.

General Israel Putnam had three companies in the township of Redding that winter, and he was soon to take up his own quarters on Umpawaug Hill. Historians are sometimes wont to attribute to him acts which seem brutal in these days; but we should remember the times in which he lived and the dangers of war, which tried him and other men most sorely. The traditions which are alive to-day in his old home at

Brooklyn, and in the surrounding towns, give us a picture of a kindly, gruff, hearty old man, who loved his friends and his friends' children, and after the war the most popular landlord in the Nutmeg State.

And this is the man Sammy Belnap saw for the first time when he was nine years old--the man he learned to worship as all small, genuine boys worship heroes, for whom they would sacrifice their lives, if need be.

The Continental Army in General Putnam's charge contained many discontented and discouraged men that winter. They were poorly clothed and poorly fed, and the Connecticut Legislature had not paid them their wages for many months. If you should chance to go to Redding to-day you will see the places where these Revolutionary camps stood. The sites of the log cabins are clearly defined by heaps of stones, which are the remains of the chimneys built on the outside. Their preservation has been due in a great degree to a forest, which grew over the spot where so many dramatic scenes took place more than a century ago. The forest has now been cleared, and the State of Connecticut has preserved the place in a park named for General Putnam.

RIDES ON HORSEBACK WITH THE GENERAL.

Our little hero of Revolutionary days became greatly interested in the camps, and the General became so fond of him that he at times would raise him in his saddle and make the round of the soldiers' quarters.

"I am going to make you a good soldier like your grandfather," he used to say, "and I want you to learn all about my army, so that you may be a general, too, some day. We little know when this war may end, my boy, in these days of shadow, and if our time does not see the victory of liberty, we will train all little boys, so that when they are men they will be able to whip the British."

Sammy's love for the General grew daily. He heard of the men who deserted to the camp of the British, and his little face burned with indignation to see the men who once fought for independence turning in their selfishness to what they thought would be the winning side. Often he would climb the rocky cliff, which rises to-day, as it did then, high above the camp, and watch the soldiers off parade walking about the barracks and grounds, standing in groups, in their tattered and mud-stained uniforms. How his little heart burned in eagerness to do something for the cause of freedom! He little dreamed that fate had destined him to be of great service to the good old General.

When spring came and the fresh green was everywhere and the birds began singing, there were not a few of the men who longed to be away from the scenes of war, and dreaded to face the hard fighting before them. It was a frequent practice of these men to go to the camp of the enemy, where they were cordially received, and given good food and certain other things which they ought not to have had. As the camps of General Putnam were soon to be broken, the deserter was especially welcome, as he might furnish valuable information as to the future movements of the army.

"Old Put" was particularly tried by these deserters, and kept a sharp outlook for them. When captured they generally found their fate sealed by a brief court martial, whose verdict was either that they be shot or hanged. Sammy listened one evening to the account of a man who had sneaked away from camp a few days before and was believed to be skulking about the place; the General further suspected that he was in communication with the Tories, and feared that the movement he had planned for the next week would in this manner be known to the enemy.

SAMMY THOUGHT HE KNEW THE MEN.

Sammy listened with wide-open eyes, and that night he lay awake a long time thinking. His visits to the camp had been useful to him, for he knew many soldiers by name, and there were more whose faces he recalled. Now he was quite sure he had seen the man in question the day before, while he was gathering the spring flowers in a thicket of pines about 200 rods from the cliff below which was the camp. He had been engaged in earnest conversation with another person, whose face Sammy had not seen. In a few minutes after Sammy appeared the pair separated, but neither returned to the camp.

Sammy thought this all over carefully, and went over it again and again, making certain plans which he intended to put into operation very soon.

It happened that there was a cave near the top of the cliff, which extended into the interior for several feet. There were a great many dry leaves on the bottom, and Sammy often went during the hot afternoons and sat and dreamed of being a soldier. The cave itself had a history, and was named after King Philip, because there is a tradition that the Indian King Philip had used it as a hiding place when closely pursued. If you should go there to-day you will find it just as has been described. The next day when the army was on the parade ground drilling, under the

severe gaze of General Putnam, Sammy denied himself one of the greatest pleasures of his life, and hid himself in the cave. Here he could dimly hear the sound of the tramping feet, but he was within hearing of other sounds which finally came to his expectant ears.

He heard what appeared to be two men engaged in earnest conversation. Sammy listened closely until at last he could distinguish words. He listened for fully ten minutes, and, then, as silently as a field mouse, he left his perch in the cave on the cliff and slowly descended. All the time he could hear the voices of the men, but as he was below the top of the cliff he was, of course, not seen.

When he reached the bottom he crawled carefully along, beneath the underbrush. How his heart beat, and how much he longed to run! But he was too wise to do so for fear he would attract the notice of the men. So he moved slowly, until he was hidden by a thick growth of pines. Then he rose to his feet, and ran with all the speed his little legs were equal to.

All this had taken ten minutes of precious time, although it takes hardly one to tell it, and Sammy was afraid he would be too late. He ran up to the General as fast as he could, stopped a moment and raised his arm in salute just like a real soldier, then clambered up into the saddle, and with his hands drew down the General's head and whispered in his ear.

THEN CAME THE SOUND OF A MUSKET.

The General quickly wheeled his horse and rode toward an officer. To Sammy's great delight, a small squad of soldiers soon moved in the direction of the cliff. How long the minutes seemed after that! Every one was an hour to Sammy, and there were thirty of them before anything happened. Then the report of a musket sounded in the distance, followed by two more. All was silence for awhile, and the General sat eagerly watching the cliff with Sammy in the saddle.

When the men appeared two of them bore a wounded man between them, while the others led a prisoner. Then the soldiers cheered and jeered. The two men had been surprised, for their pursuers had gone so silently that they were not heard until they had almost come upon them. Then one started to run and had been shot twice in the leg. The latter was a British spy and the other the deserter. The old General was greatly delighted. He raised Sammy to his feet on the saddle, and the soldiers raised their arms in salute, and then cheered the little hero.

It was the proudest moment of Sammy's life! That evening, as he sat with the General and his father around the great fireplace, "Old Put" took him on his knee and said: "Your grandfather is proud of you to-night, my son, and hereafter I shall call you one of my soldiers!"

QUESTIONS.

Who was Sammy's grandfather? In what battle did he lose his life? What did General Putnam tell a little boy about the courage of his grandfather? Where was General Putnam's army spending the winter? Were the soldiers on both the American and the British sides in the habit of deserting? What did Sammy discover one day when he was visiting the camp? When he found that two deserters were talking together, what did he do? Did these two men escape or were they captured?



GENERAL GRANT

THE HERO OF THE CIVIL WAR.



HAT shall I tell you about to-day? said Uncle Frank.

I would like to hear about General Grant, said James. And I would too, said Elsie.

Everybody must honor General Grant, said Uncle Frank, for his great services to his country. He was a plain man, quite unknown when the war broke out, but he had afterward a very brilliant career.

When any man is wanted, said Mabel, to do anything, doesn't it always happen that the man comes?

It would seem so, said Uncle Frank, and General Grant's history helps to prove it. His people away back were Scotch, but had been in this country a great many years when Grant was born. This occurred at Point Pleasant, Clermont County, Ohio, April 27, 1822. His father's name was Jesse and his mother's maiden name was Hannah Simpson, and he was the eldest of six children. He helped his father on the farm in the summer and went to the village school during the winter.

In the spring of 1839 he was sent to the Military Academy at West Point.

What is a Military Academy, Uncle Frank? said James.

It is a military school, was Uncle Frank's reply—a school where young men are taught how to manage an army in case of war. Young Grant graduated in 1843, was made second lieutenant and sent away to do duty in Missouri. In 1844 he went with his regiment to Louisiana, and in 1845 we find him in the army of General Taylor. This was dur-



POINT PLEASANT, OHIO, THE BIRTHPLACE OF GENERAL GRANT.

ing the Mexican War—a war that we had with Mexico, as a result of which our country acquired Texas. Grant was at several battles under General Taylor—one of them being the battle of Monterey. Here he performed a very gallant exploit. Several times during the battle he showed very superior judgment, but his particular act of bravery was riding on horseback through a dangerous fire in search of ammunition for the regiment with which he was connected, and which, during the battle, had run short of it. He rode a spirited horse at great speed while shot

and shell were falling all around him. Thus, you see, he showed even then that he was very brave.

In 1848 he obtained leave of absence, and in August of that year was married to Julia R. Dent, of St. Louis. Their children were three sons

and one daughter. Lieutenant Grant served at various posts, and was made Captain in 1853; in the following year resigned his commission and settled on a farm near St. Louis.

When the Civil War began in April, 1861, Grant was residing in Galena, Illinois. He at once offered his services to the Government, and in June was appointed Colonel of the 21st Regiment of Illinois Infantry, with which he was sent to Missouri. In August he was advanced to a brigadier-general of volunteers and given command of a district, and in November he fought the battle of Belmont.

In February, 1862,



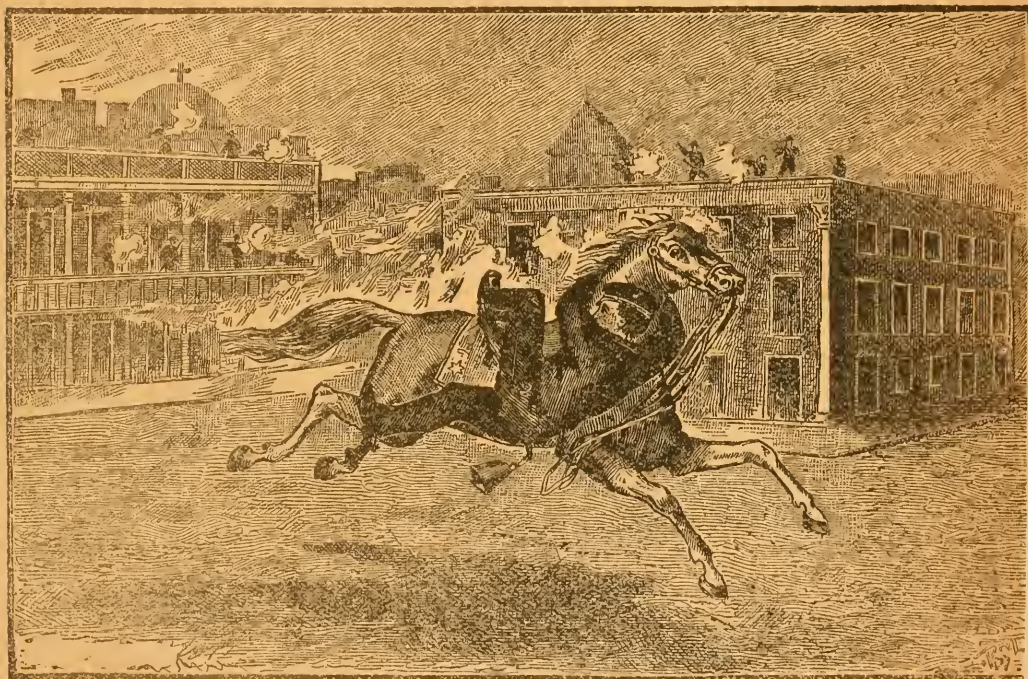
GRANT'S BOYHOOD DAYS IN OHIO.

he captured Fort Henry, and ten days later Fort Donelson, with 14,326 prisoners, for which victory he was made major-general of volunteers.

In April Grant fought a two-days' battle at Shiloh, amongst the severest of the war, in which General A. S. Johnston, commanding the

Confederate army, was killed. After various unsuccessful movements against Vicksburg lasting several months, Grant crossed the Mississippi in April, 1863, defeated the enemy at Port Gibson and at Champion Hill, and drove them behind their intrenchments at Vicksburg, to which place he laid siege. After many assaults the stronghold surrendered on July 4, 1863, with 31,600 prisoners and 172 cannon, and the Mississippi was opened from its source to its mouth.

In October Grant was ordered to Chattanooga, where he fought a



LIEUTENANT GRANT GOING FOR AMMUNITION AT MONTEREY.

battle, capturing the enemy's entire line, and driving him out of Tennessee. In March, 1864, Grant having previously been made a major-general in the regular army for his victory at Vicksburg, was promoted to the grade of lieutenant-general, and assigned to the command of all the armies of the United States, his headquarters being with the army of the Potomac. His plan of campaign was to gather all the national forces into several separate armies, which should march at once against the enemy. General Sherman, one of our country's greatest commanders, moved toward Atlanta, Ga., while Grant himself led the army of the Potomac against Richmond.

During the night of May 4 he crossed the Rapidan, met General R. E. Lee, commanding the Confederates in the Wilderness, and fought a desperate three days' battle, one of the fiercest of modern times. Grant moved forward on the 7th, and fought again at Spottsylvania Court-house on the 10th, and still again on the 12th, on which occasion he captured an entire division of the Confederate army. The smoke of battle hung over the mighty hosts for six days, while the North remained in a state of suspense bordering on agony; but on the 11th Grant wrote to Washington, "I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer."

So he kept on fighting, pushing ahead and daily getting nearer to Richmond, until after long and persevering effort he drove the army



GRANT WRITING DESPATCHES BEFORE CROSSING THE RAPIDAN.

within the defences of that city. Meanwhile his great lieutenants, Sherman, Sheridan and Thomas, were reaping a harvest of laurels by winning successive battles.

Late in March, 1865, there began a week's hard fighting at the close of which Lee surrendered his

whole army at Appomattox Court-house on April 9th, receiving from his victor most generous terms. The fall of Richmond ended the war, and Grant went back to Washington to muster out of service nearly a million of troops that the country no longer required.

As many as that? said James. Wasn't that a great number of soldiers?

The world has hardly ever seen a larger army, said Uncle Frank. It was a terrible war, brothers fighting against brothers, good Americans on both sides trying to take the lives of one another. Grant was a great general. He makes me think of what the old colored man said was his idea of perseverance. "It's to take hold, hang on, and not let go."

Grant was just that kind of man. He never would give up until he had gained his object. And, children, I want you to remember that a large part of success in life consists in sticking; never backing out, never giving up, but, when you are sure you are right, just going ahead with all your might.

Other generals may have been as skillful as Grant, but they did not know how to take hold, hang on, and not let go. His victories in the war of course made him very famous, and so it is not surprising that his party should nominate him for the Presidency. This occurred in May, 1868, and he was elected the following November by a very large majority. After he had been President for four years and had shown himself to be wise and skillful in managing the country's affairs, he was elected the second time, so that he filled the office of Chief Magistrate for eight years. Indeed it happened afterwards that in one of our national conventions over 300 of the delegates wanted Grant to be nominated for a third term, and they stuck to him until the convention closed. However, he did not get the nomination.



GENERAL GRANT, AS HE APPEARED AT
THE CLOSE OF THE WAR.

After retiring from the Presidency, General Grant went abroad and was gone for two years. He made a tour around the world. All the principal nations of the earth received him with great honor, and he was one of the most celebrated men of his time. When he got back he went to New York to live during the winters, while his summers were spent at his Long Branch cottage.

Finding himself unable, with his income, to properly maintain his family, he became a partner in a banking house, in which one of his sons and others were interested, bearing the name of Grant & Ward, and put all the money he could spare in the business. He took no part himself in the affairs of the company, which were left almost entirely in the hands

of the young men. Suddenly the house suspended, and it was discovered that through the infamy of one of the partners the General had been robbed of all he possessed. Up to this time he had refused to write any history of his life, but finding himself bankrupt he began to write the story of his life, trying thereby to make provision for the wants of his family.

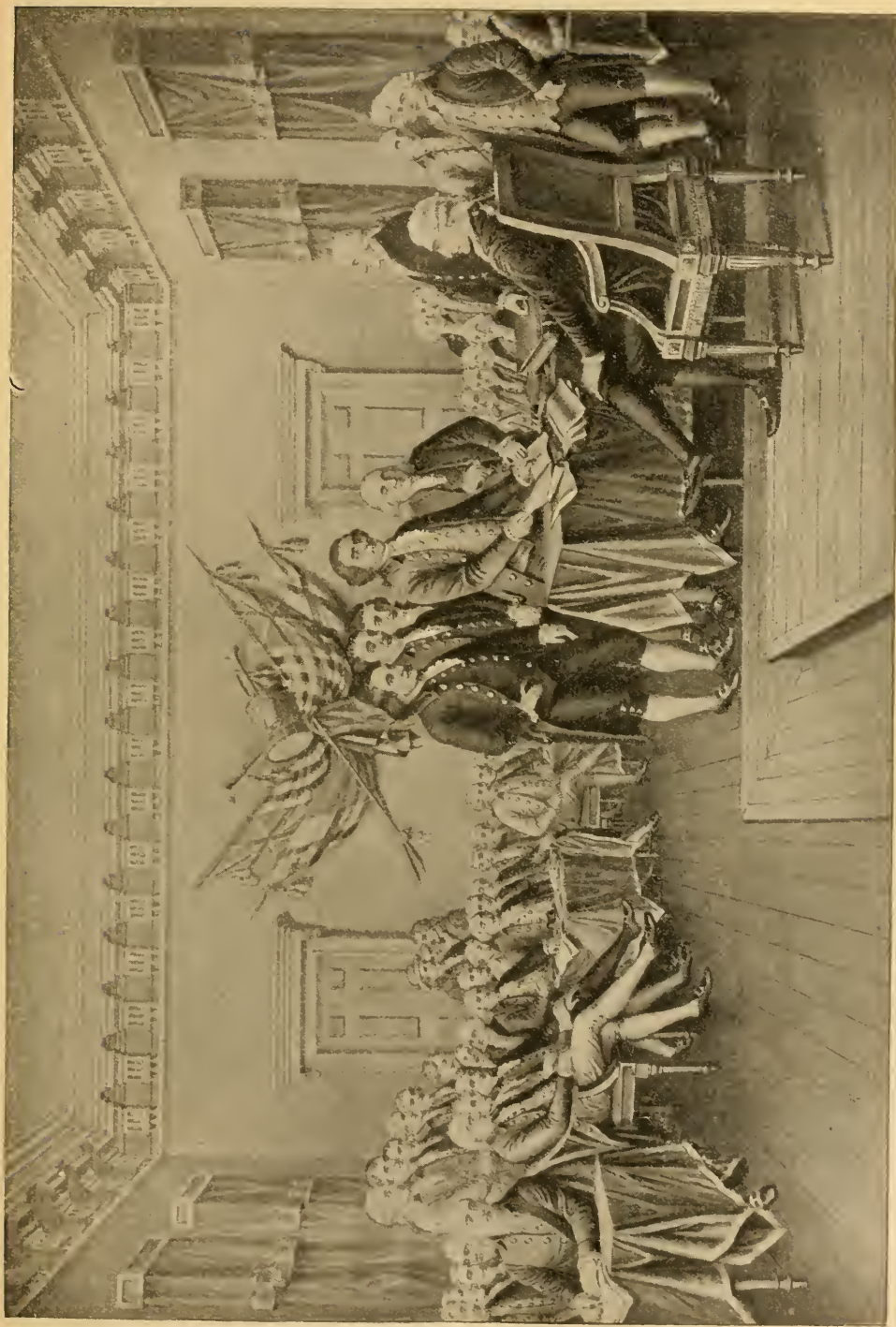


GENERAL GRANT MEETING THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN.

In the summer of 1884 he complained of a soreness in his throat, and finally it was decided that he had a cancer at the root of his tongue. The sympathies of the nation were now excited and Congress passed a bill creating him a General on the retired list, thus restoring him to his rank in the army, the

position he had resigned to accept the Presidency of the United States.

It may be doubted if, since the world began, any other book has been written under similar circumstances; the dying soldier, suffering constant, and, at times, the greatest agony, yet working away as if in perfect



THE SIGNERS OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE. PHILADELPHIA, JULY 4TH, 1776



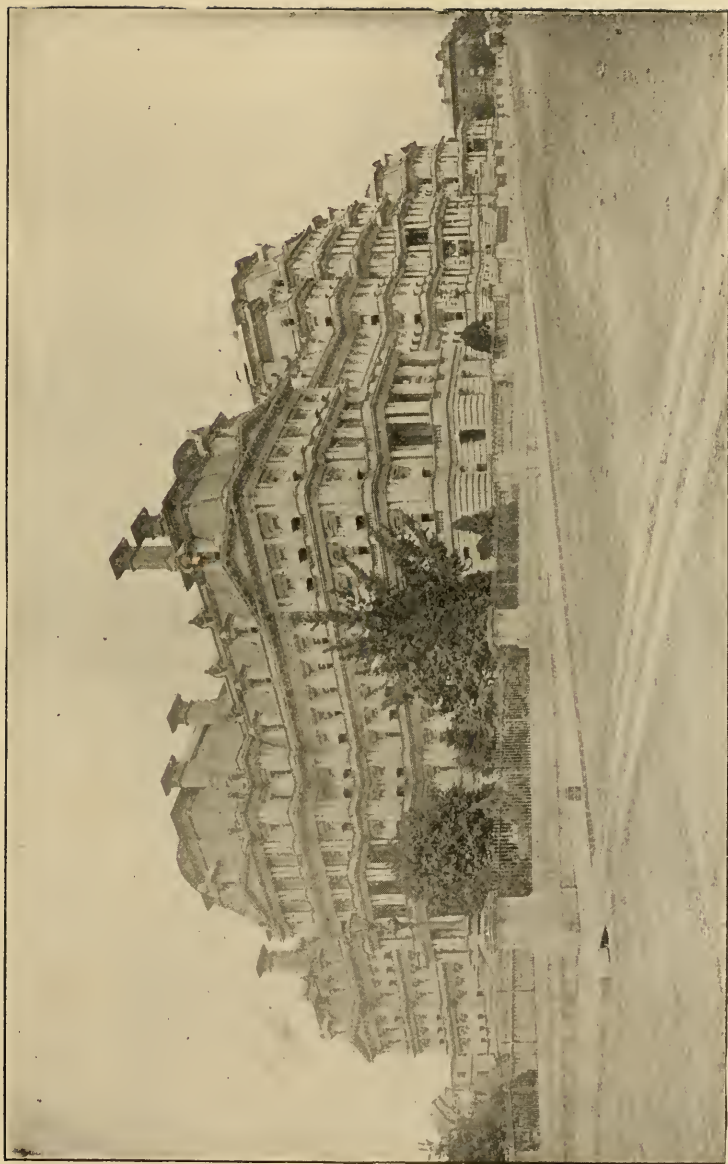
THE LANDING OF ROGER WILLIAMS



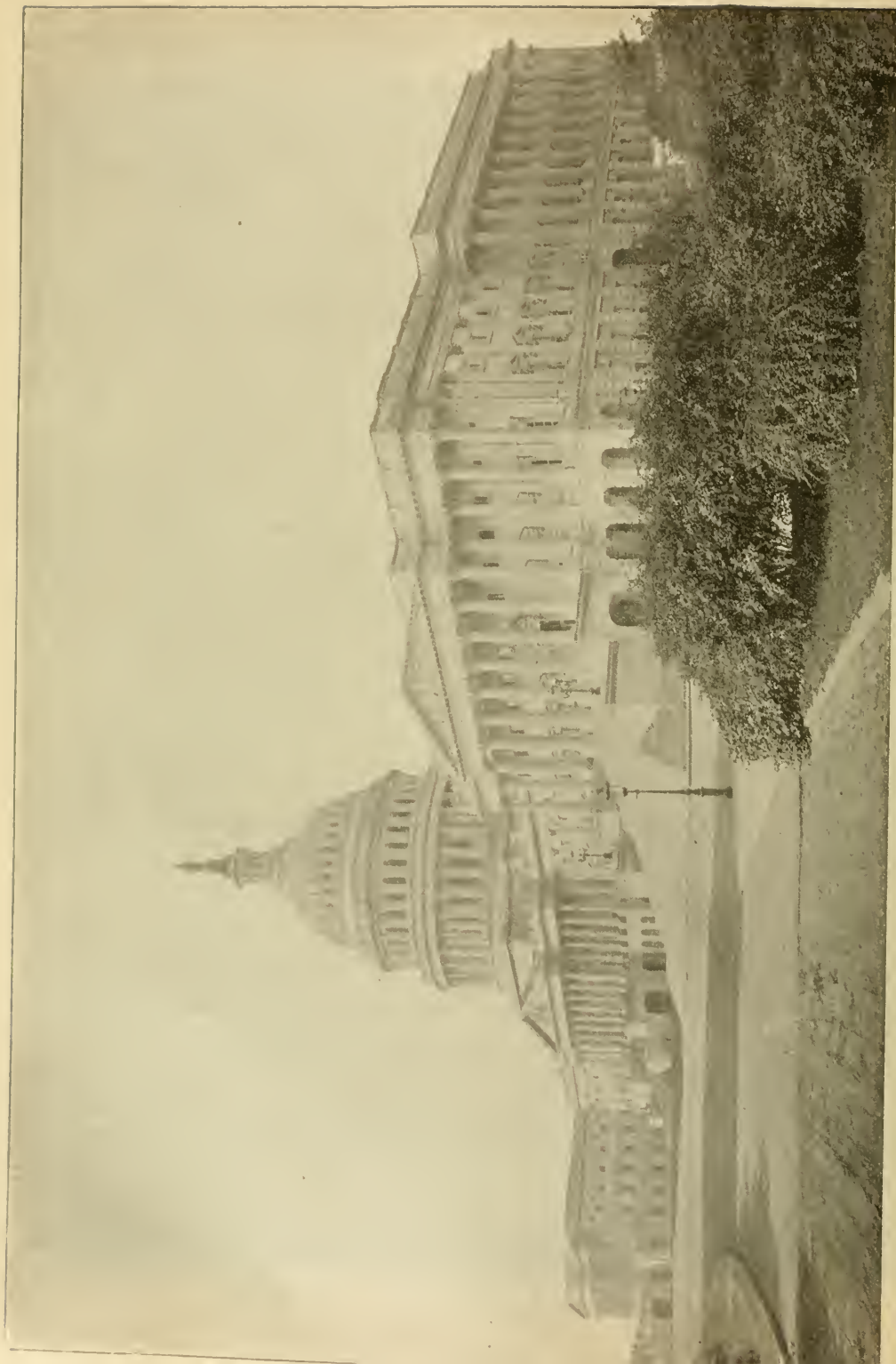
GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE



DECATUR'S CONFLICT WITH THE ALGERINIE AT TRIPOLI



DEPARTMENT OF STATE, WASHINGTON, D. C.



THE CAPITOL. WASHINGTON

THE ORIGINAL BUILDING WAS COMMENCED IN 1793, AND THE WINGS WERE FINISHED IN 1813. THE INTERIOR WAS DESTROYED BY FIRE IN 1814, AND IMMEDIATELY REBUILT. THE STATUE OF LIBERTY, WHICH SURMOUNTS THE IRON DOME, IS 288 FEET FROM THE GROUND



PATRICK HENRY ADDRESSING THE VIRGINIA CONVENTION



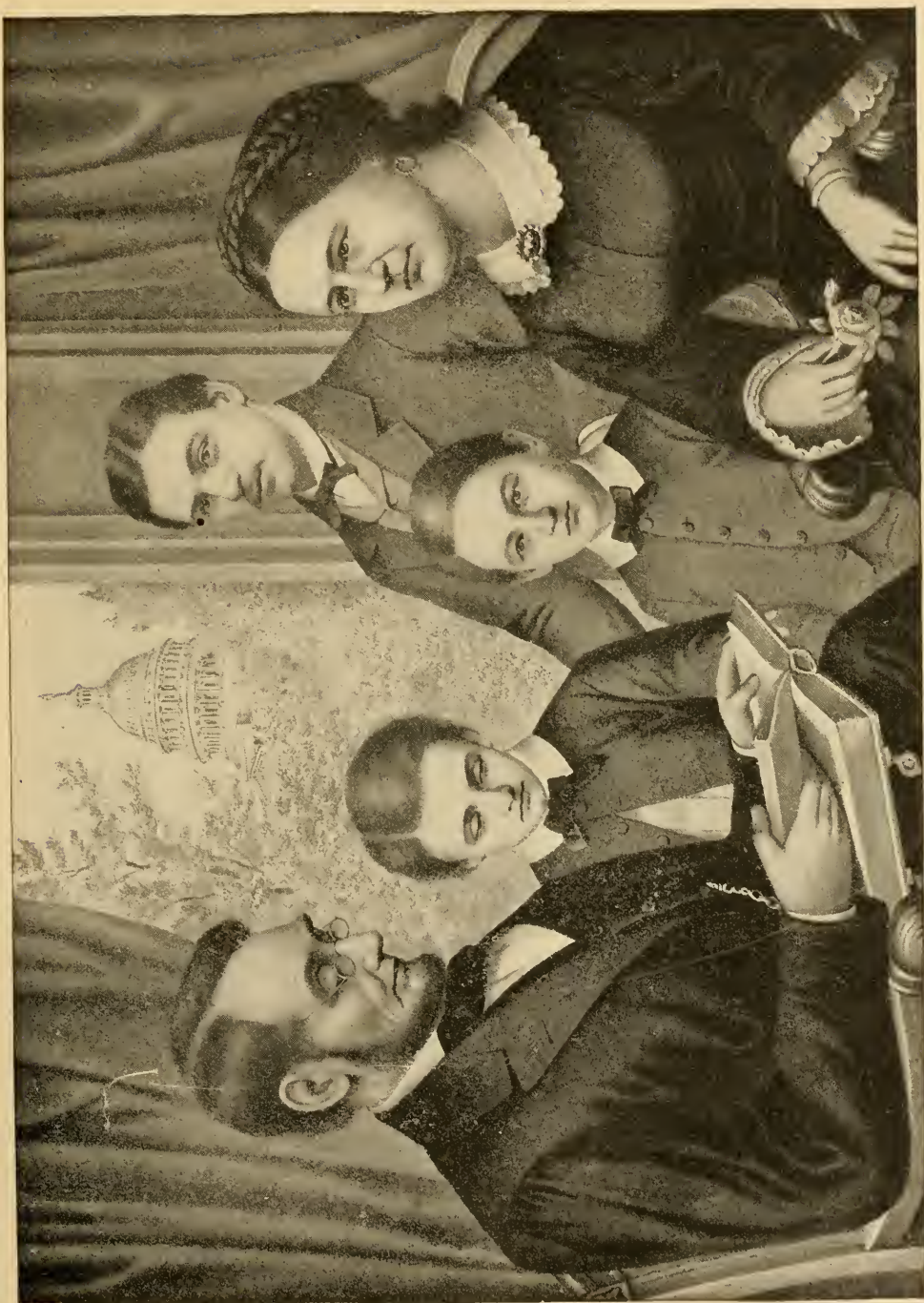
HEROES IN OUR WAR WITH SPAIN



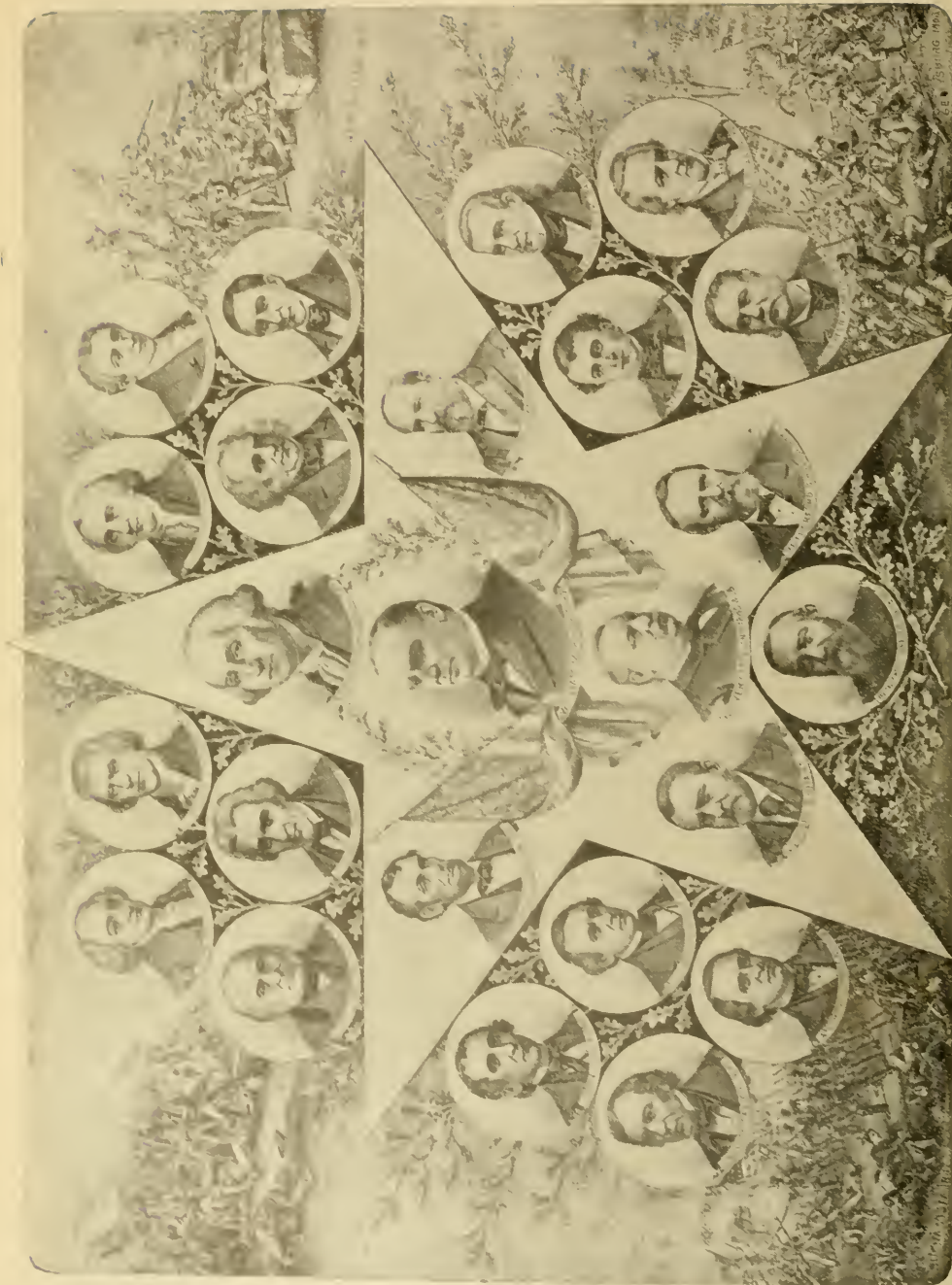
WASHINGTON AND HIS GENERALS
"ILLUSTRIOUS LEADERS IN THE GREAT STRUGGLE FOR FREEDOM"



GENERAL GEORGE WASHINGTON



PRESIDENT LINCOLN AND FAMILY



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PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES



THOMAS A. EDISON IN HIS LABORATORY



THE CAPTURE OF MANILA—BATTLE BETWEEN THE AMERICAN AND SPANISH FORCES

health. He struggled on from day to day, and finished his book only four days before his death, which occurred near Saratoga, N. Y., July 23d, 1885. His remains were interred on August 8th, with great pomp, in Riverside Park, New York City, overlooking the Hudson, and there a monument, costing a vast sum of money, has been built to his memory.

Many Lives of Grant have been written, the most valuable of which is the one he wrote himself, which netted his family half a million dollars.

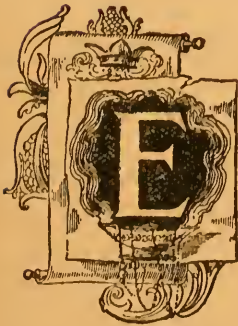
QUESTIONS.

Where and when was Grant born? What was his father's Christian name and his mother's maiden name? Where was he educated? Where did he begin his service in the army? In what war was he first engaged? How did he distinguish himself at the battle of Monterey? Whom did he marry? What was his first battle in the Civil War? What forts did he capture? What great stronghold did he take on the Mississippi? What other battles did he fight? When was he made Commander-in-chief of the armies of the United States? Give an account of his battles before Richmond, and the surrender of General Lee. How many times was he President? How did he lose his money? What about the book he wrote?



GENERAL LAWTON

THE HERO OF THE PHILIPPINES.



EVERYBODY likes a hero, said Uncle Frank, as he seated himself and motioned the young folks to his side. What is a hero, Mabel?

A man who does some brave deed, said Mabel.

That's right, said Uncle Frank, and General Lawton was such a man. I think you will be interested in what I have to tell you about him.

All the story-tellers go back to that first great work of his which brought him into national fame.

This was his chasing and capturing the outlaw Apache chief, Geronimo. General Miles said no one in the East that has not been in the far West can realize what tramping for 1600 miles in that region means. And General Lawton tramped for 1600 miles!

General Miles gave him one order. He said, "Keep Geronimo moving. Don't give him time to murder people." This was quite enough for young Lieutenant Lawton. He was never known to disobey an order, to ask for it to be made easier, or to give an excuse if he didn't csrry it out. So he kept the Indian chief moving. He tracked him over mountains and through ravines so dark that he and his little company had to grope with their hands. He went without food, was barefoot and was ill, but he never stopped.

FORCED MARCHES UNDER GREAT DIFFICULTIES.

He changed his men as Napoleon changed his horses, from one station to another, but he himself never faltered. Some of the days he was ill and had to be carried in a wagon, but he never let them slaken their speed for his headaches. With the fever on him he would get up and make forced marches that would have been almost impossible to a well man. After weeks of this dramatic and tremendous hunt, the Apache was cornered. He was as gaunt and hungry as the man who had followed him. He was not used to being so pursued by any American. There was not a day when he had been able to stop and rob a town or murder a family. He felt always the never-ceasing, regular march of the young lieutenant behind him.

Think of going through 1600 miles of the Western bad lands in such a fashion! The man who could do that could do anything, was the verdict of the army. His judgment in handling the Indians after he had compelled Geronimo to surrender to General Miles was as excellent as his ability to fight. He was in charge of them from Albuquerque to Fort Marion, in Florida. He had wonderful control over them, and they both feared and respected him, a respect that no other white man inspired.

"I never saw a man who had such remarkable power over other men—and especially his inferiors—as Lawton," said one army officer who had been with him through the Apache campaign. "Many of us used to wonder what he did and try, if possible, to do likewise. But the man had a genius not to be imitated for commanding other men."

"I remember when he was regimental commissary; that is, a man who provides food for the soldiers, which in those days of Indian fighting was the hardest position to fill in the army, that he said to a teamster who was carrying supplies to the troops across the plains: 'You meet me at 9 o'clock on Tuesday morning at a certain spot on the plains.'

"The teamster looked at him as if hardly comprehending that the man was in earnest, but Lawton looked him squarely in the eyes and repeated the order. He told the teamster he knew the march would be terrific, but he could do it and he had to do it.

"There wasn't another commissary in the army who would have made that order and expected it to be obeyed, but on the hour appointed the teamster met Lieutenant Lawton at exactly that spot on the plains. "I knew as sure as there was a heaven," said the teamster, "that if Lieutenant Lawton said he was going to be there, he would be there. If he had been killed on the way his ghost would have been there. I would have met him if I had had to get out and pull the wagon myself. Everyone of us said hard things of him every foot of the way, but somehow or other we kept on going."

Very few people in the army know that General Lawton saddled his horse every day, even during the time he was major general.

ALWAYS TOOK CARE OF HIS OWN HORSE.

He never let anyone else touch his horse. When he was in Cuba, during our war with Spain, he would have the animal brought to the back door of his tent where no one could see him, and would put him into harness there. He did it as stealthily as if he were committing a crime. He knew the dignity of his position demanded otherwise, but he simply couldn't give up saddling his pet.

First he would smooth the back of the horse down as if it were a child's head. He would run his hand over the hair to see that none of it went the wrong way. He would fold the blanket as carefully as a maid does a ball gown. Every rumple was smoothed out, every inequality equalized. He would try the saddle and mould it into the blanket until he was satisfied as to its position.

When he fastened the girth he would draw it in as tenderly and strongly as a master does his bow across the violin. He could have broken every rib in that horse's side with his great strength had he wanted. After he had fitted the bit to its mouth he would slip away into the tent and stay there for fifteen minutes until the horse had shaken itself into the fit of the harness and gotten comfortable. His orderly would bring the horse around to the front door and the General would walk out and get into the saddle as if he had never seen the horse since sunset.

General Lawton, like many reserved men, had a great amount of emotion stored up in his giant frame. He could never read or refer to an act of field bravery without choking up. He never allowed himself to speak of things that touched him deeply unless to very intimate friends, for this reason. The tears were as quick to his eyes as the fire of command.

General Breckenridge says he will never forget the day that young Manly Lawton lay at the point of death. He was the General's only son. All day long he walked his room, and, finally, crying like a child, by the General's side, said: "If that boy dies, I want to die." This love for his little son was one of the great passions of his life. The boy was named Manly for his mother's family, as she was a Miss Manly, of Louisville, Ky.

THE BOY WAS FEARLESS UNDER FIRE.

Mrs. Lawton, the boy and the three girls were out in Manila for some time. One day the youngster was on the gunboat *Petrel* with his father when the boat was under fire. The next day the conversation turned on the horrors of warfare, when one man said: "General, you should thank God you haven't a son out here in this army."

"Why do you say such a thing as that?" demanded the General, hotly. "Do you think my boy will ever stay out of the army? Did you see him under fire the other day? He stood it like a man, sir! But it's what I expected of him."

While events in the Philippines in our war with the insurgents were proceeding favorably for an early close of the rebellion a very sad circumstance occurred. General Lawton with a small force was advancing to disperse the rebels and occupy the position held by them at San Mateo some seventeen miles northeast of Manila. He was standing erect in front of his men while bullets were falling thickly near to him. One of his staff warned him of the danger of exposing himself, he only smiled, so fearless was he. In another moment he was hit by a bullet which was winged with death.

General Lawton fell as a soldier in the thick of the fight, and thus his career was ended. This brave American officer was highly esteemed by all who knew him. The services he rendered his country were great, and for these he will be long held in honor. In his youth he served with distinction in the Civil War. He gained fresh laurels from his Indian fighting in the Southwest, where he finally defeated Geronimo's band.

When the war with Spain broke out his services were again wanted and he did excellent work in Cuba.

It was felt by the authorities at the war office that he would be a good man to send to the Philippines. His experience, personal bravery and endurance were freely exercised throughout the campaign, and near its successful close he laid down his life while fighting the battles of his country. The nation mourned the loss of one of its bravest defenders.

The people of the United States contributed one hundred thousand dollars to provide a permanent home for his widow and her children.

What a lovely thing that was to do, said Mabel.

No more than they ought to do, said James, for a great man who gives his life for his country. I quite agree with you, said Uncle Frank.

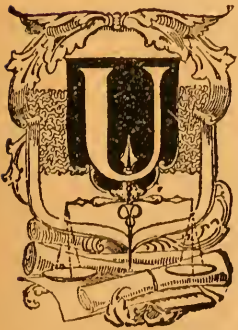
QUESTIONS.

What is a hero? Who is the hero here described? How did he first become known? What can you tell about his fighting the Indians in the South-west? Tell me the story about one of his teamsters. How did he treat his horse? What did he say about his horse? Where and how was he killed?



DANIEL BOONE

AND LIFE ON THE FRONTIER.



UNCLE FRANK and his little friends were rambling through the woods. Coming to the bank of a cool brook, they sat down in the shade and began to talk about the time when our whole country was a wilderness.

A great many privations fell to the lot of the early settlers, said Uncle Frank.

Who was Daniel Boone? asked James. Was he an early settler?

Yes, was Uncle Frank's reply, and now that you have mentioned him, I will tell you his history.

At the time of the French and Indian War—about twenty years before the Revolution—the country that now forms the State of Kentucky



THE FAMOUS DANIEL BOONE.

was a wooded wilderness, used by the Indians only for hunting.

“Kan-tuck-kee” they called it, meaning the dark and bloody ground. Soon after the close of the war—in 1763—a few bold white hunters crossed the mountains that guarded it on the east, and began to explore its great resources. Among them was Daniel Boone. He was a native of Pennsylvania, though he had lived in North Carolina since he was eighteen years old. He was a grown man by this time, with a family and quite a good reputation throughout the country for his intelligence and many adventures. Much interested in the little he learned about the hunting-grounds of the Indians, he made up a party

after a few years, to explore its wilds. It was a most discouraging trial. Boone himself, and his brother who joined them later, were the only ones who escaped from the Indians.

Alone they passed the winter in the vast forest, savage beasts and savage men their only neighbors. In the spring the brother went home for supplies, and Daniel spent the three solitary months in the little hut and its grand and beautiful surroundings, until the brother returned with horses, food, and powder. Then they went on their explorations until early in the next spring. The wonders of beauty and richness they found can scarcely be imagined even in the fair Kentucky of to-day. Then it was perfectly fresh, unworn, unmarred by man in any way, and much of it still shrouded in delightful mystery. Thoroughly charmed with the region, the brothers resolved now to go to North Carolina, get their families, and return with them to the new country and there make their home.

PARTY OF FORTY TRAVELLING; THROUGH THE WILDERNESS.

It was two years before they could make all the necessary arrangements. But at last they were ready and off. Five other families had joined them, and it was a happy party of forty that set their faces northward to find under the leadership of Boone a new home in a fair, rich country beyond the mountains. Wives and children were fixed to ride as comfortable as possible; clothes and cooking-utensils were carried by pack-horses, and a herd of swine and cattle were driven before. For some time they went along without any serious mishap.

But suddenly the pleasant expectation of the travelers was turned into fear and confusion. A party of Indians fell upon the rear of the line and killed a number of the company, among them Boone's youngest son. This put a stop to their progress, and instead of pushing further into the territory of the savages, they turned aside and settled in Virginia. But Boone was yet to found a settlement in Kentucky.

The Government, having heard of the fine lands across the mountains, proposed to give portions of it to the Virginia heroes of the French and Indian War. It was necessary, therefore, to have these lands surveyed, and who was so able to help in the work as Boone, who had already spent two years in exploring them? He willingly undertook the work, and when it was done the governor appointed him to lead a force of colonists against some Indians who were disturbing the settlers on the Virginia frontier along the Ohio. After successfully routing the trouble-

some savages, he returned to his family and found that the little company had recovered from their fright about the Indians and were anxious to go on to Kentucky.

Another company was also formed in North Carolina to assist in making settlements, and Boone was chosen general manager and surveyor for the whole party. After a time, they again set out for the West. On reaching the Kentucky River they received another attack from the Indians and again a few of their number were killed. But this time they kept on, and when in April, 1775, the patriots in Massachusetts were engaged in the battle of Lexington, the pioneers in Kentucky were building a fort and founding the settlement of Boonesborough. Here the women and children were brought, and home life among white people began in Kentucky. Boone's wife and daughter were the first white women, it is said, that ever stood upon the banks of the Kentucky River.

BOONE CAPURED BY THE INDIANS.

The fort was a sure protection against the Indians as long as the settlers kept within it; but to venture out was dangerous. The Indians were always prowling about, watching all that went on, and sometimes capturing those who went beyond its protection. But Boone had great skill in dealing with the red men, and usually recovered the captives, and also made his own escape when—as it happened once or twice—he was himself taken.

He was in many respects a wonderful man. He had a clear and well-balanced mind, and was able to do successfully whatever he undertook. Without knowing anything about politics, he kept up a settlement on the frontier, and without having any military knowledge, he was one of the worst foes the Indians ever met with. An author who loved noble traits in men once said of Boone: He was seldom taken by surprise, never shrunk from danger, nor failed beneath exposure or fatigue; he knew nothing of engineering as a science, yet he laid out the first road through the wilderness of Kentucky and established the first fort there. He had few books and read little, but he thought a great deal, and was in his way a talented man of calm and even mind. He was plain and unpoetical, with wonderful love for the beauties of nature.

His simple, retiring manners never altered into rustic rudeness; and, bold and unsparing as he was in warfare, he was fair and kind to all creatures—a thoroughly humane man. His wants were no greater than his

rifle and the wild woods could supply, while the constant danger in which he lived for many years made him only careful, not uneasy and suspicious. Robust, compactly knit in figure, honest, intelligent, and kind, he excelled as a sportsman, and won the respect of his savage captors by his skill and bravery. More than once, without violence, he freed himself from their imprisonment, revealing their bloody schemes to his countrymen, and meeting them on the battlefield with a coolness and swiftness that awoke their admiration as much as their astonishment.

Again and again he saw his companions fall before their tomahawks and rifles; his daughter he rescued from the red men's camp, to which she had been carried from his very door; his son fell before his eyes in a conflict with the Indians who opposed their immigration to Kentucky; his brother and his dearest friends were victims either to their strategy or violence; his own escape from death at their hands was due more than once to the influence he had obtained over them by tact and patience, and to his sure, swift action when the chance came to flee from them.

GALLANT DEFENSE OF THE FORT AGAINST THE SAVAGES.

Once when Boone was a prisoner in the Indians' camp—captured while gathering salt near the fort—the chief came to like him so well that he adopted him to take the place of his lost son. His only course was to appear satisfied, but he was keenly on the watch for all the movements of the red men, and finally learned that they were planning an attack upon Boonesborough. He swiftly resolved to escape, and warn the settlement of the danger. In a short time he managed to get away, and, traveling a hundred and sixty miles in five days, he astonished his friends by appearing among them long after they had lost all hope of his being alive, and his wife and children had gone mournfully back to their old home in North Carolina. The fort was quickly prepared for an attack from the Indians, who soon came, four hundred and fifty strong, against a little band of seventy. After nine days of fighting the Indians gave up and left the fort still in the hands of Boone and his colony.

When all was safe he went after his family and brought them back to Boonesborough in 1780. Here he remained for twelve years, engaged in improving and enlarging the settlement and occasionally turning out against the hostile Indians, who succeeded now and then in capturing some beloved member of the colony, but were for the most part kept well at bay.

The fair lands of Kentucky began after awhile to be in great demand. Those who owned the rich acres could sell them at a high price, and some of the early settlers were now rewarded in wealth for the hardships they had endured. Boone, being one of the first and greatest of these, supposed that he owned quite a good deal of the land he had discovered, explored, and colonized. But sharp men found out that his papers were not legal, and that he could not hold his land.

MISFORTUNES OF BOONE IN HIS OLD AGE.

Hardy and heroic as he was, he was also too modest and diffident to be able to quarrel about what was justly his, so in his old age he left Kentucky to those more bold for wealth and less high-principled than himself and retreated into the wild regions of Missouri, which had not yet been invaded by those who followed the sturdy settlers to reap the benefit of their pioneering. There he received a grant of land from Spain, but lost it also through a mistake in the title papers.

After this second misfortune he wrote a simple, touching letter to the people of Kentucky, asking them to help him to get a clear title to at least part of his lands, saying, "I have no place to call my own, whereon to lay my bones;" and as in those days it was one of a man's first duties to set aside and prepare a burial-ground for himself and his family, the people were greatly touched. The State begged ten thousand acres or more of Congress, and the gift was granted; but the lawyers who came in between the giver and the receiver cheated the heroic old man out of even this, and he "who had helped to conquer an empire died landless at last." But his memory was not without honor.

On an autumn day, some years ago, a hearse, garlanded with evergreens, was slowly drawn by white horses through the main street of Frankfort, Kentucky. It was the second funeral of Daniel Boone. His remains lay in the cherry-wood coffin he had polished himself in the rude and lonely cabin on the banks of the Missouri, and they were then being removed by the State, to the public cemetery of the capital of Kentucky. People said it was but just that these ceremonies of love and respect should be paid to the memory of the noble and cheated old pioneer, who first explored their fair State, when the elk and buffalo held undisputed possession with the Indian; when its dark forests were the contested boundary between the Cherokees, Creeks, and Catawbias, of the South; and the Swanees, Delawares, and Wyandottes, of the North; and the deep

glades of the forest primeval were stained with the warrior blood of the red savages.

Daniel Boone was born in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, 1735. He died in Missouri, in 1820 or 1822.

QUESTIONS.

In what period of our country's history did Daniel Boone live? What part of the country did he explore? While he and his party were traveling by whom were they attacked? What appointment did Daniel Boone receive from our government? Who were the first white women that ever stood on the banks of the Kentucky River? What was Daniel Boone's appearance? Describe his being captured by the Indians. How did he lose his property? Where was he born and when did he die?



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

THE NOBLE PATRIOT.



UNCLE FRANK had been waiting for his young friends some minutes before they arrived. Always be on time, he said, as they came out hurriedly to the seats waiting for them on the porch. Perhaps you have some excuse, he said, for being late this morning.

None at all, said Mabel, as she turned her frank, round face toward Uncle Frank. We were playing and forgot ourselves.

You should always be punctual, was the reply. I might have told you when I was speaking of Washington about a secretary of his who got into the habit of being a few minutes late every day, and always excused himself by saying his watch was slow. One day Washington gave him a stern look and said, "Either you will have to get a new watch, or I will have to get a new secretary." The young man took the hint and after that was on time.

I want to tell you to-day, continued Uncle Frank, of that great man and noble patriot, Benjamin Franklin. He was born in Boston, January 17, 1706. He was the youngest of seventeen children, and was intended for his father's business, which was that of a soap-boiler and tallow-

chandler, but being disgusted with this employment, he was apprenticed to his brother, who was a printer. This occupation was more congenial to his taste, and he used to devote his nights to the perusal of such books as his scanty means enabled him to buy.

By living on a vegetable diet, which was cheap, he obtained more money for buying books, and at sixteen had read works which were usually read by much older persons. Having displeased his father and brother, he determined to give up his engagement with his brother, and leave Boston. This he accomplished, arrived at New York, walked thence to Philadelphia, and entered the city of Friends with some articles of dress in his pockets, a dollar in cash, and a loaf of bread under his arm.



FRANKLIN'S BIRTHPLACE.

Here he obtained employment as a printer, and Sir William Keith, the governor, observing his diligence, persuaded him to go to England, to purchase materials for a press, on his own account. This was in 1725, but he found he was the bearer of no letters that would aid him, and he was accordingly obliged to work at his trade. He returned to Philadelphia, where, in a short time, he entered into business with one Meredith, and

about 1728, began a newspaper in which he inserted many of his moral essays, and advice about saving money.

He published Poor Richard's Almanac which is well known. It has a great many wise and pithy sayings, that has always been regarded as excellent advice for everybody. At the age of twenty-seven, he began the study of modern and classical languages.

He founded the University of Pennsylvania and the American Philosophical Society, and invented the "Franklin stove," which held a place for a long time among the variety of modern inventions of a similar kind. In 1746 he made his experiments on electricity and applied his discoveries to the invention of the lightning rod.

The story is told of him that he went into the fields on the outskirts of Philadelphia during a thunder storm, sent up a kite that had a wire attached to it, and in this way drew lightning from the clouds. This led him to conclude that safety could be obtained during thunder storms by having lightning rods. These would be good conductors for the electricity, which in that case would not make a conductor of a person that was near, thereby destroying life.

In 1751 Franklin was appointed deputy postmaster general for the colonies. After the defeat of General Braddock, which was mentioned when I told you about Washington, a provincial militia was established and Franklin was chosen colonel. In 1757 he was sent to England with a petition to the king and council against the property owners who refused to bear a share in the public expenses. While thus employed he published several works

which gained him a high reputation. In 1762 Franklin was chosen fellow of the Royal Society, and made doctor of laws at Oxford, which were very high honors, and the same year returned to America.

In 1764 he was again sent to England as agent of his province, and in 1766 was examined before the House of Commons on the subject of the stamp-act, which was a tax that the Americans disliked very much. His answers were clear and firm. His conduct in England was worthy of his previous character. Finding him warmly attached to the colonies, abuse



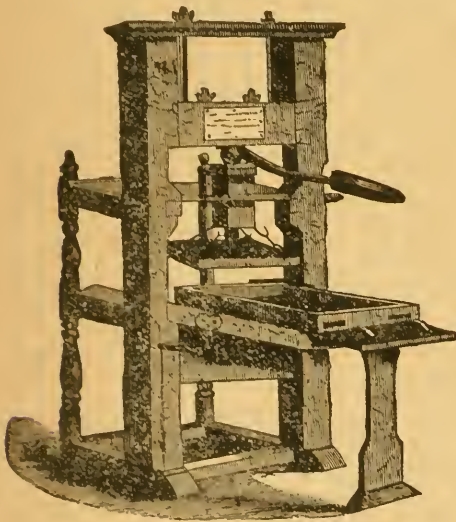
FRANKLIN AT THE AGE OF TWENTY.

and coarse satire were leveled against him, but his truthfulness and matchless wit formed a complete defence. He was next offered "any reward, honors and money beyond his expectations," if he would forsake his country, but he stood firm as a rock.

He returned to America in 1775. The battle of Lexington had taken place while he was at sea, and the whole country was now filled with excitement. The day after he landed, on the 6th of May, 1775, he was made a delegate to the Continental Congress, and was there put on the famous committee of five, with Jefferson, John Adams, Roger Sherman, and Robert R. Livingston, to prepare the Declaration of Independence,

and after it was adopted and written on parchment, he, with the fifty-six other honored patriots, risked life, land, and all against the power and wrath of Great Britain in signing it.

Franklin was a statesman, not a soldier, and his work during the Revolutionary War was to draft the first plan of government, called the Articles of Confederation; to help enlist soldiers to defend his State, Pennsylvania; to take up all the different duties and cares of the first Postmaster-General; to visit Washington's camp and consult with the Commander-in-Chief upon ways and means; to go to Can-



FRANKLIN'S PRINTING PRESS.

ada to see if the people there would join with the Colonies; and to labor devotedly for his country's cause on committees of the greatest importance, and in the conventions that controlled the public actions of the people.

When, before the close of the second year of the war, it became necessary for us to have a helping friend in some great foreign power, it was the wise and venerable Dr. Franklin who was sent to France. Although he was then in his seventieth year, he was still one of the shrewdest and best agents that ever managed the affairs of any country. He at once became a great favorite in Paris. People were charmed with his simple ways and quaint manners, for he pretended to be nothing more than a plain American, and he was famous over Europe for learning, statesmanship, discoveries in science, inventions, and wisdom about common things.

In a short time he completely won over the favor of the French people to the American side, but for a long while the government would not agree to do anything for us, because France did not want to bring on a war with Great Britain by uniting openly with the American Colonies, although she had given us secret aid from the first. But we needed more than that; we wanted a firm and open friend, and so, while Dr. Franklin was allowing himself to be the pet of French society, while he was making the acquaintance of the greatest people of the capital, and also interesting every one by his own part in these things, he was still more earnestly trying to bring about an agreement with the government.

After about a year of toilsome business that taxed all his resources as well as his good temper, the object was secured, the treaty was made, and a fleet of sixteen war-vessels under Count D'Estaing, and an army of four thousand men were sent to America in the summer of 1778. Franklin was now able to buy vessels, which were made into American cruisers. The next year he helped to fit out a fleet of vessels, which were sent out from France under command of John Paul Jones, the story of whose gallant life I will tell you later.



FRANKLIN AT THE AGE OF SEVENTY.

The agreements in this treaty were most favorable to the United States, and it has often been said that we owe our independence to it. But it did not secure rest or even smooth sailing for our old and busy statesman. During the remainder of the war, he stayed on at Paris, devoting himself to all the difficult and perplexing foreign affairs that fill the pages of those years of our history. They were of all kinds—civil, military, and naval, and kept Franklin constantly at work ; “smoothing, aiding, contriving, and assisting by word and by pen, always wise, always to the point, he steered the bark of his country to the desired haven.”

His wit and humor rendered his society acceptable to every class.

On one occasion he was dining with the English ambassador, and a French officer at Paris. The former rose, and gave the following sentiment: “England—the bright *sun* whose rays illuminate the world !” The French gentleman, struggling between patriotism and politeness, proposed: “France—the *moon* whose mild beams dispel the shades of night.” Dr. Franklin, rising in turn, said: “General George Washington—the Joshua who commanded the sun and moon to stand still



FRANKLIN'S GRAVE, FIFTH AND ARCH STREETS,
PHILADELPHIA.

—and they obeyed him !” Do you not think this was a good rejoinder.

When Franklin had passed away and the story of his life was fully told, it was then known what a really great man he was. Beside his statesmanship, which was so able in small things and great, that the suc-

ness of the Revolution was very largely due to him, he was a great philosopher and scholar, a public benefactor, and a practical inventor and workman. He showed his countrymen how to think and write; he published some American newspapers, and the famous "Poor Richard's Almanac." This was announced as being edited by Richard Saunders, of Philomath, and printed and published by Benjamin Franklin, of Philadelphia. From the year 1732 it was issued yearly for a quarter of a century. It had a place in almost every household in the land, not only on account of the information it contained, but also for its shrewd and worldly-wise maxims, which were afterward gathered into a pamphlet called "The Way to Wealth," and, being translated into many languages, long ago became a part of the world's stock of wise proverbs.

YOUNG MEN SEEKING TO IMPROVE THEMSELVES.

Soon after he returned to Philadelphia—after his short first stay in England—he began to make himself felt for good in the city, although he was then but a young printer, just of age. He gathered his friends together into a social and literary club, called the Junto. It was a small circle of clerks, joiners, and shoemakers, who, with Franklin for their leader, met to improve themselves, help mankind, their country, their friends, and each other. Everything about it was carried on with the same simplicity and common-sense that always marked its founder in whatever he did. Although its influence was soon felt far and wide by branch clubs, it was never enlarged, and even its existence was kept a secret. It lasted for forty years, and out of it grew the American Philosophical Society, while the small collection of books, owned in common by its members, was the beginning of the great Philadelphia Library—"The mother of all the North American subscription libraries."

Perhaps the highest praise that was ever given to this great and good man was spoken by Lord Chatham, in 1775, when he said that this man from America was "one whom all Europe holds in high estimation for his knowledge and wisdom, who is an honor not to the English nation only, but to human nature."

The greatness of his mind and character was due chiefly to his own efforts. His parents had a larger family than they could easily support, and Benjamin, as we have seen, was put to work in his father's soap factory in Boston when he was ten years old; but he shows in the story of his life written by himself, how he educated and supported himself at the

same time. and by living according to strict rules of work, study, temperance, and honor, gradually raised himself to a high place among the greatest, most useful men of his own or any other time.

He died in Philadelphia on the 17th of April, 1790, and was buried in the churchyard at Fifth and Arch streets in that city.

QUESTIONS.

Where was Benjamin Franklin born and when? What was his father's business? What trade did Franklin learn? Where did he go from Boston? How did he draw lightning from the clouds? Why was he sent by our government to England? What great services did he render to America? What was Franklin's business? Give an illustration of his wit and humor. Tell me something about Poor Richard's Almanac. When did Franklin die and where was he buried?



JOHN PAUL JONES

THE FAMOUS NAVAL HERO.



DO YOU like to hear tales about the sea and sailors? asked Uncle Frank.

I do, said James; the others can speak for themselves.

Elsie and Mabel were much interested, they said, in important events on sea or land which gave them a knowledge of American history.

Listen, then, said Uncle Frank, to what I have to tell you. The greatest naval hero of the Revolution was John Paul Jones, a Scotchman, who first came to America when he was an apprentice-boy, on an errand for his master, a great English tobacco merchant. He was only John Paul then, for the Jones was added to his name in later years.

At the age of twelve he had been sent to Whitehaven, in England, which is just across the Solway Firth or bay from his native place. There he was apprenticed to a merchant who had a large trade with America. He was a bright boy, fond of his books, and one that could be

trusted, so the next year, when the merchant sent a ship to Virginia for a cargo of tobacco, John Paul went along, for he had a brother in that State. He was much pleased with the new country, but still more so with his voyage. Life at sea seemed so delightful to him that he began to study navigation at once, that is, how to manage a ship; and when, soon after his return to England, his master's business failed, he was glad to be released from his apprenticeship so that he could become a sailor.

His studies had fitted him to take a good place in the merchant service, and he soon had an offer to ship in the slave trade, which was one of the most flourishing branches of English commerce at that time. So arrangements were made, and the day came when the ship *King George* set sail from Whitehaven with John Paul for third mate. The ship went to Africa and returned, and when Paul next went to sea—which was very soon—it was as chief mate of the *Two Friends*. He was now nineteen years old, and carried his cargo of human beings safely to the island of Jamaica, where the vessel belonged. But as soon as his duty was fulfilled he gave up the ship. He declared he would never again have anything to do with the slave trade, and took passage for home in the first ship bound for Great Britain.



JOHN PAUL JONES.

Yellow fever broke out during the voyage. Captain, mate, and all the chief officers died, leaving the brig in the middle of the Atlantic without a man of the crew able to guide its course. The young passenger

took command, and the men soon saw that, though he was but twenty years of age, he was a thorough sailor, and all obeyed and respected him as their regular chief. He brought the vessel safely to her port, which was near his own home, and the company rewarded him by making him her captain.

During his first regular voyage in this brig, a false report was raised that he killed the carpenter, whom he had had to flog for neglecting his duty, but who died of a fever some time after landing at the West Indies. This was so much talked about, and so great a time made over Captain Paul's "cruelties," that he left Scotland for good in 1771. After serving in England's West India trade for awhile, he came to Virginia, where his brother had left him heir to a goodly estate. The country which had distrusted and slandered him he would claim no longer. Hereafter he would be an American. He would not even bear the old name, but would be John Paul *Jones* in future.

HE HOISTED THE AMERICAN FLAG.

In a couple of years the Revolutionary War broke out, and the first of the lieutenants appointed in the new navy was John Paul Jones. He was placed on board of the frigate *Alfred*, the first vessel, it is said, over which the American flag ever floated. It was Lieutenant Jones himself who first hoisted the yellow sheet when the commodore came to the fleet, and displayed to Commander Hopkins the coiled rattlesnake and the motto "Don't tread on me." This was a flag that was in use before we had the Stars and Stripes.

Jones was afterward promoted to be commander of the *Providence*. In this vessel, during a cruise of six weeks, he captured sixteen prizes. He was then made one of the regular captains in the young navy of the United States, and ordered to start out on board the *Ranger* for a two or three months' cruise against the craft of England. At that time our whole navy numbered only a few vessels, while England had over a thousand. It needed a great deal of skill to keep out of the way of their heavy men-of-war, and still more to watch them and make unexpected attacks on them at just the right moment. But Jones was as keen and alert as an enemy as he was able as a seaman. He took many English merchant and trading vessels, and even drove some fishing-vessels away from their grounds at Cape Breton.

After this the English concluded that the *Ranger* needed looking

after, so they fitted out and sent off the Drake, a larger vessel than Jones's, with almost twice as many guns. Her orders were to capture the Ranger. The two vessels met just off the southeastern coast of Scotland, in April of 1778, and after an hour of quick, sharp, and spirited fighting, the Drake, instead of the Ranger, was the captured craft. Captain Jones carried his prize to the coast of France and sent the Ranger home to America.

The news of this victory was a surprise to every one and a very unpleasant one to England. They had before felt nothing but disdain for the weak little navy of the "American Colonies," but now they learned that it was not as harmless as it was young and small.

HE PAYS A VISIT TO THE KING.

For five months after the capture of the Drake Jones was kept waiting in France for a vessel. While people were talking over and praising his naval skill he was without money or employment in a foreign country. Congress was too poor to fit out another vessel, or even to send him the money he needed to keep himself and crew from want. About this time Benjamin Franklin succeeded in getting the French Government to openly become our ally, and Jones looked to them for a vessel and supplies.

While he was watching and waiting for a reply to some of the numerous letters he had written to the court, he one day came across a copy of "Poor Richard's Almanac," in which he found one of Franklin's wise sayings that applied exactly to his own case. It was, "If you want your business well done, go and do it yourself." Jones resolved to act on this stray bit of advice, and went at once to the king. His honor and fame from the Ranger's exploits were enough to admit him to the court, where he could command respect and attention by his presence as well as his renown. He had made himself well educated and cultivated by adding industry to his genius, and although his figure was neither large, robust, nor more than medium tall, it was active and vigorous. His weather-beaten face had keen black eyes that lightened a certain melancholy grace which softened his compact and determined-looking features.

He soon interested the king in his desire to raise a fleet and again meet America's enemies on the sea. Arrangements that had already been begun were now soon completed, and a squadron of French and American vessels was placed under the command of Jones, who named the old India-

man, which fell to his lot, the *Bon Homme Richard*. That meant Good Man Richard, in English, and was in honor of Benjamin Franklin, the almanac-maker and distinguished American minister to France.

When at last the squadron was ready, the *Bon Homme Richard* and her four companion vessels set sail from France in the middle of August, 1779, the fourth year of the war. It was a poor fleet, manned by a motley crew of more foreigners than Americans and some under-officers that were not fit for their posts. But it seemed as if no disadvantages could cause Commander Jones to fail. After a month's cruising he had captured and destroyed twenty-six of the enemy's vessels.

One day in the latter part of September, near the end of his course around the British Isles, the *Bon Homme Richard*, the *Pallas*, and the *Alliance* suddenly fell in with the British fleet, off Flamborough Head. The fleet was protected by two British cruisers, the *Countess of Scarborough* and the *Serapis*. The last was a fine new frigate, carrying forty-four guns and manned by a picked crew. She was larger and far stancher than any of Jones's vessels, but the commander was not daunted and prepared the *Bon Homme* to give her battle.

HIS FAMOUS VICTORY ON THE SEA.

The engagement took place on a smooth sea and in the calm moonlight of the night of September 23d, a date that will always be remembered, for this was one of the most remarkable naval battles ever fought. In everything except the valor and genius of her commander, the *Serapis* had the advantage, for although Captain Pearson was a brave and able man, he had his superior in John Paul Jones. The *Bon Homme* had two guns burst at the outset, killing a number of men, and in the thick of the fight, for some unknown reason, her own comrade, the *Alliance*, under the zealous Frenchman Landais, fired upon her again and again, while the *Serapis* was pouring volley upon volley into her rotten timbers from the other side. After awhile Captain Pearson called out, "Has your ship struck?" to which Jones flung back the answer, "I have not yet begun to fight." Then he helped to lash the jib-stay of the *Serapis* to the mizzen-mast of the *Richard*, and the deadly fire was thicker than ever, hand to hand and muzzle to muzzle.

The *Serapis* had a full battery against three guns on the *Richard's* deck, but the *Richard's* tops were filled with sailors who, armed with muskets and hand grenades, swept the Englishman's boards, and finally set

fire to a quantity of cartridges which exploded with as much damage to the *Serapis* as the *Richard* received when her guns burst at the beginning of the battle.

Then there came a cry that the *Richard's* hull had been broken in and the vessel was sinking. A hundred English prisoners rushed up from below, but before they had a chance to leap upon the deck of the *Serapis*, Jones, cool and commanding, ordered them to the pumps. They were prisoners of war, honor-bound to obey him, and so they saved the vessel from sinking till the *Serapis* struck her colors—both vessels then on fire. Unseaworthy to start with, the *Bon Homme* could not be saved; she was left the next morning and soon sank to the bottom. Meanwhile the *Pallas*, which had a better officer than the *Alliance*, captured the *Countess of Scarborough*, so the American victory was complete.

HE CAPTURES SILVER TREASURES.

Jones was absent from home for about three years, during which time his exploits were numerous and of the most astonishing character. He was denounced as a pirate by the English, who became so alarmed by his achievements that many people did not feel safe even in London. Some of the timid ones looked out on the Thames, half expecting to see the terrible fellow lay their city under tribute. At one time he landed on the coast of Scotland, and, appearing at the residence of the Earl of Selkirk, captured a large amount of silver plate and booty. But he treated the Earl's household with great courtesy, and the plate that was seized at the time is now in the possession of the members of the Selkirk family.

Paul Jones returned to Philadelphia February 18, 1781, and received a hearty welcome. Congress gave him an appropriate medal and a vote of thanks.

While on a visit to France about five years later, he received an invitation to join the Russian Navy with the rank of a rear admiral. He accepted this upon condition that he should remain an American citizen and should never be asked to fight against France.

He was now forty years of age and a famous hero. The Russian officers felt jealous of his great name and the favor he had in their service, and finally succeeded in carrying false reports of him to the Czarina—the great Queen Catharine—and getting him retired. When he left the service he was promised a handsome pension, which he never received; and the man who had commanded the attention and admiration of the



world died in poverty and neglect at Paris, while a commission from the United States to make a treaty with the Dey of Algiers was on its way to him.

John Paul Jones was born at Arbigland, Scotland, on the 6th of July, 1747. He died in Paris, France, July 18, 1792.

QUESTIONS.

Who was the greatest naval hero of the Revolution? Where was he born? Why did he come to America? Of what ship was he chief mate? When yellow fever broke out on the ship when he was a passenger what did he do? Why did he add Jones to his name? What British ship did he first capture? When did he obtain a fleet? What was the name of his ship? What was the result of his great battle with the British fleet? What reply did he make when the British captain asked if his ship had struck? Whose silver plate did he capture and what became of it?



CYRUS FIELD

AND THE ATLANTIC CABLE.



HE telegraph is a wonderful thing, said Mabel, as the young people gathered about Uncle Frank to hear another story.

Very true, said Uncle Frank, and I think the most wonderful thing about it is the electric cable that lies at the bottom of the sea and enables people in our own country to send messages to others in Europe.

Please tell us about the laying of the cable, said Elsie, and Uncle Frank readily consented.

The great invention of the telegraph, he said, by Professor Morse, had but half its present value and usefulness until Cyrus West Field carried it across the Atlantic Ocean and united the two continents by its magic wire.

He was a retired merchant about thirty-five years of age, when he first became interested in a water or marine telegraph. Some enterprising men had tried to stretch a wire across the island of Newfoundland, the most

easterly point on the American coast, and to have this connect with a line of fast steamers, which, it was thought, could reach the nearest point in Ireland in five days. In this way news could be carried from one continent to the other inside of a week. An attempt had already been made to build the line, but it had failed, and now it was wanted that some rich men would take hold of it and carry it through.

Mr. Field was well known as an able, enterprising, and wealthy man, who had built up a large business in New York from the smallest kind of a beginning. He was strongly urged to take hold of this scheme, which, if well carried out, would be of great benefit to the country and a paying success. He agreed to think about it, and sat in his library turning over a globe and considering, when the thought suddenly came to him, "Why not carry the line across the ocean?" The more he thought of it the surer he felt that this should be his undertaking.

LAYING THE FIRST CABLE.

The next year he obtained from the Legislature of Newfoundland the sole right for fifty years of landing telegraph cables on the island from both Europe and America. He formed a stock company at once, and in a couple of years organized the "Atlantic Telegraph Company" in London, furnishing one-fourth of the capital himself. The governments of Great Britain and the United States provided ships, and the first expedition to lay the wire set out in 1857. This and another in the next year both proved failures. Then some time passed, and a third trial was made, which succeeded in laying a cable. But this gave out in about a month.

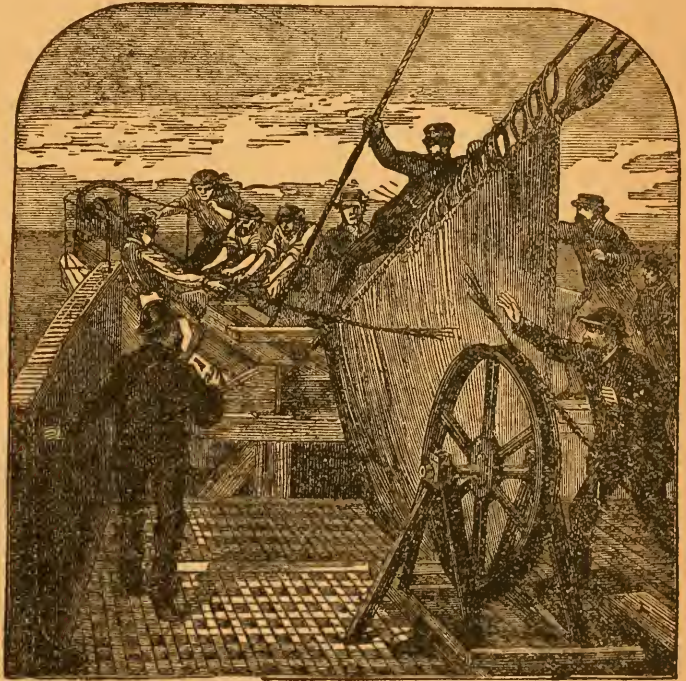
Eleven years had now passed, and still the Atlantic telegraph was only a scheme. Many of the stockholders were discouraged, and Mr. Field and his ocean cable was ridiculed by the people and the press of Europe and America. But he never lost faith in the enterprise, though its money and friends were fast growing less.

In 1865, a cable having been constructed and made as nearly perfect as possible by the use of the best materials, the steamship *Great Eastern*, freighted with it, sailed from Valentia, Ireland, on the 23d of July. On the second day after starting from the Irish coast, a fault in the cable was detected; a tiny piece of loose iron wire had forced its way through the outer covering of the rubber surrounding the electric wire, so as to come in contact with the latter; and when this piece was cut out and a new

splice made, the fault was effectually cured. The cable had again to be raised and examined in the same way when the ship was six hundred and thirty-six miles from Valentia, and one thousand and twenty-eight miles from Newfoundland.

The machinery was slowly pulling the cable in out of the water when, to the surprise of everybody on board, it suddenly parted, thirty feet from the bow of the ship, and with one bound leaped, as it were, into the sea. For a moment dismay seized those on board. They were startled at the thought that the cable had parted and dropped into the sea. Nothing

was to be done but to adjust the grappling machinery and search for the lost treasure. At first the iron sank but slowly, but soon the picking-up machinery lowered length after length over cog-wheel and drum, till the iron wires, warming with work, heated at last so as to convert the water thrown upon the machinery into clouds of steam. Still the rope descended, and the great strain was diminished, when at fifteen thousand feet the grapnel reached



SUDDEN BREAK OF CABLE ON THE GREAT EASTERN.

the bed of the Atlantic; and as the ship drifted across the course of the cable, there was just a surmise that the grapnel might catch it.

In the search from August 3d to August 11th the cable was grappled three times; it was lifted each time a considerable way from the bottom, but the grapnel, ropes, and lifting machinery were not sufficient to bring it to the surface. Nearly twelve hundred miles of the cable now lay along the bed of the Atlantic Ocean; one end attached to the shore at Valentia, the other submerged under fifteen thousand feet of water, and resting on a soft, oozy bottom.

A length of fifty-five hundred miles of cable altogether had been made for this great Atlantic enterprise from 1857 to 1865, and nearly four thousand miles had been swallowed up in the ocean; a million and a quarter had been sunk; but the grand hopes were not crushed. The various telegraphic companies interested in the completion of the undertaking wisely concluded to resume operations forthwith.

The storms of twelve months had passed over the cable before the preparations were complete; that it had not drifted was thoroughly believed. The naval commanders had made accurate observation of the exact latitude and longitude of the spot where the end of the cable finally disappeared in August, 1865; and, as the same instruments, applied in the same way, would find the same spot again, this was the test, and the only test relied on. The Great Eastern arrived on the 12th of August at the cable-fishing ground. The grapnel was put forth; the strain indicated that it had got hold of the cable; it was hauled in; an lo! up came to sight the actual cable itself!

Every one on board the ship crowded to the bow to see the grapnel come up over the water. The lost cable of 1865, lifted from its oozy bed two miles beneath the surface of the Atlantic Ocean, now made its appearance, attached to the flukes of the grapnel, amid a spontaneous cheer.

SWUNG HIS HAT WITH A LOUD CHEER.

The cable was found to be in good condition. There it was—the copper in the middle, then the rubber, then the iron wires and then the outer covering of Manilla hemp. The problem to be solved was, whether the cable, after being twelve months at the bottom of the Atlantic, would transmit an electric message to Valentia. An operator applied the end of the cable to his delicate instruments, amid the breathless silence of those around him. He took off his hat and gave a cheer—the cable spoke!

The Great Eastern, safely making her way to Newfoundland, landed the western end of the ocean wire. The tests were made again and again, with perfect success. The great value of the work was acknowledged in both countries. Several of the English gentlemen who had given their money and influence in helping along the work were honored with knighthood, and in America the greatest honors were bestowed upon Mr. Field. Congress gave him the thanks of the nation, a gold medal, and other testimonials, showing that they looked upon his work as one of the greatest achievements of the century. The French Exposition, which was

held after the cable had stood the test of about a year's service, gave him its grand medal. This was its highest award and was only given to those who had proved themselves great public benefactors. The thirteen years of labor amid discouragements and ridicule brought him full reward.

Mr. Field was born at Stockbridge, Massachusetts, on the 30th of November, 1819, and died July 26th, 1892.

QUESTIONS.

Who first thought of laying the Atlantic cable? What had been Cyrus W. Field's business? What can you say of the first attempts to lay an ocean cable? What happened to the last cable on board the Great Eastern? How was this cable found and raised from the bottom of the sea? How many years was Mr. Field occupied before the undertaking was a success? When was he born and what was the date of his death?



BETSY ROSS

AND OUR AMERICAN FLAG.



JAMES came out on the porch waving a flag, then holding it against his side marched up and down, while Uncle Frank and the two girls looked on in admiration.

James must be a young patriot, said Uncle Frank. A patriot, you know, is one who loves his country.

How did we get the flag? asked Elsie, and what does it mean?

I am glad you asked that question, Uncle Frank replied, for I would like much to tell you about it. James took his seat and laid aside the Stars and Stripes for the time being.

The first flag with its present design, that is, with the stars and stripes, was made in 1777 by Betsy Ross. Betsy was born in Philadelphia, Pa., January 1st, 1752. She was the sixth daughter of Samuel and Rebecca Griscom. Her parents were members of the Society of Friends. Her father was a noted builder, having assisted in the erection of Inde-

pendence Hall. Betsy was a bright girl, and grew to be a beautiful woman, noted for her amiable and lady-like manner. Skillful with the needle, she was fond of embroidery and other kinds of fancy work. Among her many admirers was John Ross, a young man who, though poor, was possessed of such qualities as made him worthy of Betsy Griscom. His uncle was the Hon. George Ross, the signer of the Declaration of Independence. Young Ross was an upholsterer. One day he noticed the young women in his employ were puzzled over some work. He told them he knew a young woman who could arrange it. They sent for her. Her mother consented to let her learn the business. Thus Betsy became an upholsterer.

In December, 1773, John and Betsy were married. For marrying "out of meeting" the Friends disowned her. Her husband being an Episcopalian, she attended Christ Church with him, occupying a pew near that in which General Washington worshipped. The young couple soon embarked in the upholstery business, moving into the house 239 Arch street. Here from an injury received while guarding military stores, John Ross died in January, 1776. The young widow heroically determined to continue the business alone.



"The star-spangled banner,
long may it wave,
O'er the land of the free
and the home of the brave."

When Washington wanted a sample flag made, Betsy Ross was recommended by Hon. George Ross. Washington was visiting John Hancock who was suffering "a severe fit of the gout," and accordingly could not accompany his distinguished guest. Directed by Colonel Ross a short walk brought Washington and Morris to the upholstery shop. Imagine Betsy's surprise at the entrance of General Washington and Robert Morris. Her uncle pleasantly explained the purpose of their visit. As they wished to avoid being noticed, she invited them into her little back parlor. They asked her if she could make a flag. She replied: "I don't know, but I will try."

Washington then drew from his pocket a small paper with a hurried pencil sketch, showing the outlines of a flag of thirteen stripes with a field dotted with thirteen stars. Thirteen, perhaps you remember, was the number of States at this time in the Union. Betsy notices that the stars as drawn by Washington had six points and suggested that they should have only five. He admitted that she was correct but he pre-

ferred a star that would not be an exact copy of his coat-of-arms. He supposed a six-pointed star could be more easily made. Betsy replied "nothing was easier if one only knew how," and quickly folding a piece of paper, with one clip of her scissors displayed a perfectly formed five-pointed star. This point was then yielded in her favor and the design redrawn. She was left to make the sample flag according to her own ideas of proportion. It was soon completed, accepted by the committee and adopted by Congress June 14th, 1777.

BETSY ROSS MADE THE GOVERNMENT FLAGS.

Afterward, Congress drew an order on the treasury to pay Betsy Ross seventy-three dollars for flags for the fleet in the Delaware river. She soon received the contract to make all the government flags, and held it many years, her daughter, Mrs. Clarissa Wilson continuing the business until 1857. Betsy Ross was married three times, her second husband was Captain Ashburn, and her third John Claypole. Thus the history of our flag can be traced right back to its birth by the descendants of Betsy Ross, now living in Philadelphia,

Says a great writer : "Every color means liberty ; every thread means liberty ; every form of star and beam or stripe of light means liberty. It is not a painted rag."

The colors of the dear old flag, said Elsie, are red, white and blue. What do they mean ?

I will tell you, said Uncle Frank. Red means love ; some persons say it means divine love, that is, the love of God. It is the language of bravery and the emblem of war. Red was the field color of England's flag and the colonial army flag. Red denotes daring and defiance ; and it also tells of the blood our forefathers shed for their rights. This meaning appears in the crimson stripes of the flag. White means truth and hope. It is the language of purity and the emblem of peace.

Blue means loyalty, sincerity, justice. Blue was the color of the Covenanter's banner, of Scotland, adopted by them in opposition to the scarlet of the royalty ; its choice is based on Numbers xv. 38 : "Speak unto the children of Israel, and bid them that they make them fringes in borders of their garments, throughout their generations, and that they put upon the fringes of the borders a ribband of blue." Other nations, to be sure, had previously used these colors, but never in such a beautiful design as "Old Glory."

Our flag, my young friends, is not a borrowed one. We did not get it from any other country. Its babyhood bore some resemblance to its English cousins; but that was because it was a baby. It is really unlike any other flag.

The house in which the first flag was made is two stories high to the eaves, has a steep, shingled roof and a dormer window. Massive build-ings tower around it. Built in 1682 with bricks which came over in bal-last in the hold of the ship *Welcome*, mortared in under the supervision of William Penn himself, it is a connecting link between the great founder and the mighty city which he founded. The property is now in possession of the "American Flag House and Betsy Ross Memorial Association," which has undertaken to purchase it, and turn it over to the National Government, together with a considerable sum of money to insure its being kept in repair.

Mr. A. N. Whitmarsh, said Uncle Frank, has told the story of the flag in verse, and here it is. I will read it to you:

OUR FIRST FLAG.

TUNE: Yankee Doodle.

When Uncle Sam his first flag made
 To wave for freedom's cause, sir,
 He called upon a gentle dame
 Whose name was Betsy Ross, sir,
 She showed the stripes to Washington,
 Composed of red and white, sir,
 Clipped thirteen stars out one by one
 For States that did unite, sir.

Three great men watched her as she wrought
 Our nation's emblem new, sir;
 Inspired by her skill and thought
 Its folds in beauty grew, sir.
 She deftly blent its rosy light
 With blue from Heaven's dome, sir.
 Then circled it with stars of night
 To show 'twas Freedom's home, sir!

Each patriot his approval showed
 With dignity and grace, sir,
 Their gratitude for gifts bestowed
 Smiled forth from every face, sir.

Said Morris then to Washington,
 "That is the very thing, sir!
 'Twill make the red coats turn and run,
 And scare old George, the King, sir."

Then Betsy neatly wrapped the flag
 And gave it the committee;
 She told them not to let it drag
 As they walked through the city.
 We'll never let it touch the earth,
 Nor soil its matchless beauty,
 For flag of such a noble birth
 Shall keep us true to duty!

QUESTIONS.

Who gave the design for the Stars and Stripes? Who made the first flag? Where did Betsy Ross live? Tell me about Washington visiting her to get the flag made. What is the meaning of the colors on the flag? Describe the house in which Betsy Ross lived and tell me what is to be done with it?



THOMAS A. EDISON

THE CELEBRATED INVENTOR.



Did you ever talk through a telephone? asked Uncle Frank.

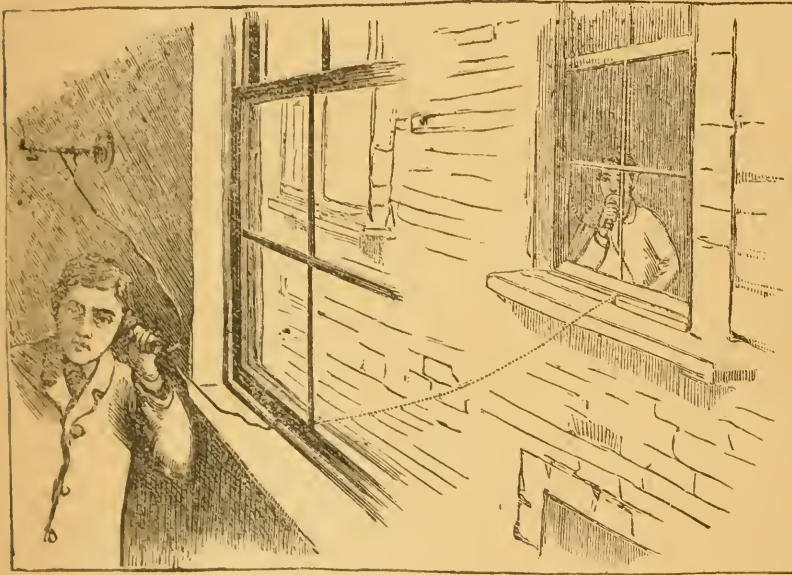
I tried it once, said James, but the fellow at the other end only laughed at me. I suppose it was because I wasn't used to it, and did not know how to talk.

Do you think the telephone is any more wonderful than the phonograph? Mabel asked. That instrument will repeat everything you say.

Be seated, said Uncle Frank, and I will tell you of Mr. Edison who made so many marvellous discoveries in electricity. It has been said: 'He is the most remarkable inventor who ever lived. The lesson of his life is found in the fact that he has proved that invention is an art and not a happy guessing,—that discovery is a wise search, not a drifting in

the fogs of ignorance. His life is the greatest incentive to our young people to be found in modern history. It teaches to work, it points out the new path, very laborious, but ending in success."

The first time that Mr. Edison became widely known was in about 1870. He had failed in making one of his inventions work, and came to New York to do something, he scarcely knew what. One day he happened to be in the office of the Gold Indicator Company when their electrical machinery gave out. It was in the midst of some excitement, and



TALKING BY TELEPHONE.

when Edison offered to fix it the brokers felt desperate enough to let him try, although they did not believe he could do any good. But he succeeded in making the instrument work, and so delighted the managers

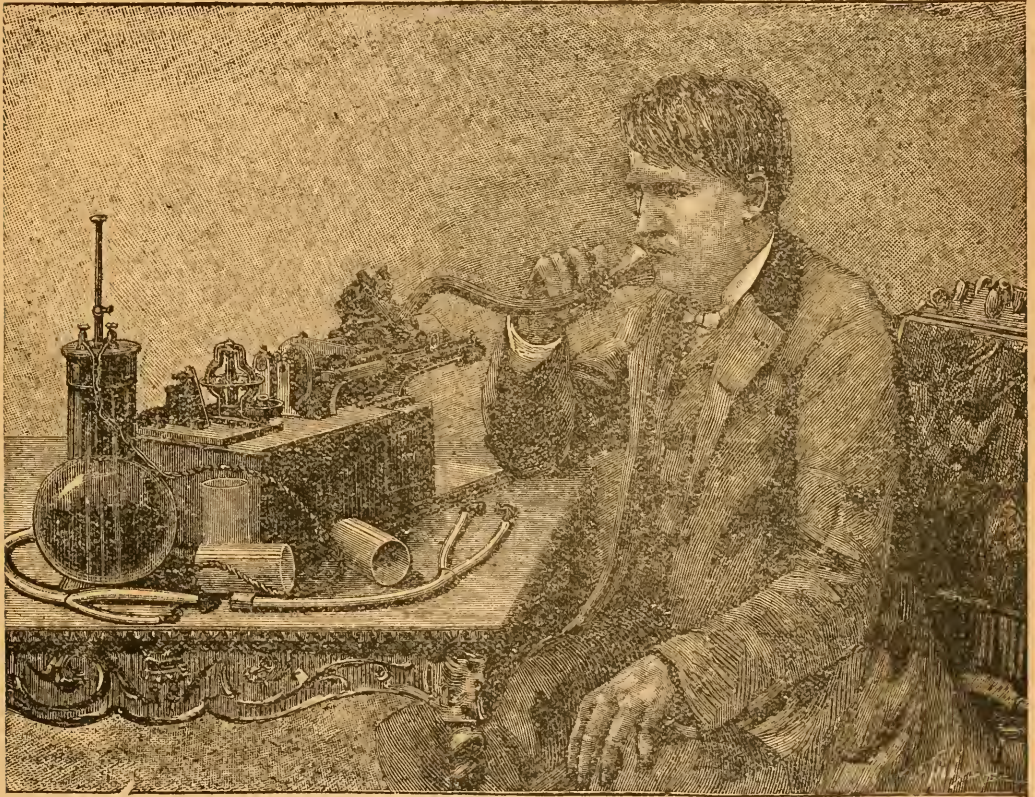
with his appearance that they made him superintendent of the company.

He was soon famous as a successful inventor; but he was not so successful in manufacturing these instruments and his other inventions, for which there was soon a large demand. It is said if he had an order for any of his inventions, and, after having made a part or all of them, he invented an improvement, he would always add it, even though at his own expense. After a time he gave up the great factory at Newark, New Jersey, and freed himself of its cares for the sake of invention.

Mr. Edison's chief interest has always been in the telegraph; it began when he was a lad selling papers on the Grand Trunk Railway. One of the great privileges of his life was the gift of lessons in operating the telegraph from a man whose little child he had saved from being run over by a train. But even before this he had a small, home-made tele-

graph of small wire. The wire was wound with rags, while the boyish operator tried in vain to supply the electricity by rubbing the cat's back.

He was a clever, enterprising little fellow even then, and although he had scarcely eight weeks of schooling altogether, he had a great thirst for knowledge. He read books on chemistry, science, and in fact took out almost all the important volumes in the Detroit public library before he was fifteen years old. At this age he lost his mother, who had given



MR. EDISON TALKING INTO THE PHONOGRAPH.

great interest and care to his love of learning; and about that time he became a newsboy on the trains of the Grand Trunk Railroad that ran in and out of Detroit.

This business had two attractions for him: the money he earned by it, and the chances it gave to see a great many books and papers. Meanwhile he kept up his interest in chemistry, experimenting in a corner of an empty car. But this came to a sudden end by the explosion of some chemicals, setting fire to the car and putting the train in danger.

A little while after he undertook something entirely different; he got a small lot of type and a little sheet called the "Grand Trunk Herald" made its appearance on the train. It was soon after this that the grateful station-master offered to teach him telegraphy. Night after night for several months, when his long day's work was over, he returned to his friend's station and took his lesson. He learned rapidly, and was soon able to get employment as an operator. Gradually he worked up until he had a position in Boston, one of the most important in the country.

HIS WONDERFUL QUADRUPLIX MACHINE.

Besides his regular duties he nearly always managed to have a little shop for experiments in chemistry; sometimes this gave dissatisfaction to his employers, but in Boston his experiments brought him more money than his position, so he gave it up to try the duplex or double telegraph. This succeeded finally, although it failed for a time and made the inventor feel pretty down-hearted as he took his way from Rochester to New York; but affairs soon brightened, for the fixing of the stock indicator opened the way for a series of the greatest inventions of this century. Among his chief works are the perfecting of a cheap and serviceable electric light, and the inventions of the quadruplex telegraphy and the electric pen. By means of the quadruplex telegraphy, four messages may be sent at the same time over the same wire, in opposite directions. The electric pen, for multiplying copies of letters or drawings, is made up of a tube-shaped pen in which a needle, driven by electricity, works in a motion like that of a sewing-machine needle, and pricks the lines drawn with it, so that the sheet may be afterward inked and used in a press, when the ink, passing through the tiny holes, leaves a finely-dotted tracing like the original on another sheet.

But of all Mr. Edison's inventions, there are probably none so wonderful and of so great fame as the telephone and the phonograph.

Mr. Edison was born at Milan, Ohio, February 11, 1847.

QUESTIONS.

What does Mr. Edison's life teach you? How did he first become known in New York? Who gave him lessons in operating the telegraph, and how did he come to do it? Describe his thirst for knowledge? Where did he make experiments in chemistry? What happened to the car? What famous instruments has he invented? Where and when was he born?

ROBERT E. LEE

THE GREAT CONFEDERATE COMMANDER.



N old fort near where Uncle Frank lived was a place of resort, and recalled the stirring times of the Revolution. One day when he and the young folks were visiting this place he began to tell them of the war of Independence. Then he passed to the Civil War, and, as they all sat down on the warm ground together, he said, I am going to tell you to-day of the great Confederate commander.

That was Robert E. Lee, was it not? asked James.

Yes, said Uncle Frank, and he was a remarkable man. He graduated from our Military Academy at West Point, on the Hudson, where he stood at the head of his class. He finished there when twenty years old and was appointed lieutenant in a corps of engineers.

For several years his work was establishing boundary lines and improving harbors and fortresses in various parts of the country, and when the Mexican War broke out he was made captain of the engineering corps of the army, under General Scott. His courage was equal to his skill, and, heedless of bullets and shells, he took columns to their places as calmly as he planned defences and superintended the works. Once, when he was wounded at Chapultepec, he kept on carrying orders until he fainted from the effects of his wounds. His gallant service so distinguished him among his comrades that General Scott made a personal friend of him and the Government promoted him three times, so that he held the rank of colonel at the close of the war.

It is said that the day after the taking of Mexico, while the officers were having a good time over their wine, some one proposed the health of Lee, the brave captain of the engineers, who had found the way for them into the city. On looking around they found that he was not among them. Some one was sent to fetch him and found him at last hard at work over a map, which he could not be persuaded to leave. Duty before pleasure was always his motto,

Four years after the close of the Mexican War he was made Superintendent of the Military Academy at West Point. Here he remained three years and then was made lieutenant-colonel of a regiment bound for Texas. His rank was next to that of the commanding officer of the regiment, Albert Sydney Johnston. After remaining two years in Texas he obtained leave of absence to return to his home in Virginia. His wife, who was the daughter of General Washington's adopted son, George Washington Parke Curtis, had inherited the Washington estate on the Potomac, and Lee now spent two quiet years at home.

Meanwhile trouble was brewing in the country. Difference of interest and opinion between the North and the South were fast leading to blows. Virginia soon agreed with the other Southern States to leave the Union and with them fight for "States' Rights." Lee was obliged either to take up arms against his native State or resign his position in the Union Army. It was far from his wishes to do either, but he decided to cleave to his State and sent in his resignation. In writing to General Scott he said that he hoped he would never have to draw his sword again, but if he did it would be in defense of his native State, since he could not make war upon her.



GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE.

General Scott and other distinguished friends urged him to remain with the Union. It is said that even President Lincoln offered him a high position in the army; but he refused all requests, although he knew that if he joined the Southern Army there would be many to rank above him. He was opposed to the Southern States separating from the Union. He thought it was bad policy; he said that if he owned a million slaves he would gladly give them to the Union, but his State had decided and he must follow its lead.

Soon the terrible conflict began. Lee was at first appointed major-

general of the forces of Virginia, but was soon promoted to the third place among the five leading generals of the Southern army.

He had no very important station during all of the first year, being employed chiefly to look after the coast defences of South Carolina and Georgia. But in June, 1862, he took command of the army to defend Richmond, and succeeded in beating back the Northern army under the command of McClellan. He rose to chief command through the death or failure of higher officers, and he was not long in power before he proved himself worthy of his post.

SURPRISING MILITARY ACHIEVEMENTS.

"In the short space of two months," says one of the leading Confederate Generals, "with a force at no time over seventy-five thousand, he defeated in repeated engagements two Federal armies, each of which was not less than one hundred and twenty thousand strong, relieved the Southern capital from danger, and even threatened that of the North. Then, throwing his army into Maryland, he swept down on Harper's Ferry and captured it with its garrison of eleven thousand men and seventy-two guns."

After this came the battle of Fredericksburg and more brilliant movements by Lee. Then Grant came up to cope with him, backed by all the splendid forces of the North, while Lee had all his army in the field. For nine months this unequal contest was kept up and the enemy held at bay—almost entirely, says one of Lee's companions, "by the genius of this one man, aided by the valor of his little force, occupying a stretch of over thirty miles and spread out so thin that it was scarcely more than a respectable skirmish line."

The want and sufferings of the Southern soldiers during these last few months of the war were fully equal to those of Washington's men during the Revolution. Shoeless, hatless, ragged, and half-starved, they clung to their commander and their cause until only a handful were left. Powerless to help them, he could only suffer with them. Once, when he was invited to a grand dinner by some wealthy Southerners, he would not touch any but the plainest dishes, saying that he could not bear to be feasting when his soldiers were starving.

His tenderness and kindness to all made him dearly loved by his men, and many touching stories are told of his goodness of heart. One day, when inspecting some batteries not far from the Union lines, the

soldiers gathered round him so as to attract the fire of the enemy. Lee told the men that they had better go into the back-yard and not expose themselves to unnecessary danger. They did so, and when he had finished his work he followed. On his way back, while the bullets were whizzing past, he stopped in his quick walk to pick up a young sparrow which had fallen out of its nest and put it back in the tree before he went on.

There was a very strong friendship between Lee and Thomas Jonathan Jackson, who is often called "Stonewall Jackson." Each had the greatest admiration for the other. Jackson said: "General Lee is a phenomenon. He is the only man I would follow blindfold."

WOULD NOT ROB ANOTHER OF HIS HONORS.

Twice during the war Lee's generous nature shone out most strongly. Once it was at Chancellorsville after he had won the field. As he rode out in sight of his victorious troops they burst out in enthusiastic cheers all along the line. But he refused to take the credit of the victory; he said it belonged to Jackson. Then again at Gettysburg in the hour of defeat. The battle was lost, it has been said, because someone had not obeyed his orders, but not a word of blame did Lee utter. He took all of the responsibility upon himself.

After the war was over Lee was offered several good positions; one was in New York with a large salary, and one was to become President of the Washington and Lee University at Lexington, Virginia. Although the latter offered him poorer pay than almost any of the other positions, he decided to accept it, because it seemed to him his duty. The future of the country, he thought, depends upon its young men. The South had an uncertain future, and there would be great need of good citizens. As president of a college he would become well acquainted with the future citizens of his State, and he could help to fit them for useful, noble lives.

He had a difficult task before him, owing to the disturbed state of the country and the wild and disobedient spirit of the young people who had grown up without much training during the war—for the conflict had scattered homes and broken up families throughout a large part of the South. One of his chief cares was to keep them from cruelty to the negroes and from violent outbreaks against any one connected with the North.

Lee himself was very free from resentment toward the Union States, and he did a great deal to give his pupils fair and peaceable ideas. He did not govern his college like an army. He was as capable of being a kind

and generous school-manager as of maintaining strict army discipline, and when his death came suddenly, he was as sincerely mourned for a noble and upright Christian gentleman as a leader of armies and winner of battles.

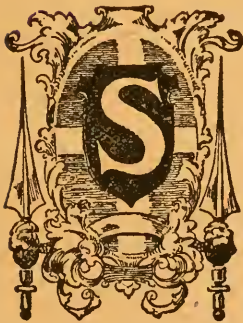
Robert E. Lee was born at Stratford, Virginia, June 19, 1807. He died at Lexington in the same State, October 12, 1870.

QUESTIONS.

Where was General Lee educated? How old was he when he graduated? What position did he hold in the Mexican War? Whom did he marry? Did he approve of the Southern States leaving the Union? When did he take command of the army to defend Richmond? Describe his exploits as commander of the Confederate army in Virginia. What did he do when the war was over? Where and when was he born, and when did he die?



COMMODORE PERRY AND HIS VICTORY ON LAKE ERIE.



AID Uncle Frank, as he took his seat under the big elm in front of the house, I have been reading again the story of that brave naval commander, Oliver Hazard Perry. Who can tell me anything about him?

Mabel quickly replied, he fought the battle of Lake Erie, and was one of our greatest naval heroes.

That is correct, said Uncle Frank, and you should know his history. About the year 1800 our Government had a war with the Barbary States. Can you tell me where to find these states on the map?

In the northern part of Africa, said James, who had studied his geography and was very fond of it.

Quite right, replied Uncle Frank, and our Government once sent a fleet over there to put an end to the trouble and make peace. One of the ships sent was the Adams, and Perry was a midshipman on this vessel, then a young man seventeen years of age. He belonged to a seafaring family. His father was a captain in the navy of the Revolution, who had distinguished himself in several engagements, and all of his four brothers

became officers in the United States Navy, and did excellent service in the War of 1812. A midshipman has not a very important part in the battles of his ship, but young Perry made the most of his chances in the Mediterranean. He had already been on a vessel under his father's command and had obtained some experience in sea-fighting a few years before, during the threatened war with France, when old Captain Christopher R. Perry, in command of the General Greene, had most successfully obeyed orders to disperse a nest of French cruisers at the West Indies.

HE WAS RAPIDLY PROMOTED.

Young Perry's good traits were soon noted; before long he was promoted, and by the time he was twenty-one he reached the rank of lieutenant. Shortly after this, the prospects of a second war with England became very clear, and Perry was sent to the navy yards at Newport to overlook the building of seventeen gunboats. When they were finished, they were called into immediate use, and he was told to take charge of them and station his fleet around New York to protect our trading-vessels from the French and English, who were at war at the time and were inclined to treat the young American nation with contempt. France was rather unfriendly to us yet, because the Government refused to take her part in the European war, about sixteen years after the Revolution. Matters were better now than they had been, but there were still a good many annoyances, from time to time.

In about 1808 Perry was employed to attend to the building of more vessels, and after that he was put in charge of the *Revenge* and a squadron of smaller vessels ordered to cruise along the Atlantic coast. The troubles that finally brought on the war were growing every month, and a good fleet under able command was needed all along our shores to protect American merchant vessels from the British cruisers.

One day an order came to the commander of the *Revenge* to do something more than cruise up and down. The American merchantman *Diana*, which belonged to some private citizens of the United States, had been carried off by an Englishman and put under British colors. Perry's orders were to find and capture her. He soon found out where she was stationed, and, collecting his forces, boldly sailed up and took possession of her. The Englishmen fumed and fired their guns, but Perry stood their smoke and shell, and triumphantly carried off his prize.

After this the English cruisers grew more and more insolent. At last they began to board all vessels carrying the American flag, and, by what they called a "right of search," carry off all the British-born sailors they could find and put them into their own service, claiming that he who had been a British subject once must always be. Then some of the leaders in Congress declared that we were having a peace that was like war, and roused the nation to a second resistance against royal tyranny.

HURRIED AWAY TO JOIN THE NAVY.

War was declared against Great Britain June 18, 1812, and although the news reached Perry soon after his wedding-day, he hastened to Washington and asked for a place in the navy. He was promised the first one that could be prepared for an officer of his rank. Our navy was then in a very good condition; we had a number of new vessels and a valiant corps of marines. Perry was soon put in command of a flotilla to defend Newport. His rank was now master commandant, a good post; but there was little to be done here, and Perry was very anxious to be in the thickest of the fight. So, in the next February, he was ordered to Lake Erie to build two brigs and take command of a fleet to engage the British vessels already on the lake.

Before his vessels were ready he was invited to assist Commodore Chauncey in making an attack on Fort George, on Lake Ontario, at the mouth of Niagara River. His little boat arrived at the commodore's ship just before the battle. He struck in at once, and, seeing that the order of the battle had been very poorly planned, his great desire was to fill up the gaps. He seemed to be everywhere just when needed, in fighting, in directing attacks, and in inspiring the men. The British were successfully driven out, and in the pride of his victory, Commodore Chauncey did not hesitate to say that it was largely Captain Perry's work that had won the day.

Before long the new squadron was finished and equipped, and lay, ready for action, in Put-in-Bay. Soon the expected enemy was sighted near the town of Sandusky. There were six vessels with a fighting force of over sixty guns and five hundred men. Perry with his nine vessels had about the same number of men, but only fifty-four guns, whose range was much shorter than the British cannon.

When they met, this gave the English the advantage for awhile, and Perry's flag-ship was badly damaged. He was obliged to leave it, and in

the thick of the fight, with smoke of powder filling the air, and shots flying all about him, he took an open boat to the Niagara, half a mile away. Then, with all the smaller vessels close together, he bore down upon the British, opening a fire that in seven minutes compelled the surrender of their flag-ship, which was quickly followed by three more. The other two tried to run away, but were overtaken and captured in a little over an hour.

This closed the battle of Lake Erie, for which the 10th of October, 1813, will always be a memorable date in American history. It was a brilliant victory. That three hours of fighting cleared the Northwest of a powerful branch of the enemy's forces. As soon as the conflict was decided, Perry seized a scrap of paper, and, resting it on his hat, wrote to headquarters: "We have met the enemy, and they are ours—two ships, two brigs, one schooner, and one sloop."

GOLD MEDALS FOR THE VICTORS.

This victory was of great importance; it gave the Americans complete control of the lakes and was the chief step toward closing the war in the West. Congress was delighted with the conquest. Perry and Elliot, one of his officers, were rewarded with gold medals, while other honors were bestowed upon some of the lesser officers who had shown specially gallant conduct.

After the British were driven out of the West, and the war in that section drew to a close, Perry was given another command in the South, upon the *Java*, a new frigate just finished at Baltimore. But this was shut up in the bay by a British squadron, which finally began to ascend the Potomac. Perry was instantly called to take charge of a fort and fire upon them as they passed. But they had a good place and kept it, hemming in the *Java*, while her commander employed his time fitting out other ships, until the war was over.

In the Algeria trouble, which had to be settled as soon as the treaty with England was signed, Perry, in the *Java*, followed Decatur to the Mediterranean, where he helped the gallant hero of the Tripolitan War to force the rest of the Barbary pirates to promise to let American ships alone without being paid for it.

Among the many deeds of Perry's noble-heartedness and courage, there is one that occurred after his return from the Mediterranean, which filled his countrymen with greater admiration than even the victory of

Lake Erie, there he had his country's freedom and his own glory to spur him on. But this deed was only in answer to a call of duty, which many men would never have heard. His vessel lay in Newport Harbor in the winter of 1818. One bitterly cold night, during a fearful storm, word was brought that a merchant vessel had been driven on a reef, six miles away.

As soon as Perry heard it, he called out to his men to man his barge, and, in that inspiring voice which had so often cheered the battle ranks when hope was wavering, rang out the shout, "Come, my boys, we are going to the relief of shipwrecked seamen; pull away!" Out in the face of the bitter storm and over the surging sea they went. They made toward the reef, and found a quarter-deck of the wreck floating upon the angry waves, with eleven half-dead men clinging to her timbers. The poor fellows were rescued and taken back to care, to comfort, and to life.

STRICKEN DOWN BY YELLOW FEVER.

The pirates of the Barbary States were not the only robbers that harassed American ships. There was a swarm of them in the West India seas that annoyed and even injured our commerce very seriously, and in the spring Perry was put in command of a squadron and ordered to whip the troublesome thieves, and then go to the Caribbean Sea and pay the respects of his nation to the new republics along the coast. He reached the South, but had only been there a short time, and had not yet fulfilled his commission before he died of the yellow fever, which was then spreading through his squadron.

Oliver H. Perry was born at South Kingston, Rhode Island, August 23, 1785; he died on his thirty-fourth birthday, 1819, on board the *John Adams*, just as she was entering the harbor of Port Spain, in the West India island of Trinidad.

QUESTIONS.

Where are the Barbary States? On what ship did Perry serve as midshipman? What rank did his father hold? At the outbreak of our second war with England, to what service was Perry assigned? What prize did he capture from the English? Why did we have war with Great Britain in 1812? Describe the battle of Lake Erie. What gallant feat did Perry perform in the midst of the battle? What noble deed did he perform in Newport Harbor? Where and when was he born, and where and when did he die?

THE TRICK JACK DAVIS PLAYED ON A BRITISH OFFICER.



PICNIC had been arranged by the young people, and Uncle Frank was to go with them. He consented to do this on condition that he should have time to give them another story from which they might learn a lesson in American history.

After the lunch dishes and baskets had been put away, all seated themselves in a cool nook on the edge of a beautiful grove and Uncle Frank said he would tell them of a shrewd old countryman in South

Carolina during the War of the Revolution.

About the last of December, 1779, Sir Henry Clinton, the British General, leaving a strong garrison to hold New York, sailed South, with the greater part of his army. He proceeded first to Savannah, and then moved northward, for the purpose of besieging Charleston. General Lincoln, who had command of the American forces in that district, exerted himself with energy to fortify that city. Four thousand citizens enrolled themselves to assist the regular garrison in the defence, but only two hundred militia from the interior responded to Lincoln's call for aid. Reinforcements were received from Virginia and North Carolina, and Lincoln was able to muster seven thousand men, of whom but two thousand were regular troops.

In February, 1780, the British landed at St. John's Island, about thirty miles below Charleston. Clinton advanced towards the city along the banks of the Ashley, while the fleet sailed around to force an entrance into the harbor.

Charleston was now completely invested, and the siege was pressed with vigor by Clinton. Lincoln's situation became every day more hopeless. The fire of the British artillery destroyed his defences and dismounted his cannon, and, as he was entirely cut off from the country, he had no hope of relief from without. On the 9th day of May a terrific fire was opened upon the defences and the city of Charleston. The city was

set on fire in five places, and the American works were reduced to a mass of ruins.

On the 12th Lincoln surrendered the town and his army to Sir Henry Clinton. The prisoners, including every male adult in the city, numbered about six thousand men. The regulars were held as prisoners of war, but the militia were dismissed to their homes, on their promise not to serve again during the war.

The only resistance kept up by the Americans was maintained by the corps of patriots led by Marion, Sumter, and Pickens, all famous American fighters. The exploits of these daring bands caused the British commander to feel that he could not hold the Carolinas except by the aid of a strong force, and kept him in a state of constant uneasiness. On the 16th of August Sumter defeated a large body of British and Tories at Hanging Rock, east of the Wateree River. Large numbers of negroes deserted their masters and fled to the British.

ROVING BANDS OF FIGHTING PATRIOTS.

The fighting of Marion and his men was much like that of the wild Indians of the southwest. When hotly pursued by the enemy his command would break up into small parties, and these, as they were hard pressed, would divide again, until nearly every patriot was fleeing alone. There could be no successful pursuit, therefore, since the division of the pursuing party weakened it too much. The British Colonel Tarlton was trying to break up these bands of American soldiers.

"We will give fifty pounds to get within reach of the scamps that galloped by here, just ahead of us," exclaimed a lieutenant of Tarlton's cavalry, as he and the three other troopers drew up before a farmer, who was hoeing in the field by the roadside.

The farmer looked up, leaning on his hoe, took off his old hat, and mopping his forehead with his handkerchief, looked at the angry soldiers, and in a don't-care manner said:

"Fifty pounds is a big lot of money." In our money it is two hundred dollars.

"So it is in these times, but we will give it to you in gold, if you'll show us where we can get a chance at that rebel; did you see him?"

"He was all alone, wasn't he? And he was mounted on a black horse with a white star in his forehead, and he was going like a streak of lightning, wasn't he?"





PRESIDENT LINCOLN ON INAUGURATION DAY, MARCH 4th, 1861.

"That's the fellow!" exclaimed the questioner, hoping that they were about to get the information wanted.

"It looked to me like Jack Davis, though he went by so fast that I couldn't get a square look at his face, but he was one of Marion's men, and if I ain't greatly mistaken it was Jack Davis himself."

Then looking up at the four British horsemen, the farmer added, with a quizzical expression:

"I reckon that ere Jack Davis has hit you chaps pretty hard this time, ain't he?"

"Never mind about *that*," replied the lieutenant; "what we want to know is where we can get a chance at him for just about five minutes. He has been in our camp, robbing and stealing like a pirate; two men grabbed him, but he knocked down one, killed the other, ran to his horse, and away he went. He had his animal in the woods close by, but it was such a poor looking brute that we felt sure of catching him. But we've ridden hard for two hours and are further off than when we started. His horse seemed to be tired, and I've an idea that he may be hiding somewhere around here."

The farmer put his cotton handkerchief into his hat, which he now slowly replaced, and shook his head.

"I don't think he's hiding round here," he said; "when he shot by Jack was going so fast that he didn't look as if he could stop under four or five miles. Strangers, I'd like powerful well to earn that fifty pounds, but I don't think you'll get a chance to squander it on me."

MOUNTED HIS HORSE AND WAS OFF.

After some further questioning, the lieutenant and his men wheeled their horses and trotted back toward the main body of Tarleton's cavalry. The farmer plied his hoe for several minutes, gradually working his way towards the stretch of woods some fifty feet from the roadside. Reaching the margin of the field, he stepped in among the trees, hastily took off his clothing, tied it up in a bundle, shoved it under a flat rock from beneath which he drew a suit no better in quality, but showing a faint likeness to a uniform. Putting it on and then plunging still deeper into the woods he soon reached a dimly-marked track, which he followed only a short distance, when a gentle whinney fell upon his ear.

The next moment he vaulted on the back of a bony but blooded horse, marked by a beautiful star in his forehead. The satin skin of the steed

shone as though he had been traveling hard, and his rider allowed him to walk along the path for a couple of miles, when he entered an open space where, near a spring, Francis Marion and fully two hundred men were encamped. They were eating, smoking and chatting as though no such a horror as war was known.

You understand, of course, that the farmer that leaned on his hoe by the roadside and talked to Tarleton's lieutenant about Jack Davis and his exploits was Jack Davis himself.

He was pretty sharp, wasn't he? said James.

Yes, said Uncle Frank, and that trick saved his life.

QUESTIONS.

What did the British general do with his army? Who was the American general in the South? Why was he compelled to surrender Charleston? Name some of the commanders on the American side. What British officer tried to capture Jack Davis? Why did he not succeed? What did Jack Davis do after he left the field where he pretended to be at work?



ROBERT MORRIS

THE GREAT FINANCIER.



HERE is a word that I do not know the meaning of, said James, looking thoughtfully up into the face of Uncle Frank.

Let me guess, said Elsie, who came into the room at that moment. What word is it?

Financier, said James. Uncle Frank glanced toward Elsie, as if wondering whether she could tell its meaning.

It has something to do with money, said Elsie, and that is all I know about it.

Yes, said Uncle Frank, and if you will sit down I will tell you of a great financier who helped our country at a time when we were in need. It has been said that our first debt of gratitude for American liberty was due to three men—George Washington as a general, Benjamin Franklin as a statesman, and Robert Morris as a financier.

The first two were great in many ways, and have a wide fame in more than one calling, while Morris is celebrated only as a money manager. But in the use of his one talent and in the giving of his one vast gift he saved his adopted country from ruin and the labor of the other patriots from ending in failure. He was an Englishman by birth, but having been brought to this country by his father when he was a boy, he grew up as staunch a patriot as those of the oldest Colonial blood. Very soon he began to show a wonderful talent for business. As a lad of fifteen he was put in a Philadelphia countinghouse, and when he reached the age of twenty he became a partner in the firm and commenced to amass a fortune.

By the time the war-cloud with England began to gather he was a very wealthy man, famous for his honesty and ability. No firm in Pennsylvania—then one of the most important and wealthy of all the Colonies—did a larger business than that of Willing & Morris. But when the troubles thickened with England,

he boldly sided with the patriots, and sacrificed a great deal of trade for the sake of principle, for his house was then doing a large and profitable business with the mother country.

Ten years later he was a member of the Continental Congress, and although, like many others, he felt that the time had not yet come to adopt it, he signed the Declaration of Independence. For several years after, he served on the Committee of Ways and Means, and by his careful management and judicious advice upon money matters was of the greatest



ROBERT MORRIS.

service to the cause. When our little Treasury grew low, or was empty, and Congress was very close to failure, he gave all he had himself, and borrowed large sums of money on his own credit, or used the honorable name of his firm to obtain funds which would never have been risked to Congress, whose cause seemed very likely to fail anyway.

But Robert Morris's name was as good as the gold, and when the destitute troops were on the verge of an outbreak among themselves, and Washington was almost in despair, the signature of the honored merchant raised fifteen millions of dollars from the French, and made it possi-

ble for the Commander to carry forward his last campaign and force the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown.

After the war, he was twice a member of the Pennsylvania Legislature and helped to frame the Federal Constitution. He served as a Senator afterward, and more than once was pressed by Washington to accept the office of Secretary of the Treasury

in his Cabinet. But he refused this office, and named Alexander Hamilton as one better able to fill it than himself.

After his term as Senator was over, he went out of public life with less than half the wealth he had when he entered it. Being still in the prime of life, he entered into business again and built up a large East India trade. In the same year that he resigned the office of financier, he sent the Empress of China from New York to Canton, the first American vessel that ever entered that port. He also marked out a course to China, by which the dangerous winds that swept over the Eastern seas at some seasons of the year might be avoided, and, to prove the wisdom of following this course, he sent out a vessel that made a successful trip over it.

After awhile he bought a great deal of land in the western part of New York, then the wild frontier. But the investment proved a failure, and Mr. Morris lost about all that he had. The great man who had saved



SPECIMEN OF CONTINENTAL CURRENCY.

the American armies from mutiny and famine, who had redeemed the credit of his State and his adopted country, had made his wealth the nation's, and staked his own spotless reputation for her sake, spent his last years in poverty and debt. Neither his country nor his State came forward to relieve his distress, although for their needs he had given everything he had, excepting his honor—there never was a shadow cast on that, either in public or in private life—and they owed him princely fortunes in debts of gratitude.

Robert Morris was born in Lancaster, England, June, 1734. He died in Philadelphia, May 8, 1806.

QUESTIONS.

What is the meaning of "financier?" What two other great Americans is Morris compared with? What was his first situation in business? When war with England broke out what did he do? Once when our treasury was very low how did he help our Government? What did he do after the war? What can you say of his last days?



WILLIAM PENN

FOUNDER OF PENNSYLVANIA.



EARLY half a century after the settlement of Jamestown, in Virginia, and about twenty years after the Pilgrims landed, said Uncle Frank, there arose in England a class of people called Quakers. The doctrines which they believed were so forcibly preached by their leader that many people began to join their society.

Among these was William Penn, the son of a distinguished admiral in the British Navy. This man—the father—stood in great favor with the King and the Court, and when he heard that his son William—whom he had sent to college and of whom he had expected great things—was turning Quaker, his rage knew no bounds. He declared that no son of his should leave the good and regular Church of England and join a despised sect. Finding that argu-

ment had no effect, he tried a sound thrashing, and when this, too, failed to change the opinions of the willful son, he turned him out-of-doors.

William was then eighteen years old. He had been finely educated, was well built and robust, and with a mind strongly inclined to religious thoughts. He already believed so firmly that the doctrines of the Quakers were right in the sight of God that nothing could induce him to renounce them. Seeing this, and being begged by his wife to take back his harsh words, Admiral Penn sent to his son to come home, where he would be protected from the general Quaker persecution by his father's high standing.



WILLIAM PENN.

But his friends in the new religion did not fare so well. All the rest of the society were sorely ill-treated by the rulers. Even he was arrested while preaching in the streets and imprisoned on a charge of disturbing the peace, although he was soon released as not guilty.

After that event his father sent him to France, thinking that the gay company he would have there would cool his religious fervor. But it did not do so. He continued to preach and to teach and to write on the subject that

interested him above all others. He went on his preaching tours through England, Holland and Germany, and in all places he was aroused by the sufferings of the peace-loving Quakers.

They were fined, robbed, imprisoned and ill-treated in many other ways, all on account of their beliefs. While Penn was studying how to procure relief for them, George Fox, the great leader of the Quakers, begged him to do something for those in Lord Baltimore's colony in America. This led him to think of the New World as a place of refuge for all of them.

The King had become indebted to Penn's father—who was now dead—for a large sum of money. Penn went to him and asked him to pay the

debt by granting him a tract of land in America. After awhile the king agreed to do so, and made over to Penn about forty-thousand acres of territory north of Virginia, which was already settled by a number of Quaker refugees. The only claim reserved by the King was that he should receive a payment of two beaver skins every year.



TREE UNDER WHICH PENN SIGNED HIS TREATY WITH THE INDIANS.

Now, at last, Penn had a refuge for the followers of the Quaker religion, and a large number of them were soon persuaded to leave their unhappy homes in Europe and form a colony in the New World. He wished to name the country New Wales, but the King insisted upon calling it Pennsylvania—not in honor of William, as many people think, but of his father, who was a friend of the King. In February of the next year Penn with eleven other men bought East New Jersey, which was then a flourishing colony, and in September he sailed for his new possessions, where he was cordially welcomed by the Friends already there. He had made out a form of government and laws for the colony before leaving England, and his first work was to make peace with the Indians.

He and the other leaders in the colony met a large company of the red men under a great elm-tree by the side of the Delaware, and all agreed that they would live on terms of peace and friendliness for each other as long as "creeks and rivers run, and while the sun, moon, and stars endure." No oaths were made, nor long articles of agreement drawn up, yet the bond was never violated, "the only treaty in history that was never sworn to and never broken."

INDIANS LIVED IN PEACE WITH THE QUAKERS.

The Indians always remembered the great "Mignon," as they called Penn, and each generation told their children of his justice and goodness. They butchered and scalped and burned the dwellings of other settlers, but the peace-loving, drab-coated Quakers were never disturbed. On the banks of the Delaware, in the outskirts of Philadelphia, stands a monument erected in honor of this treaty.



TREATY MONUMENT.

Penn's next work was to provide for a capital city, where the seat of the colonial government might be made. He purchased the necessary land of the Swedes, who had bought it of the Indians, and named it Philadelphia—the City of Brotherly Love—hoping that the inhabitants would always carry out the spirit of its name.

When the government of the colony was settled in good order Penn returned to England. Here he found that during his absence his Quaker brethren had been very badly used. He went to the King and obtained a promise that the persecution should be stopped at once, and it was, in a great measure.

A few months afterward Charles II. died, and James II. took the throne. He and Penn were intimate friends, and much of their time was passed together. Penn was known to have so much influence with King James that people crowded to his house to beg him to ask royal favors for them. At that time there were many people shut up in the prisons of England because their religious beliefs differed from that of the Established Church of England; and one of the good causes Penn won was to have these people set free. Among them were twelve hundred Quakers.

It was ten years before he went back to his colony in America. During this time James II. was deposed and William of Orange was placed on the throne; and Penn, as the friend of the former King, was accused of treason and put in prison; and although he was soon acquitted, his liberty did not last long, for a new charge was raised against him, and he was obliged to keep out of the way of his enemies, and also to lose many of his former friends. In the midst of this trouble his wife died, and he was deprived of the government of his colony in America. These were dark days, but he spent them profitably, writing books for the comfort and defence of the Friends, and devising means of helping the colonists in Pennsylvania out of the troubles that had come upon them through bad management during his long absence.

At last his accusers lost their influence with the King; he was again made governor of his colony, and, after attending to various business matters and church interests, he embarked once more for America. He found affairs in Pennsylvania in a very bad state. Ill-feeling had grown up between the Quakers and other members of the colony, and many other matters had gone wrong.

He set about instituting a better government at once, and began looking after the condition of the negro slaves and the Indians within the colony. Another treaty was made with the red men, presents were exchanged with them, and they agreed to look to the King of England as their protector.



PENN'S CLOCK.

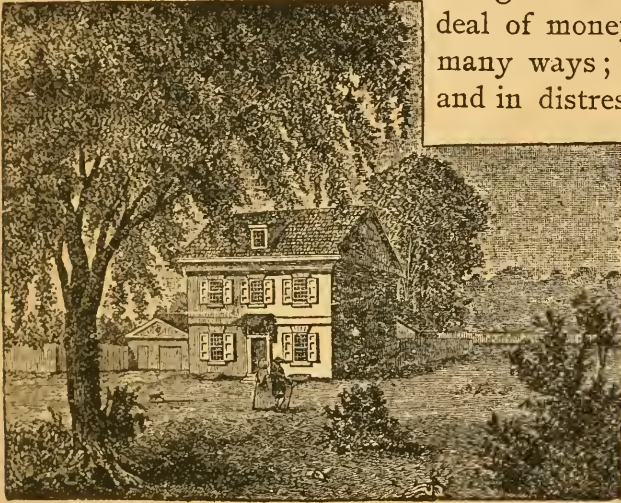
GAVE A CHARTER TO PHILADELPHIA.

While thus occupied in making better the condition of all the people in the colony, Penn heard that there was talk in England of taking it away from him and returning it to the crown, so he had to hurry back and attend to the matter. His last act before leaving America—for what proved to be the last time—was to give a charter to the city of Philadelphia.

Soon after Penn's arrival in England, the King decided not to take possession of the colony; but other trouble came up, more dissensions among the settlers, and more persecutions for the Quakers in their native land, so that the last days of the peace-loving old man were filled with tidings of strife, where he had labored most for harmony.

His own life, too, was filled with grief in his last years. Unfaithful

agents had so badly managed his property that his fortune was lost and he was put in prison because he would not pay these agents some unreasonable sums that they claimed to be due them. He had some good friends, though, who secured his release. Then he asked the Legislature of Pennsylvania to loan him some money to help him out of his difficulties, but they refused. This was one of the greatest sorrows of his life, for he had given his work, his time, and a great deal of money to help the colonists in many ways; and now that he was old and in distress their ingratitude almost broke his heart.



PENN'S (LETITIA) HOUSE.

The Letitia House, in which Penn resided in Philadelphia, formerly stood in Letitia Street, near Second and Market, and was named after his daughter Letitia. It was taken down, removed to Fairmount Park, and put up again, just as it was first built.

William Penn was born in London, England, October 14, 1644. He died at Ruscombe, Berkshire, England, July 30, 1718.

QUESTIONS.

To what sect did William Penn belong? How did his father treat him? What brought him to America? What about the treaty he made with the Indians? Where was this treaty made? What was the feeling of the Indians toward him? What troubles did he have with the English Government? What became of the house he lived in? Where and when was he born? Where and when did he die?

HENRY CLAY

THE CELEBRATED ORATOR.



LSIE had been reading from a library book that had pictures of famous orators, one of them being Henry Clay. You promised, she said to Uncle Frank, to tell us about him, and perhaps you will do it now.

It would give me great pleasure to do so, replied Uncle Frank, as he took off his spectacles and laid them on the settee where they were sitting.

Henry Clay, he said, one of America's greatest orators, was born in a low, swampy district in Virginia, called the "Slashes." He began his education at a log-cabin school-house in Hanover County. His father died when he was about five years old, leaving a large family and scarcely anything to support them, so it was Clay's duty to work, more than to study, even while he was very young. He did chores, helped on the farming and carried grain to the mill. This is why he was called the "Mill-boy of the Slashes."

WAS ABLE TO LOOK OUT FOR HIMSELF.

When fourteen years old he went into a store in Richmond, from which he was taken into the office of the Clerk of the Court of Chancery. He was an awkward boy then, and the other lads in the office made fun of him. But they found out, that he was able to take his own part, and that it was better to have Henry Clay for a friend than an enemy.

His work was mostly dull copying, but he gathered from it all the knowledge and hints about law that he could, and so pleased the Chancellor that he asked him to become his private secretary. The Chancellor was a very industrious and painstaking man, not only in studying law, but in gathering general knowledge. His secretary was just the sort of an energetic, studious fellow he liked, so he talked with him and taught him a great deal, and always found him glad to learn.

In a little while Clay began to read law, and did it so earnestly and thoroughly that he was able to practice before he was twenty-one.

Although he was bright and winning in his manners, he did not seek gay, lively young people for his companions; most of his time was given to work, but he had a few well-chosen young friends, and never lost a chance to be with good men and women from whom he could learn wisdom in knowledge and character.

The year in which Henry Clay was admitted to the bar, there were a great many people moving westward to settle the fertile valleys of Kentucky. The young lawyer thought this would be a good chance for him to build up a fine practice, and so he became a citizen of Lexington. He

was very poor at first, but whatever he undertook was so well done that he soon became widely known and had plenty of business. In a few years he married a Kentucky lady, and began to take an active part in politics on the side of the newly-formed Republican party, led by Thomas Jefferson, and opposed to the Federal party, led by Alexander Hamilton.



HENRY CLAY.

About this time the people of Kentucky were making over their Constitution, and Clay worked so zealously to have slavery put out of the State that he lost a great deal of his popularity, for Kentucky had large interests in slave labor. But he came back into favor again, and in 1803 he was elected to the Kentucky Legislature by a large vote. He was among the foremost men of his State, and was soon sent to the United States Senate to finish out the term of a man who had retired. In about three years more he was returned by regular election, and after that term was over he became a member of the House of Representatives in Washington, where he was elected speaker after a few months.

These were in the early years of this century, when troubles were thickening between England and America for a second time. Clay's stand was decidedly in favor of letting the war come on. He strongly

denounced England's claim of right to search our vessels on the high seas and take away our sailors because they had once been British subjects, and he declared that we should hold to our rights as a nation at whatever cost.

But he was not a lover of strife, and when Russia offered, as a friend to both countries, to help arrange some terms of peace, "Harry of the West," as Clay was called, was thought to be a wise person to put upon the committee for the United States. With four other commissioners, he went to Ghent, in Belgium, where a treaty was agreed upon the day before Christmas, 1814. This treaty ended the war, and by Clay's careful management was made favorable to the United States in many ways.

MANY YEARS SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE.

On coming back to America he was at once re-elected to Congress and to the Speakership, which post he held thirteen years altogether. There was a powerful order and a charming dignity in the way in which he presided over the restless and excitable body of Representatives, whose sessions are so different from the calm and sedate meetings of the Senate; and during all the time not one of his decisions was reversed.

When Clay was Speaker of the House and before John Quincy Adams was President, he was chief supporter of the famous Missouri Compromise. This was in 1821, when a long and bitter struggle took place between the pro-slavery and anti-slavery parties over the admission of Missouri into the Union. The Compromise admitted Missouri as a slave State, but forbid slavery in the Territories north of a certain latitude, Mason and Dixon's Line, as it has been called since then. The disputes that had been constantly going on between the North and South, and grown very hot of late, were settled by this measure for about twenty-five years.

After this Mr. Clay was out of politics for a short time, attending to his profession and earning money to cover some large private losses he had had. But in 1823 he returned and was elected Speaker once more by a large vote. It was during this session that Webster made his famous resolutions in behalf of the Greeks suffering from the tyranny of the Turks, which Clay most heartily supported.

Southerner as he was, Henry Clay was also a firm Union man. In one of his speeches he said he owed his first and great duty to the whole Union, and under that and after it came the claims of his State. He was

strongly in favor of gradually putting down slavery ; but, as a celebrated writer has said, compromises can only be made upon measures, not with principles, and so the most that they could effect was to keep off the day of outbreak. Meanwhile the evil was going on, both parties were strengthening, and the opposition growing deeper and more bitter all the while.

In 1833, when Jackson was nominated a second time for the Presidency, Clay ran against him, but was defeated.

From the time he ran against Jackson his party was always wanting to make him President. Once he declined and twice he yielded, but he was never elected. In the campaign when the Democrats elected Polk, he was earnestly opposed to adding Texas to the United States, and declared that no earthly power would ever induce him to consent to the addition of one acre of slave territory to the United States. But the measure was carried by Calhoun, who took the office of Secretary of State long enough to accomplish it, and then returned to the Senate, where he was laboring zealously for the interests of the South.

GREATLY ADMIRER BY YOUNG MEN.

Clay was now an old man, but his courteous manner and personal magnetism still won new friends as they kept the old ones, and his matchless voice, sweeping gestures, and splendid attitudes were still admired by the younger men in both House and Senate.

The last great effort of his life was to secure the series of measures, known in history as the Compromise Act of 1850, and which postponed the conflict between freedom and slavery for ten years more.

Henry Clay was born in "The Slashes" of Hanover County, Virginia, April 12, 1777. He died in the city of Washington, June 29, 1852.

QUESTIONS.

Where did Clay begin his education? What name was given him? What did other lads think of him? Where did he move in order to practice law? What offices did he hold in Kentucky and at Washington? What position did he fill in the House of Representatives? On what errand was he sent to Belgium? How long was he Speaker of the House in Washington? What do you know about the Missouri Compromise? To what high office did Mr. Clay's friends always wish to elect him? Where and when was he born? What was the date of his death?

CHARLES GOODYEAR

THE RENOWNED INVENTOR.



THE morning was wet and the young people who had been in the garden plucking flowers were compelled to put on rubbers. As they came in Uncle Frank reminded them that it cost one man many years of patient study and labor to make such a preparation of India-rubber as would stand both heat and wet.

Who was he? asked Mabel.

Charles Goodyear, said Uncle Frank, and when you get your rubbers off and are ready to listen, I will tell you his story. His discovery cost him eleven years and a half of the best of his life, and for it he suffered poverty, disgrace for debts, and ridicule—sacrifices which were never made up to him, although he lived to see his invention used in five hundred different ways, and giving employment in Europe and the United States to eighty thousand persons, and producing eight million dollars' worth of goods every year.

HIS YANKEE CURIOSITY.

Mr. Goodyear at one time was a bankrupt hardware merchant in Philadelphia. He was about thirty-five years old and became interested with about everybody else in the wonderful trade of the many India-rubber companies that were making great quantities of goods of many kinds. Being in New York, one day, he bought one of the new India-rubber life-preservers that the Roxbury Company had just brought out. He took it home, and true to his Connecticut birth, began to examine it for the sake of seeing how it was made and if he could improve on it. He soon made up his mind on both these questions, and before long he was again at the Roxbury's office with a plan, which he wanted them to adopt. The company was not able to make these improved goods, but the man in charge saw Mr. Goodyear's plan, and said to him:

"There are, Mr. Goodyear, a great many India-rubber companies in the United States just now that seem to be doing a very fine business, but

really and truly they are not. They are all a good deal like our company; we made, during the cool months of 1833 and 1834; a very large quantity of shoes and other rubber goods, and sold them to dealers at high prices; but in the summer a great many of them melted, so that twenty thousand dollars' worth of our articles were returned to us melted down in common gum that smelt so badly we had to bury it.

"We've tried mixing new materials with the raw rubber, and new



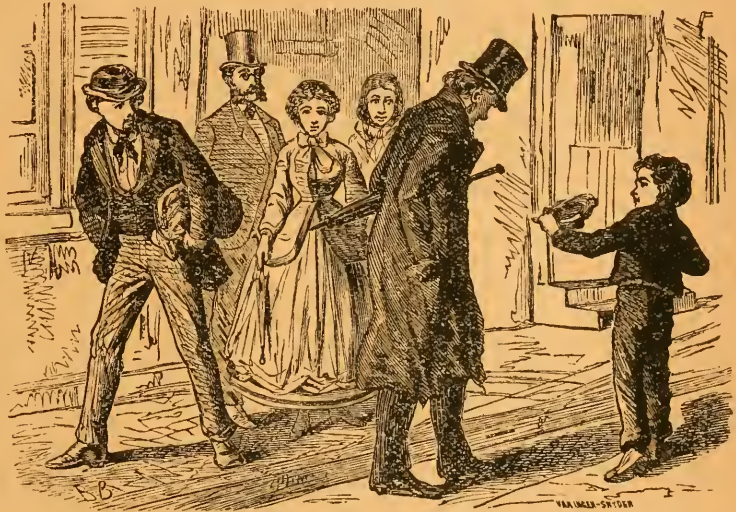
GOODYEAR ACCIDENTALLY MAKING HIS GREAT DISCOVERY.

machinery, but even if our shoes can bear the heat one summer, they will melt the next. Wagon-covers, overcoats, hats, and rubber-cloth grow sticky in the sun and stiff in the cold. The directors of the company don't know what to do. They'll be ruined if they stop making, and the whole of the winter's work may melt on their hands as soon as warm weather comes.

"The capital of this company is already used up, and unless the true way to use this gum is found—and that soon—the company will have to

go down in complete ruin. Now, while the gentlemen cannot take this improved life-preserver of yours, if you can only find out some way to make India-rubber that will stand the summer heat and the winter cold, they will gladly give almost anything you ask for that."

It seemed like a chance talk, but it fixed the life-work of Charles Goodyear. He made up his mind—or rather the thought grew in him like a presentiment—that this great object could be gained, and he should do it; and yet he knew little about chemistry, and had no money to start with. Owing to the failure of some business houses with which his father's firm was connected, the hardware house of A. Goodyear & Sons was bankrupt, and Charles was arrested for debt almost as soon as he reached home. He had a family, was in rather poor health, and so seemed to have every reason to give up his idea about India-rubber, and to find some paying work at once.



PEOPLE ON THE STREET RIDICULING GOODYEAR.

But nothing could change his mind or discourage him. Living within the prison limits, he began his experiments, for India-rubber was one of the easiest things in the world to obtain in those days. It was blind work, and success was long in coming. He was seldom out of jail for debt during any year from 1835 to 1841, and although the interest and the aid of friends gave out, he patiently kept on in his trials, never being too sure, however near he felt to success, and never becoming altogether discouraged when his beautiful work melted with the summer's heat into a soft, bad-smelling mass of gum. He explained his difficulties to the great professors, physicians, and chemists of the day, but none of them could help him.

Finally, in the spring of 1839, he made a discovery that was the key to his success. Standing one day before a stove in a store at Woburn,

Massachussets, he was explaining to some acquaintances a piece of sulphur-cured India-rubber which he held in his hand. They listened to him good naturedly, but without putting any faith in what he said, when suddenly he dropped the rubber on the stove, which was red hot. His old clothes would have melted instantly from contact with such heat; but to his surprise, this piece underwent no such change. In amazement, he examined it, and found that while it had charred or shriveled, like leather, it had not softened at all.

The bystanders attached no importance to this phenomenon, but to him it was a revelation. He renewed his experiments with enthusiasm, and in a little while established the facts that India-rubber, when mixed with sulphur and exposed to a certain degree of heat for a certain time, would not melt or even soften at any degree of heat, that it would only char at a very great heat, and that it would not stiffen from exposure to any degree of cold. The difficulty now consisted in finding out the exact degree of heat necessary for the perfection of the rubber, and the exact length of time required for the heating.

He had already suffered poverty, ridicule, and imprisonment for debt, had sometimes gone hungry, but could not rid himself of the idea that he was to make a great discovery. The trouble was to convince others of this and make them believe as he did. Now, he felt sure he had succeeded after years of privation, having at times even been laughed at by people in the street, who called him crazy.

IT WAS A LUCKY DISCOVERY.

He tested his new discovery and tried it in various ways, but the result was the same; he had succeeded at last, and he now knew for a surety that gum and sulphur mixed and put under great heat would afterward stand both heat and cold. He felt himself amply repaid for the past, he said, and quite indifferent about the future.

He spent six years more in the hardest trials and severest labors of all, working this discovery out to a practical success, and patiently perfecting one thing after another until he had his inventions secured by sixty patents. But even then he was not allowed his full reward, for the rights were obtained by other persons in England and France, and his years of toil and hardship brought him only scant return in money.

But he was happy that he had been successful, because the work and not the reward was what he labored for. The world acknowledged his

services, and awarded him honors for his skill and perseverance. Highly as he thought of the value of his discovery, he did not overestimate it. "Art, science, and humanity are indebted to him for a material which is useful to them all, and serves them as no other known material could."

Mr. Goodyear was born in New Haven, Connecticut, December 29, 1800. He died in New York City, July 1, 1860.

QUESTIONS.

How many years was Goodyear in making his discovery? What can you say of his perseverance? What was the trouble with the India-rubber before he invented his process? How did he make the great discovery which was the key to his success? Before this what did people think of him and what did they call him? How many patents did he obtain for his discovery? Was he allowed to reap the full benefit of his invention? Where was he born, and when and where did he die?



FRANCES WILLARD

AND HER NOBLE WORK.



NOT all great Americans are men, said Elsie. Some of them are women, and I think our country ought to be proud of them.

We certainly ought to be proud of one I have in mind, said Uncle Frank.

Who is that? James asked.

I mean Miss Frances Willard, said Uncle Frank.

In every walk of life where it is possible for woman to display her talents, her success was very great. Our country has every reason to be proud of those members of the gentler sex who have become well-known authors and have been successful in business, in works of reform, and whose influence has always been upon the side of good morals, higher education, and the noblest womanhood.

One of our best-known American women was Miss Willard. She had fine talents, a warm and earnest spirit, untiring energy, the ability

to influence others, and seemed to be lacking in nothing that any woman needs to make her a power for good.

Miss Willard was known throughout the country for her devotion to the cause of reform, especially that branch of it embraced in Temperance work. She attended meetings and conventions, lectured in every part of the land, and was always received with the attention due to her noble character and the worthy objects she sought to promote. She was eloquent in the best sense of the term, very fluent in speech, possessed of unusual tact, and was heard by multitudes, who were in the habit of saying that they "do not care to hear a woman speak in public."



FRANCES WILLARD.

She was born in Churchville, N. Y., September 28, 1839, and was educated at Milwaukee and the Northwestern Female College at Evanston, Ill., from which she graduated in 1859. She became Professor of Natural Science there in 1862, and was principal of Genesee Wesleyan Seminary in 1866-'67.

Considering that no person's education is complete without those advantages furnished by travel and contact with the world, she spent two years abroad, and then returned to become Professor of *Æsthetics* in Northwestern University and Dean of the Woman's College. This place she filled from 1871 to 1874, and

there worked out her system of self-government, which has attracted wide attention and has been adopted by other educators. She became convinced at this time that there was a work for her to do in connection with the cause of Temperance.

In consequence of this decision she gave up all her engagements in 1874 to connect herself with the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. She was immediately made corresponding secretary, discharging the duties of this office until 1879, when she was elevated from the position of secretary to that of president.

In 1876 she assisted Dwight L. Moody in his evangelistic work and

rendered very important service. During these years she travelled through the country, addressing legislatures and people's meetings in behalf of temperance and prohibition. She organized the Home Protection Movement, and sent an appeal from nearly two hundred thousand people to the Legislature of Illinois, asking for the Temperance ballot for women. She was always of the opinion that the great reforms needed in America would never be brought about until women were permitted to vote, having a voice not merely in domestic affairs, but in public measures for the welfare of the community. Some of her hardest work was done in favor of this project.

On the death of her brother, Oliver A. Willard, in 1879, she succeeded him as chief editor of the Chicago Evening Post, but resigned soon afterward to devote all her time to the work which was dear to her heart, and in which she had exerted a wide and commanding influence. In 1886 she accepted the leadership of the White Cross movement in the societies founded by herself, and obtained laws in many States for the protection of women.

HELD OFFICES OF DISTINCTION.

In 1888 she was made president of the American branch of the International Council of Women and of the World's Christian Union. In 1892 she visited England, and received an enthusiastic welcome from the friends of reform in that country. She was at the head of the Women's Committee of Temperance Meetings at the World's Fair in 1893.

Miss Willard died February 17, 1898, and the pulpit and press of the land paid glowing tributes to her and her great work.

QUESTIONS.

What can you say of the success of women in what they undertake? What were some of Miss Willard's traits of character? What cause did she labor especially to promote? Where was she born and where was she educated? Where did she first teach? When did she begin to devote all her time to the cause of temperance? Of what organization was she made President? With whom did she labor in evangelistic work? What can you say of her Home Protection Movement? What daily paper did she edit for a while? Describe her visit to England in 1892. When did she die?

ELISHA KENT KANE

THE ARCTIC EXPLORER.



WHAT a dismal place Greenland must be, said James. The people live in snow houses there.

Shall I tell you about the Polar World? said Uncle Frank, drawing up his easy chair.

The two girls were anxious to hear about Doctor Kane, who was a famous explorer, and Uncle Frank kindly consented to narrate his story.

Voyages in the Polar regions of North America began in the first part of the seventeenth century, and from that time to this almost all the important nations of the world have been continually making efforts to reach the pole. From the first, the chief objects were to find water-ways around both continents connecting the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans. The Northeast passage between Europe and Asia was successfully made by Russian and Danish expeditions; while the Northwest passage, which was first attempted by Sebastian Cabot and the brothers Cortereal, was not actually found until about the year 1845, in the last expedition of Sir John Franklin, who perished before he could make his discovery known.

KANE'S FIRST POLAR EXPEDITION.

It was in search of this brave Englishman that the United States undertook its first important Polar expedition, in which our greatest Arctic explorer, Elisha Kent Kane, made his first journey to the Arctic zone.

The expedition was started by Mr. Henry Grinnell, a wealthy New York merchant, after Lady Franklin's appeal to our government to send out a search party for her lost husband. Mr. Grinnell took up the enterprise at once. He laid the plans, and offered two vessels, supplies, extra pay to the men who would volunteer to go, and means for about all the other expenses necessary to carry out the search and to make the expedition of scientific value. Then he used his influence to get Congress to

take charge of it. Volunteer officers were called for from the navy, and at last everything was ready and placed in command of Lieutenant De Haven. Dr. Kane was one of the under-officers—of no higher rank than assistant surgeon. He was then a young man of thirty years, whose life so far had been a continual fight against ill-health.

Although in the list of officers Dr. Kane started out as nothing more than an assistant surgeon in the *Advance*, when the expedition returned he had the honorable record of having been the most active and able man in the party. Through all their journey—which began on the 22d of May, 1850, and did not end until October of the next year—he was a zealous worker, on the watch for the object of their search, and wide-awake to all discoveries of the region through which they had passed.



DR. ELISHA KENT KANE.

He kept a careful account of what was done, what was seen, and all that happened in each day, records that were afterward published, and made a most valuable and interesting history of the expedition. Several times during the journey Dr. Kane was very sick, but his great interest in all that was to be seen and done seemed to keep him from breaking down entirely.

This expedition met some British relief ships in Lancaster Sound and accomplished a journey as far north as a point in Baffin's Bay. They discovered many wonderful and important things about these regions that were before unknown to science, but they did not succeed in finding more

than a very few traces of Sir John Franklin—the graves of three of his men, and a cairn or two and a small number of articles which some of them had lost or thrown away.

This was but small success, but it gave hopes of more, so, a short time after the return, Mr. Grinnell offered the use of the *Advance* for another trip. This was put in charge of Dr. Kane, who had proved himself one of the greatest men of the first expedition, and able to undertake much more than the duties of an assistant surgeon, great as they were at certain times, and nobly as he filled them.

PLANS LAID FOR ANOTHER JOURNEY.

In addition to his other work he had formed a plan by which he thought the search could be made more successful than it had been. He believed from the observations he had made that Greenland extended even farther to the north than the American continent; he also thought that it was safer to travel by land than by water when it was possible, and that by such a route the parties could keep themselves supplied with food by hunting.

After his return he spent several months in carefully thinking these plans out, in laying them before prominent people interested in the search for Franklin, and in lecturing about them and what had been seen in the first Grinnell Expedition. In this way he aroused a great deal of enthusiasm in the project of another journey. Its chief object was to find the Sir John Franklin party, or at least to solve the mystery of their fate—for Dr. Kane still believed that some of the number must be living somewhere among the remote Esquimaux villages.

During all this time Dr. Kane's health was very bad; and when everything was ready he was hardly able to write to Congress about it; but he was too courageous to give up, and besides he knew he would be better in the colder climate.

In this journey, as in the first one, Dr. Kane was historian. He has told us in his "*Arctic Explorations*" the full story of the expedition. From New York the *Advance* carried her party directly to Greenland, where their first sight of the cold country of the north was the "broad valleys, deep ravines, mountains, and frowning black and desolate cliffs" that burst into view from beneath the dense curtain of a lifting fog. Then, with icebergs in full view around them, like castles in a fairy tale, they worked their way along the western coast till they reached Smith's Sound.

Sometimes the commander would spend whole days in the "crow's nest" at the top of the mast, looking out for the best course for the vessel, and keenly watching for all of interest to their search. The magnificent views which he saw from this lofty perch are often beautifully described in his book. In one place he says: "The midnight sun came out over the northern crest of the great berg, kindling variously-colored fires on every part of its surface, and making the ice around us one great piece of gem-work, blazing carbuncles and rubies, and molten gold."



A LIVELY START OF KANE'S SLEDGE EXPEDITION.

After being tossed and crashed about for some time in the gales of Smith's Sound, it was found impossible to get the *Advance* through the ice to the shore; so they left her there, and, fitting up ice-sledges, set out on their search for the lost explorers and also to see if better winter quarters could be found for the brig. The commander tells us in his book how both of these errands were in vain, and how they came back and prepared to pass the long cold Arctic night in Rensselaer Harbor.

Their stores and provisions were carried to a storehouse on Butler's Island, and provision depots were also established at intervals further north. This work was finished just as the "long, staring day," which

had clung to them more than two months, was drawing to a close, and the dark night was beginning to settle down upon them. It was only at midday that they could see to read the figures on the thermometer without a light. The hills seemed like huge masses of blackness, with faint patches of light scattered here and there, made by the snow.

The faithful journal records these days and their doings, relating



RESCUE OF THE PARTY SENT AHEAD WITH PROVISIONS.

sorrowfully how the dogs fell sick from the darkness and the cold, and almost all of them died in a sort of insanity, ending in lockjaw; and how great the travelers felt this loss when the glimmering light of day told them that spring had come, and the time would soon be for them to go on.

The stations which they had begun to set up in the fall were intended for provision depots, so that when the explorers went out on their sledge journeys to search for the Franklin party, they would not have to go back to the brig every time they needed supplies. Now, when the first ray of light appeared, Dr. Kane sent out a party with a load of provi-

sions to establish another depot still further to the north ; but they were overtaken by a gale and lost their way. They would have died if three of the men had not been able to grope their way back to the vessel. Benumbed and exhausted, they stumbled into the brig unable to talk.

HUDDLED TOGETHER AND BARELY ALIVE.

But Dr. Kane knew their errand without the aid of words, and hurried to the rescue of the others, with the strongest men in the boat. Guided almost by instinct, he soon found them huddled together and barely alive. "We knew you would come," they said ; "we were watching for you." He and his comrades had had a long march to find them, and had taken no sleep meanwhile, so they were suffering themselves by this time ; but they did not stop to rest ; it had to be quick work to save their comrades' lives. They sewed them up in thick bags of skin, then, putting them in the sledges, they started back to the brig. This was a journey of most terrible suffering from cold, hunger, and sleeplessness.

After awhile nearly all the men were overcome with drowsiness and grew delirious ; they reeled and stumbled as they walked, and finally one sat down and declared he would sleep before he stirred another step. Dr. Kane let him sleep three minutes and then awakened him, and then another three minutes and awakened him, till he was quite rested. This worked so well that all were allowed a few such short naps before the march was taken up again. But in spite of all their efforts, all but three—Dr. Kane and two others—gave out before they reached the brig.

These poor fellows stumbled on to the last, so delirious that they could never remember how they finally got to the vessel. There they were at once taken care of and fresh men were sent out after the fallen ones, who were only five miles away. Two of the party that were rescued died from the terrible exposure. All the others got well.

A few more such attempts and perilous searches were made with ill-success and great sickness, and another winter came and went. Then as the vessel was still so firmly frozen in the ice that it was impossible to get her out, Dr. Kane gave the order to leave her to her fate, and to prepare for an overland journey to Upernavik, a whaling station on the west coast of Greenland. This was thirteen hundred miles away.

Meanwhile the people at home were watching for news of the expedition and when the second winter came on and Dr. Kane did not return, they began to feel anxious, and fitted out a relief expedition to go in search

of him. It left New York at about the same time the disabled explorers started on their southward journey, and while it was sailing through the open seas of the North Atlantic, Kane and his men were struggling over ice and snow, all other thought lost but that of saving their lives.

This was the most perilous journey of the whole expedition; the toil and cold were severe enough, but besides these they had continually to



START FOR THE PERILOUS JOURNEY HOMEWARD.

cross gaps in the ice, in which they were drenched with water. When they reached a large opening and took to their boats—which they had carried over the ice—they were almost always in danger of being crushed in the floes. But worse than all these trials, was that of hunger. Their provisions ran so low that a fortunate shot at a seal was all that saved them from starving several times.

At last they caught glimpses of open water, beyond the ice, and began to see signs of human beings; a row-boat appeared, then a whaler, and finally they sighted the safe harbor of Upernavik. Here the rescue party found them, just as they were about to take passage in a Danish vessel for the Shetland Islands; and the heroic little band of the Second Grinnell Expedition reached New York on the 11th of October, 1855.

They had not succeeded in finding any of the Franklin party, which was a great disappointment to Dr. Kane and to all who had taken part in the expedition; but they had made such important discoveries and explorations that Congress awarded the gallant commander a gold medal; the Royal Geographical Society of London gave him another, and the Queen another; in fact, it is said that probably no explorer and traveler, acting in a private capacity as such, has ever received greater tributes of respect.

Dr. Kane was born in Philadelphia, February 20, 1820. He died at Havana, Cuba, February 10, 1857.

QUESTIONS.

What was the object of the early Polar expeditions? Why did Doctor Kane make his first journey to the Arctic zone? Who paid the expenses of the expedition? Can you give some account of Dr. Kane's second expedition? How did Kane's party travel after leaving their ship? Can you describe the rescue of the men sent to establish a station for provisions? What long journey did the explorers undertake? How were they rescued? Where was Kane born and when and where did he die?



JAMES GORDON BENNETT

AND HIS FAMOUS NEWSPAPER.



YOU must have noticed, said Uncle Frank, how many great successes have come up from very poor beginnings; and how many men who have become renowned started out with just about nothing, and made their way by their own hard work.

Yes, said James, "tall oaks from little acorns grow."

A very apt saying in this connection, remarked Uncle Frank. I have in mind a story that shows it to be true. It is the story of a great newspaper and the way it was begun. One could hardly believe it if he did not acquaint himself with the facts.

James Gordon Bennett was born at New Mill, Keith, in Banffshire, on the north-eastern coast of Scotland, about the year 1800. His relatives

were Roman Catholics, and he was brought up in a Catholic family of French origin. In his fourteenth year, having passed through the primary schools of his native place, he entered the Roman Catholic Seminary at Aberdeen, for the purpose of studying for the priesthood of that Church. During the two or three years which he passed here he was a close student, and acquired the basis of an excellent education.

In 1817 he came into possession of a copy of Benjamin Franklin's account of his own life, which had been recently published in Scotland.



JAMES GORDON BENNETT.

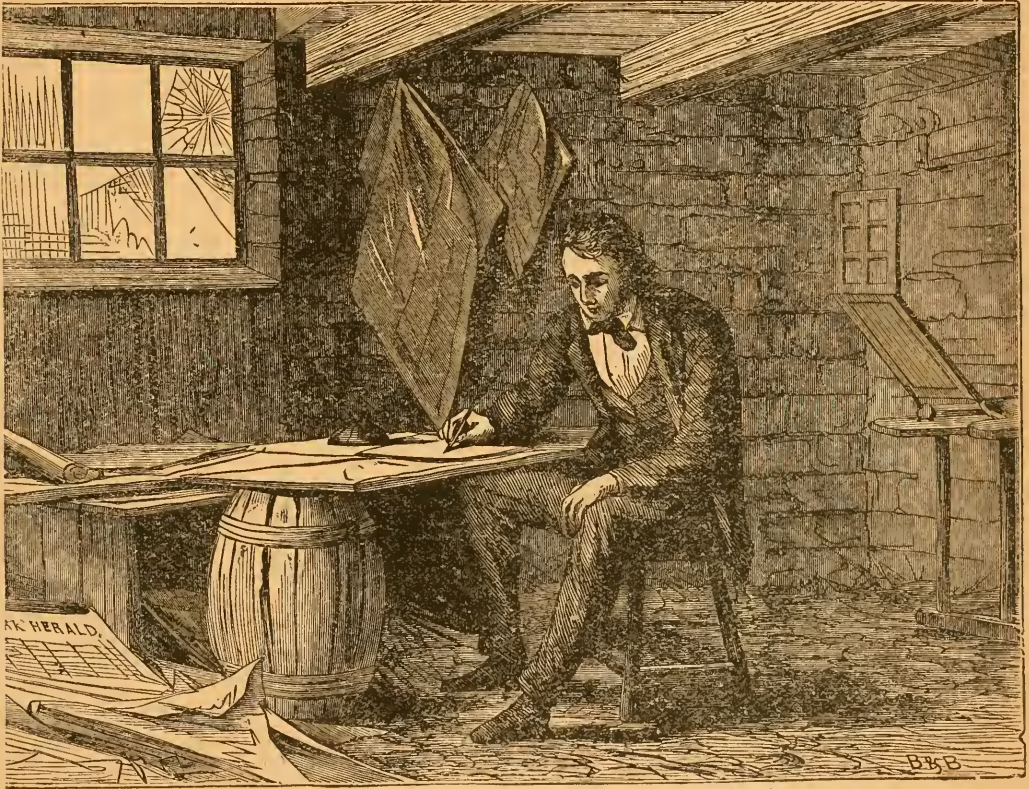
The perusal of this little book changed the course of his whole life. It induced him to abandon all thoughts of the priesthood, and to try his fortune in the New World, in which the great philosopher had succeeded so well before him. A little more than a year later he left Glasgow, and in May, 1819, being now about twenty years old, landed at Halifax, Nova Scotia. He had less than twenty-five dollars in his purse, knew no trade save that of a book-keeper, and had not a friend on this side of the ocean.

He secured a few pupils in Halifax, and gave lessons

in book-keeping, but his profits were so small that he determined to reach the United States as soon as possible. Accordingly he made his way along the coast to Portland, Maine, where he took passage for Boston in a small schooner. He found great difficulty in procuring employment, for Boston then, as now, offered but few inducements to new-comers. He parted with his last penny, and was reduced to the most pressing want. For two whole days he went without food, and a third day would doubtless have been added to his fast had he not been fortunate enough to find a shilling on the Common, with which he procured the means of relieving his hunger.

He now obtained a salesman's place in the bookstore of Messrs. Wells and Lilly, who, upon discovering his fitness for the place, transferred him to their printing-office as proof-reader; but his employers failed about two years after his connection with them began, and he was again thrown out of employment.

From Boston he went, in 1822, to New York, where he obtained a



JAMES GORDON BENNETT'S FIRST OFFICE.

situation on a newspaper. Soon after his arrival in the metropolis he was offered, by Mr. Wellington, the proprietor of the Charleston Courier, the position of translator from the Spanish, and general assistant. He accepted the offer, and at once repaired to Charleston. He remained there only a few months, however, and then returned to New York.

After being employed on several newspapers, during which time by living very cheaply he had managed to save up a little money, he determined to start a paper of his own.

He rented a cellar in Wall Street, in which he established his office, and on the 6th of May, 1835, issued the first number of The Morning

Herald. His cellar was bare and poverty-stricken in appearance. It contained nothing but a desk made of boards laid upon flour barrels. On one end of this desk lay a pile of *Heralds* ready for purchasers, and at the other sat the proprietor writing his articles for his journal and managing his business.

Says Mr. William Gowans, the famous Nassau-Street bookseller: "I remember to have entered the subterranean office of its editor early in its career, and purchased a single copy of the paper, for which I paid the sum of one cent United States currency. On this occasion the proprietor, editor, and vendor was seated at his desk, busily engaged in writing, and appeared to pay little or no attention to me as I entered. On making known my object in coming in, he requested me to put my money down on the counter and help myself to a paper, all this time continuing his writing operations. The office was a single oblong underground room; its furniture consisted of a counter, which also served as a desk, constructed from two flour barrels, perhaps empty, standing apart from each other about four feet, with a single plank covering both; a chair, placed in the center, upon which sat the editor busy at his vocation, with an ink-stand by his right hand; on the end nearest the door were placed the papers for sale."

Standing on Broadway now, at 34th Street, and looking at the palace from which the greatest and wealthiest newspaper in the Union sends forth its huge editions, one finds it hard to realize that this great journal was born in a cellar, an obscure little penny sheet, with a poor man for its proprietor. Yet such was the beginning of the *New York Herald*.

"WHERE THERE IS A WILL THERE IS A WAY."

The prospect was not a pleasant one to contemplate, but Mr. Bennett did not shrink from it. He knew that it was in him to succeed, and he meant to do it, no matter through what trials or vicissitudes his path to fortune lay. Those who heard his expressions of confidence shook their heads sagely, and said the young man's air-castles would soon fade away before the blighting breath of experience. Indeed, it did seem a hopeless struggle, the effort of this one poor man to raise his little penny sheet from its cellar to the position of "a power in the land." He was almost unknown. He could bring no support or patronage to his journal by the influence of his name, or by his large acquaintance.

The old newspaper system, with its clogs and dead-weights, was still

in force, and as for newsboys to hawk the new journal over the great city, they were a race not then in existence. He had to fight his battle with poverty alone and without friends, and he did fight it bravely. He was his own clerk, reporter, editor, and errand boy. He wrote all the articles that appeared in *The Herald*, and many of the advertisements, and did all the work that was to be performed about his humble office.

The *Herald* was a small sheet of four pages of four columns each. Nearly every line of it was fresh news. Quotations from other papers were scarce. Originality was then, as now, the motto of the establishment. Small as it was, the paper was attractive.

QUESTIONS.

Who was James Gordon Bennett and where did he come from? For what profession did he first study? How did he come to emigrate to America? How was he at first employed? What can you say about the first office where the *Herald* was published? What was the character of the paper?



GEN. GEORGE G. MEADE

THE HERO OF GETTYSBURG.



GREAT battle was that of Gettysburg, said Uncle Frank, and to-day I am going to give you an account of General Meade, who commanded the Union forces on that bloody field. Can any of you tell me where Gettysburg is?

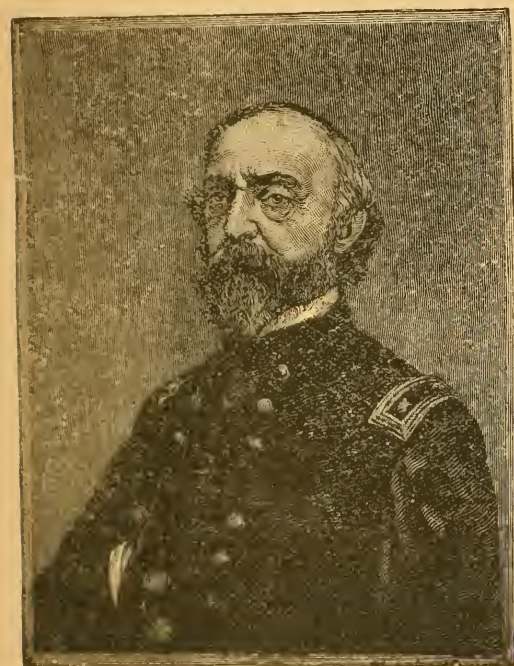
In the southern part of Pennsylvania, said James, and I would like to go there and see all the monuments that have been put up since the battle.

Perhaps you will, sometime, said Uncle Frank. It is a place well worth visiting.

General Meade was born at Cadiz, Spain, of American parents, in 1816, and after graduating at West Point Military Academy in 1835, served bravely in the Mexican War. In August, 1861, near the beginning of our Civil War, he was appointed Brigadier-General of volunteers, fought at the battles of Gaines' Mill and Malvern Hill, and commanded a

division at Antietam in 1862. After receiving the rank of Major-General in June, 1863, he was made Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the Potomac. He met the Confederate army soon afterward.

The army of Lee, pouring into Pennsylvania for the invasion of the North, was hurled back by the Union forces on the field of Gettysburg, and after a three-days' battle, beginning July 1, 1863, was driven into Virginia, never again to cross the Potomac. For those three days the fate of the nation hung in the balance; and only those who remember that fearful time can fully appreciate what is due to the brave commander of the Union armies, General George G. Meade.



GENERAL GEORGE G. MEADE

The battle became fiercest on the third day, beginning with one of the most terrific cannonades of the war. It was Lee's greatest effort. After two days of dreadful but indecisive battle, he sent forth the flower of his army, under General Pickett, to make that attack on Cemetery Hill which has passed into history as one of the greatest charges on record.

Five thousand veterans of the Confederate army, tried in the fire of many a desperate battle, formed on Seminary Ridge, and moved with the precision of a machine across the valley which lay between the two armies. As the terrible cannonade from the Union guns made gaps in their ranks, they were quickly closed up, and the column moved forward with swifter steps, but still in perfect order, toward the Union Centre on Cemetery Hill.

The infantry defending the hill reserved their fire until the charging column was within short range; and then burst forth an awful storm of bullets, before which the advance line of the Confederates withered. The second line, undismayed, rushed forward over the bodies of their comrades, and were close upon the Union gunners at their pieces. For a time the force of the charge seemed irresistible; but now the attacking

column became the centre of a fire from front and both flanks, which was rapidly destroying them. The divisions of Wilcox and Pettigrew, which were supporting Pickett, had fallen back, and his column was left to meet the deadly storm alone.

It was clearly impossible to hold their position, and the order was given to withdraw. Of the five thousand men who had advanced in such perfect order, thirty-five hundred were killed, wounded, or prisoners in the hands of the Union army. The remainder of the division fell back, shattered and broken, to the Confederate lines. The tide was turned. Meade had successfully defeated Lee's attack, and the Confederate army, after terrible losses, commenced its retreat through Maryland and across the Potomac never again to invade the North.

In the campaigns before Richmond in 1864, Meade continued in command of the Army of the Potomac, and Grant testified that he always found him "the right man in the right place." In 1866 he received the thanks of Congress for the skill and heroic valor with which, at Gettysburg, he repulsed, defeated, and drove back the enemy.

THE GREAT BATTLE OF THE WAR.

"The country," says Colonel A. K. McClure, writing of "Our Unrewarded Heroes," "has never done justice to General Meade as a military commander. The man who fought and won the battle of Gettysburg should have been the commander-in-chief of the armies of the Union, and held that position during life. It was the great battle of the war; it was the Waterloo of the Confederacy, and the victory then achieved was won by the skill of the commanding general and the heroism of his army.

"That army was the single hope of the nation, for had it been defeated in a great battle, Washington and the wealth of our Eastern cities would have been at the mercy of the insurgents. It was an occasion for the most skillful and prudent generalship, united with the great courage essential to command successfully in such an emergency. All these high requirements General Meade fully met, and the most critical examination of the record he made in the Gettysburg campaign develops nothing but what heightens his qualities for the peculiarly grave emergency that confronted him."

General Meade did not receive the promotion to which many thought that his great services at the battle of Gettysburg entitled him; "and he went down to his grave," says Colonel McClure, "one of the sorrowing

and unrewarded heroes of the war." He died in Philadelphia in November, 1872, in a house which had been presented to his wife by his countrymen. A fund of one hundred thousand dollars was, after his death, subscribed for his family.

QUESTIONS.

Where and when was General Meade born? Where was he educated? At what battles did he fight before Gettysburg? What Confederate commander did he defeat at Gettysburg? What made the battle of Gettysburg such an important one? Can you describe General Pickett's famous charge? Where did General Meade die? What provision was made for his family?



INDEPENDENCE HALL

AND THE OLD LIBERTY BELL.



AN anyone tell me, asked Uncle Frank, who wrote the Declaration of Independence? That made us a free and independent nation; do you know who was the author of it?

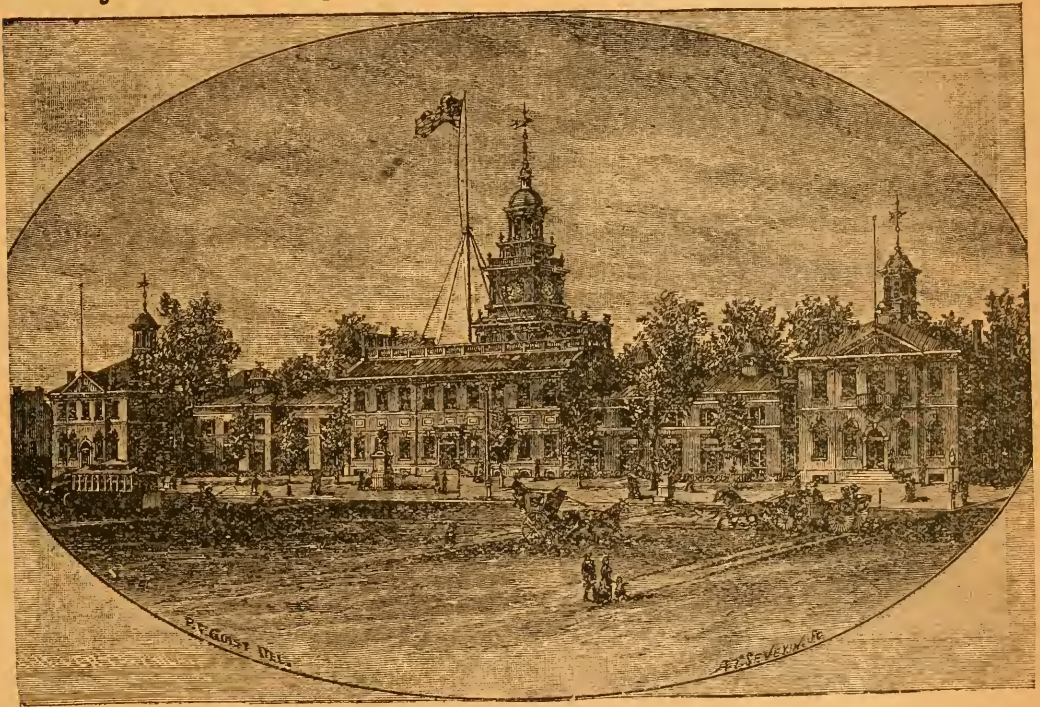
Yes, spoke up Mabel. There was a committee of five to write it. Franklin was one, and Jefferson was another. I have always read that Jefferson wrote the Declaration.

Quite right, said Uncle Frank, and the old Independence Hall, where it was signed, still stands in Philadelphia, and has recently been made to look just as it did in the great year of 1776.

The building that stands in the centre of the brick structures on Chestnut street, between Fifth and Sixth streets, and has the tall spire, is the original State House, subsequently known as Independence Hall. It was provided that the ground to the south of the State House should remain "a public green and walk forever." It was not till 1816 that the city acquired the property by purchase, although the State House was erected in 1731. In 1733 the Assembly ordered two offices to be built adjoining the State House.

As early as 1736 the Mayor of the city, William Allen, gave a ban-

quet to citizens and strangers in the city in the State House, and in November, 1752, in celebration of the birthday of George II, a ball was given there, and other entertainments were given within the building at various times, until September of 1774, when the members of the Continental Congress were guests of the gentlemen of Philadelphia at a dinner there. This is believed to have been the last occasion of a public social festivity in the building.



INDEPENDENCE HALL.

Built in 1731 and used as a State House, and afterward as a meeting place for the Continental Congress. The Declaration of Independence was adopted and signed in this building.

The Continental Congress met in the east room on the lower floor, Independence Hall, and it was there that the Declaration of Independence was adopted on the Fourth of July, 1776. On July 8 the Declaration was read publicly from the platform of an observatory erected on the Square by John Rittenhouse to observe the transit of Venus.

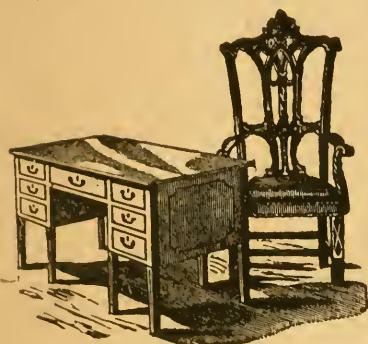
What is the transit of Venus? James asked.

It is the passage of the planet Venus across the face of the sun, said Uncle Frank. It is always an occasion of interest not only to students of astronomy, but to many others. But what I was about to say was that what are called the articles of confederation, by which the States wer

formed into a Union, were signed by delegates of eight States in Independence Hall, and until June 21, 1783, Congress occupied that chamber.

In 1802 a museum was established in the second story of the building, having relics and historical papers that were interesting to the public, and in the yard were animals in cages, a kind of zoological garden.

The museum remained in the building until 1829. In 1875 the west room on the first floor was made a National Museum and place of deposit for relics.

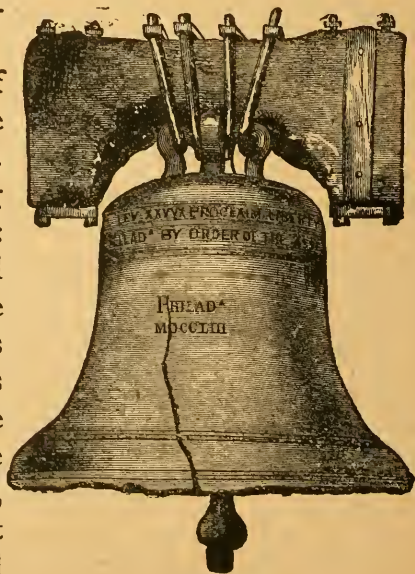


SPEAKER'S CHAIR AND DESK
ON WHICH DECLARATION
WAS SIGNED.

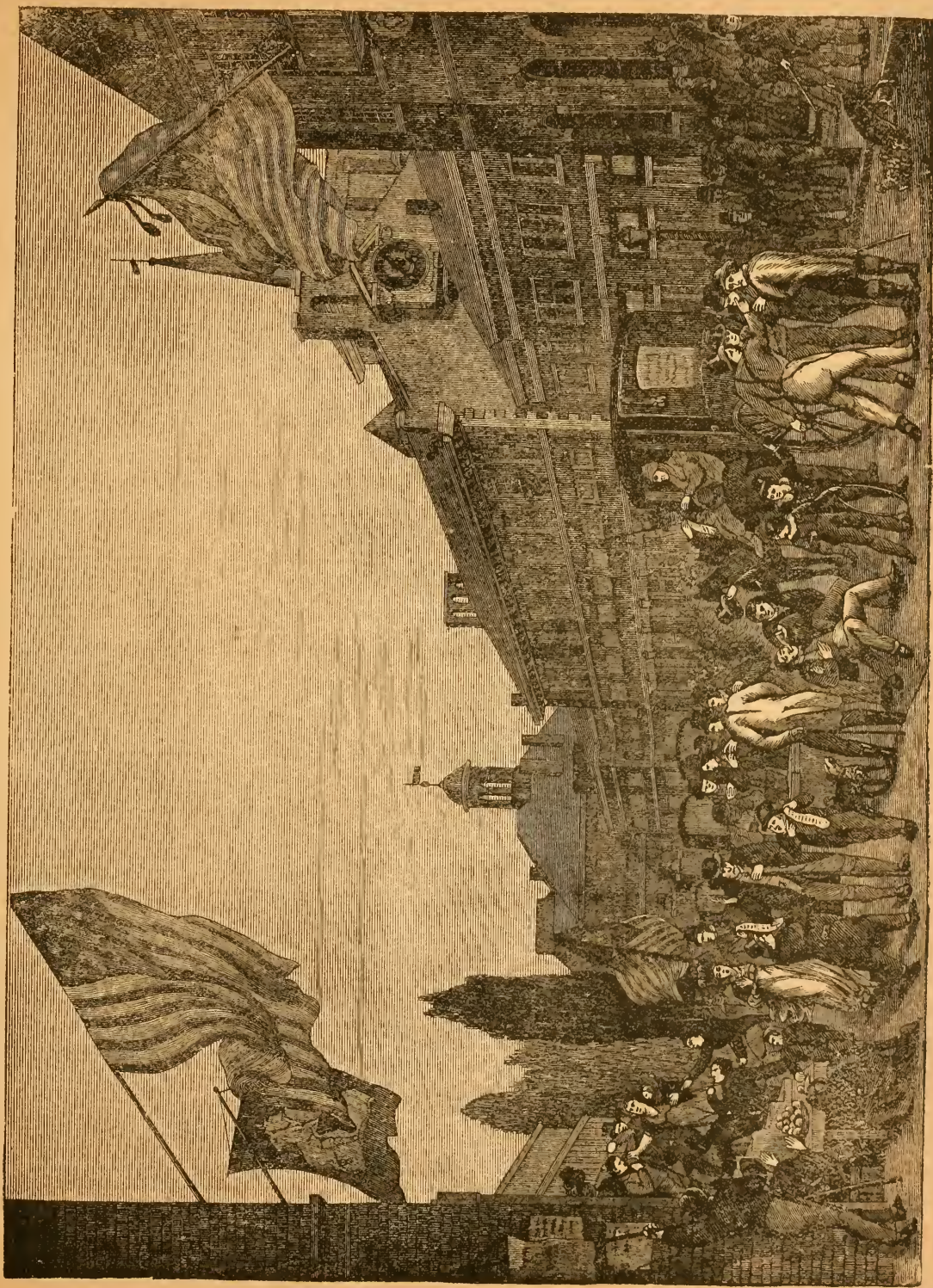
The signing of this declaration by the American Congress was a great event. That firm band of patriots well knew that, in affixing their signatures, they were, in the eyes of England, committing the very act of treason and rebellion; and that, in case of her final success, it was their own death-warrant which they signed. Their countrymen felt

in a manner most forcible that there was now no receding from the contest, without devoting to death these their political fathers, who had thus fearlessly made themselves the organs of declaring what was equally the determination of all. Thus it was now the general feeling that the die was cast, and nothing remained but—"liberty or death."

Congress was in session in the hall of the State House in Philadelphia when the Declaration of Independence was adopted. In the spire of this venerable building hung a bell, inscribed with the words of Scripture: "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof." On the morning of the fourth of July vast crowds assembled around the building, as it was known that Congress would that day take definite action upon the Declaration. The bell-ringer stationed himself in the tower, ready to proclaim the good news the moment it should be announced to him, and had posted his little son at the door of the hall



OLD LIBERTY BELL.



ELECTION SCENE IN FRONT OF THE STATE HOUSE IN 1816—GREAT POLITICAL CONTROVERSY.

to await the signal of the door-keeper, who had agreed to give immediate notice as soon as a decision should be reached.

When the announcement of the vote was made the door-keeper gave the signal and the boy ran quickly to the tower. The old man heard him coming, and clutched the bell-rope with a firm grasp. The next instant the glad cry of the boy's voice was heard. "Ring! ring!" he cried, and then the deep, loud tones of the bell went rolling out of the tower, and were answered with a mighty shout from the assembled throng without. The declaration was received by all the States and by the army with enthusiasm.

There is a common impression that the old Liberty Bell was cracked on the day it rang out liberty for the American people. This, however, is a mistake. The bell was cracked in 1835, while tolling for Chief Justice Marshall. It is one of the sacred relics of the nation, is an object of great interest to all Americans, and is always regarded with a feeling akin to veneration.

The proposition has often been made to have the bell re-cast, in order that it might be rung again. No tinkering, however, with this national relic will ever be permitted. The more common feeling is that it should remain as it is. In early days relic hunters, who have unfortunately existed in every generation, used to break off pieces from the edge of the bell and carry them away as mementoes. If this ruthless practice had not been stopped, nothing by this time would have been left of the old bell; it would have been battered to pieces and carried off.

QUESTIONS.

Who wrote the Declaration of Independence? In what city does Independence Hall stand? When was it erected? What public celebrations took place in this hall? In what room did the Continental Congress meet? In what room was the Declaration of Independence signed? What is a transit of Venus? When was Independence Hall used as a museum? When was the Declaration of Independence adopted? Describe the ringing of the bell on the 4th of July, 1776.

ADMIRAL FARRAGUT

THE GREAT NAVAL COMMANDER.



MY COUSIN has been writing me about one of our famous ships, said Mabel. It is the battleship Oregon, and he had a chance to go on board and see all the different parts of the vessel.

A wonderful ship it is, said Uncle Frank, and we have had many famous vessels in our navy.

And great commanders, too, said James. I wish you would tell us about Farragut. He was one of the bravest.

He was the great Admiral of the Civil War, said Uncle Frank, a resolute soldier, a brave seaman, and a noble gentleman. When he was a lad eleven years old, he first entered the country's service on board Captain Porter's famous Essex, in the War of 1812. He was only a midshipman when this vessel captured His Majesty's sloop of war, the Alert, but he behaved so well during the great excitement of the short fight, that the captain reported him after the capture and said that his bravery and good service deserved promotion, although the boy was too young to receive it. He needed more education and his great friend, the captain, secured a place for him in a school at Chester, Pennsylvania, where he could study naval and military science.

GOES ON A CRUISE TO THE MEDITERRANEAN.

After about a year he was sent with a number of other students to the Mediterranean in a naval ship. On this cruise a strong friendship grew up between young Farragut and one of the teachers, a Mr. Fulsome, who was soon after appointed Consul to Tunis and obtained permission to take his favorite pupil with him. Here they studied history together and talked over the deeds of the great Hannibal as they walked over the very place where that warrior had promised his father that he would never lay down his arms against Rome.

Farragut remained at Tunis a year; then was appointed a lieutenant

in the navy, and ordered to the West Indies. Three years afterward he was sent to take charge of the navy yard at Norfolk, Virginia. There he married and remained for a number of years. He spent all his spare time in studying, not only naval science, but several of the languages. By and

by, when a still more important place was in need of a commander, Farragut was named as being better fitted to take charge of it than any man in the service. So he was soon sent out to the Mare Island navy yard in California, where he remained from 1854 to 1858.

During the exciting days after the declaration of the Civil War, he was at his home again in Norfolk, anxiously

waiting to see which way his State (Tennessee), would go, but when it seceded he could not follow. To him the right side was that of the Union. He could not fight against the flag he had served for almost fifty years



ADMIRAL DAVID G. FARRAGUT.

So when the news came that the Virginia Legislature had decided to unite with the Confederation and cut loose from the Union, Farragut hastily packed up a few of his household goods, put a brace of pistols in his pocket, and left Norfolk with his wife and child. He came North, found a quiet home for his family at Hastings-on-the-Hudson, and leaving them there went on to Washington, to offer his services to the country.

IN COMMAND OF SEVENTEEN GREAT WAR-SHIPS.

At that time all the ships of the United States Navy were away in foreign ports, so the Government could give him nothing to do, but they told him to wait in readiness for the first charge they could give him. It was nine months before this came. Then he was put in command of seventeen great war-ships and ordered to capture New Orleans.

This was no easy matter, for New Orleans was very strongly defended. In Revolutionary times two great forts, Jackson and St. Philip had been built, one on each side of the Mississippi River, sixty miles below the city. They had kept the British out of the "Father of Waters" eighty years before, and still they stood in strength and fastness. Farragut was told that several officers in the French and English navies—good judges of defences—had said that it would be impossible for any fleet to pass these forts. He replied: "It may be so, but I was sent here either to take these forts or pass them, and I mean to try." Among the officers in the fleet was Commodore Porter, son of the old captain under whom Farragut had served when he first entered the navy.

Together they devised and carried out a plan for disguising the squadron before setting sail for the forts. This was a trick that old Commander Porter used often to try, and both the younger commanders were apt pupils. They painted the outside of the gunboats with mud so that they looked much like the muddy ground they were passing and could not be easily seen in the distance. The masts they twined with foliage like the forests along the river, and as they came nearer to the forts they bound marsh-weeds to the sides of the vessels.

At last they were within firing distance of Fort Jackson and turned their great guns toward it. The boats kept up almost a continuous fire upon the fort for a week, and still it showed no signs of surrendering. Then Farragut decided to try the dangerous task of running past it. He ordered everything to be got ready, and at two o'clock in the morning of April 24th, he gave the signal for starting—two red lights hoisted on the

mast of his flag-ship, the Hartford. A loud roar from the cannon of the fort soon told them that they had been discovered. Two bright beacons had been kept burning on shore, throwing a strong light across the river, through which it was impossible for the ships to pass without being clearly seen.

As soon as their prows touched the clear, shining path across the waters, alarm was given. Signals blazed up from all points along the shore and every gun of the fort began to pour out its deadly fire, while the fleet, keeping steadily on, poured out their shot and shell as fast as they could, till the whole place was shrouded with volumes of smoke. Fire rafts came down upon them and set the Hartford ablaze, but the active company of firemen put the fire out, and the fleet was past the fort.

But they were not yet safe, for they suddenly found themselves in a perfect nest of fire-rafts and gunboats, among which was the terrible iron-clad ram, Manassas. A desperate battle of an hour and a half settled the question, the Southern fleet was defeated; thirteen of Farragut's vessels had passed the forts, and the way to New Orleans was open.

TERRIBLE BATTLE AND AWFUL SIGHT.

This was one of the most terrible naval battles ever fought. Farragut said: "It was one of the most awful sights and events I ever saw or expected to see. The smoke was so dense that it was only now and then you could see anything but the flash of the cannon and the fire-ships or rafts."

He moved on to New Orleans directly, and forced the surrender of the city, completing the main object of his expedition. This was, altogether, one of the most important victories of the war, and Congress rewarded the leader by creating for him the office of Vice-Admiral of the United States Navy.

The day after the surrender he sailed on up the Mississippi to Vicksburg and stormed that place, but it was too strong to be carried without help from land forces, so he went down the river again and put up at Pensacola for repairs. As soon as the fleet was again ready he crossed the Gulf of Mexico, took Galveston, Corpus Christi, and the Sabine Pass, and broke the power of the Southern navy in that vicinity.

Another order to go to Vicksburg was given in March of the next year. This time he went to work with good aid on land, for General Grant's forces were already drawn up near by. Two vessels were carried

past the fort below the city and thus beset by a great general on land and the vice-admiral on the river, General Pemberton was compelled to yield the city.

In midsummer the Government sent Farragut's fleet to take Mobile and stop the way of the blockade-runners who were planning to get up into the Southwest territory through Mobile Bay. This was guarded by Fort Morgan, Fort Gaines, and a powerful iron-clad ram and three gunboats, that lay a little further in the bay. Farragut's fleet of fourteen wooden steamers and gunboats and four iron-clad monitors, passed Fort Morgan and met the Confederate vessels in one of the fiercest naval battles on record.

The commander was lashed to the rigging of the Hartford, where he could see everything that took place and direct the terrible conflict which only closed with the Confederates' surrender. In a few days after this victory the Union armies took the forts, and the blockade-runners were effectually shut out. For this another new rank was created in the navy making him a full admiral. He made two voyages after the war, but from the second one he never returned home.

PROMOTED TO THE RANK OF ADMIRAL.

Farragut was promoted to the rank of Admiral July 25th, 1866, and held a higher rank than any other officer of the United States navy. It was felt by everybody that this rank was due to him on account of the important services he had rendered to his country. He was a great commander; all his officers had the greatest respect for him; he was willing to stand in the face of danger, and never asked anybody to go where he was not willing to go himself.

Admiral Farragut was born near Knoxville, Tennessee, July 5, 1801. He died at Portland, Maine, August 14, 1870.

QUESTIONS.

How did Farragut first enter his country's service? Where did he study for the navy? Where was he sent then? What position did he hold in California? When the Civil War broke out what did he do? Can you describe his battle at New Orleans? At Mobile? In what part of his ship was he at the battle of Mobile? Where and when was he born, and where did he die?

PATRICK HENRY

THE ORATOR OF THE REVOLUTION.



YOU are late this morning, said Elsie to Uncle Frank ; we have been waiting twelve minutes.

Is it as long as that ? said Uncle Frank. But I could not help it. A gentleman called to see me on important business, and I could not get away ; so you will have to excuse me.

We will, said James, but we young folks will have to keep an eye on Uncle Frank to see that he is on time. All joined in a hearty laugh, and Uncle Frank said he intended to tell the young people of Patrick Henry.

The rich and most loyal commonwealth of Virginia was not so ready to resist the oppression of Great Britain as the leading Colonies of the North. The Legislature—or House of Burgesses—had almost reached the close of its session in 1765 without taking any decided measures against British taxation, when, one day, a tall and slender young man, unknown to many in that splendid assembly, arose to speak. It was Patrick Henry, a new member, and a lawyer from Louisa County,

AMAZED AT THIS RAW LAWYER.

The rich planters were amazed and indignant, that this raw lawyer, unpracticed in statesmanship, should be so bold as to address the house upon so important a subject. But Henry had something to say, and soon held the attention of every member. He offered a brief set of resolutions, setting forth that the Burgesses and the Governor were the only ones who had the right and power to lay taxes and imports on the people, and that all acts of Parliament affecting the rights of the Colonies were void.

This was entirely too bold for a large number of the members and raised a great storm, but Henry would not yield. The old walls rung with the powerful enthusiasm and mighty force of his words, and even the most patriotic were surprised when he blazed forth : “ Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles the First his Cromwell, and George the Third ”——

"Treason! Treason!" broke in the presiding officer and the members, after which the orator finished in a calmer tone, "may profit by their example. If this be treason, make the most of it."

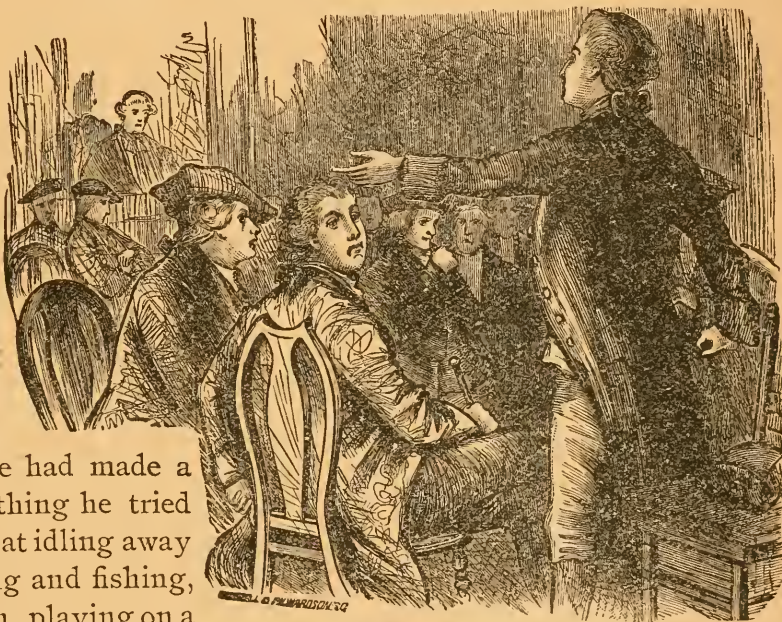
The resolutions were adopted, and from that time forth Patrick Henry has stood among the first and greatest of American orators. He was a zealous patriot, and became a power in the Colonies. He took a leading part among Virginians in all the important affairs that followed this stand against the King, keeping up his profession meanwhile with what would have been wonderful ability for a man far better educated than he; for Patrick Hen-

ry was not a scholar and a gentleman born and bred, as were many of his great companions.

He was about thirty-two years old at this time, and, until two years before had made a failure at everything he tried to do, excepting at idling away his time, hunting and fishing, scraping a violin, playing on a flute, following the hounds, and telling stories. When he was

about twenty-five years old he made an effort toward becoming a lawyer, and although he was admitted to the bar, he had so little to do in his profession that he stayed at home mostly and helped about the tavern at Hanover Court-House, kept by his father-in-law, who also supported Henry's wife and family.

But one day he was called to court to take a part in a case called the "Parson's Cause," which some more important lawyer had refused. His opponent was one of the prominent men of those times, and the plaintiffs smiled at their already assured success when this awkward, backward, ill-mannered man rose to speak for the other side. But suddenly his timidity



PATRICK HENRY MAKING HIS FIRST PLEA
IN COURT.

and bashfulness passed away; he seemed to change completely before their eyes; his form swelled out; and his clear, forcible words astonished every hearer. The plaintiffs left their seats under the burning storm of his words, and the jury returned them a verdict of one cent damages.

The people grew so enthusiastic that they lifted the young man on their shoulders and carried him out of the Court-House in triumph. He was from that day an eminent man in his profession; plenty of business and money began to come to him now, and in a couple of years he was elected to the Virginia House of Burgesses, where, in his first session, he made the great speech which "set the ball of the Revolution rolling."

HE WENT TO WORK IN REAL EARNEST.

Yet, all this was but a foreshadowing of what he was to do. Now that he had once set himself to work in real earnest, the wonderful powers of his mind began to show themselves; friends and strangers were surprised with his wisdom and power of speech. At that time our country was sorely in need of men fearless and eloquent, with hearts full of the love of justice and liberty—men who had seen and studied people, who knew the records of history, and the laws that had made nations great or caused them to fall. It was just such a man that this rolling stone, this unsuccessful student, farmer, and merchant had been preparing himself to be without knowing it. He was as much surprised as any one at what had been hidden within him so long.

But now that he knew, he labored with all his strength to make the most of himself. The bad manners, slovenly dress, and the idle, careless habits that marred his youth were corrected. Always honorable, he now gained the reputation of being also prompt and faithful in all matters of business. He was a man who never drank liquor or used bad language. His companions loved and respected him. He was kind and hospitable to friends and strangers, generous to his neighbors, and although it is said that he was jealous of his rivals, there is no actual record of it; but there is record of his having spoken heartily in praise of them more than once.

The great man's face sometimes looked stern and severe, with its deep lines and the grave, thoughtful expression upon the high forehead and about the resolute mouth and chin. His complexion was dark and his cheeks had no color in them. His nose was long and finely shaped, and the full eyebrows were very often drawn together, but when he smiled a bright sunshine seemed to spread over his countenance, lighting up the

deep-set blue-gray eyes that seemed quite dark from the long, heavy lashes, and completely changing his mouth. Those who knew him well could almost tell whether he was pleased or displeased, and just how much, by the expression of his lips.

In the Virginian Convention of March, 1775, which was held in Richmond, his greatest blaze of oratory came out. All now looked upon him as the leading spirit of the Assembly, but when he presented resolutions to organize military forces and take an open stand against Great Britain by putting the Colony in a state of defence, there was a strong opposition raised. William Wirt tells us that Henry answered these falterers in the stirring words: "There is no retreat but in submission and slavery. Our chains are already forged. Their clanking may be heard in the plains of Boston. The next gale that sweeps from the North will bring the clash of resounding arms. I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!"

VIRGINIA DECLARES FOR LIBERTY AND RIGHT.

Without a vote against it, the resolution was adopted; and when, in less than a month, the news from the North told of the fights at Lexington and Concord, Virginia was ready to join in with the New England Colonies for freedom, liberty and right. Patrick Henry was born at Studley, Virginia, May 29, 1736. He died in the same State, at his country-seat, Red Hill, in Charlotte County, June 6, 1799.

Remember, said Uncle Frank, that Patrick Henry had to overcome many discouragements. In early life he failed as a storekeeper and as a farmer, making out very poorly in both of these pursuits. He then studied law, and, having great ability, all that was wanted was an opportunity to show his oratorical power. No orator of the Revolution had greater fame. He was a patriot and a lover of his country's cause from first to last.

QUESTIONS.

What was Patrick Henry's profession? What effect did his speech have on the Burgesses of Virginia? What did he say when accused of treason? What were his habits in early life? Can you describe his first plea made in court? What effect did his eloquence have upon the Continental Congress? Where was he born and where did he die?

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

THE PRESERVER OF THE UNION.



HEN will you tell us about President Lincoln? asked James, as the company went to the summer house for their morning talk.

I will tell you to-day, said Uncle Frank. He was one of the greatest and noblest men of modern times, and people everywhere will always think so. He was the sixteenth President of the United States, and was inaugurated at Washington on the fourth of March, 1861.

What is inaugurated? said Mabel.

When a President takes the oath of office and begins to discharge the duties of President, he is said to be inaugurated.

As it was feared that an attempt would be made to prevent Mr. Lincoln's inauguration, the city of Washington was held by a strong body of regular troops under General Scott, and the President-elect was escorted from his hotel to the Capitol by a military force. No effort was made to interfere with the ceremonies, and the inauguration passed off quietly.

BOYHOOD OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

The new President was in his fifty-third year, and was a native of Kentucky. When he was but eight years old his father removed to Indiana, and the boyhood of the future President was spent in hard labor upon the farm. Until he reached manhood he continued to lead this life, and during this entire period attended school for only a year.

At the age of twenty-one he removed to Illinois, where he began life as a storekeeper. Being anxious to rise above his humble position, he determined to study law. He was too poor to buy the necessary books, and so borrowed them from a neighboring lawyer, read them at night and returned them in the morning. His genial character, great good nature and love of humor won him the friendship of the people among whom he resided, and they elected him to the lower house of the Legislature of Illinois

He now abandoned his mercantile pursuits, and began the practice of the law, and was subsequently elected a representative to Congress from the Springfield District. He took an active part in the politics of his State, and in 1858 was the candidate of the Republican Party for United States Senator. At this time he engaged in a series of debates in various parts of the State with Senator Douglas, the Democratic candidate for reelection to the same position. This debate was remarkable for its brilliancy and intellectual vigor, and brought him prominently before the whole country, and opened the way to his nomination for the Presidency.

In person he was tall and ungainly, and in manner he was rough and awkward, little versed in the refinements of society. He was a man, however, of great natural vigor of intellect, and was possessed of a fund of strong common sense, which enabled him to see at a glance through the shams by which he was surrounded, and to pursue his own aims with singleness of heart and directness of purpose.

He had sprung from the ranks of the people, and he was never false to them. He was a simple, unaffected, kind-hearted man; anxious to do his duty to the whole country; domestic in his tastes and habits; and faithful in every place he occupied. He was fond of humor, and overflowed with it; finding in his "little stories" the only relaxation he ever sought from the heavy cares of the trying position to which he was called.

Mr. Lincoln was elected by a plurality of the popular vote. That is, he had a larger vote than any other candidate, although he did not have more votes than all the others put together. This secured for him eighteen States. These States were entirely in the North.

The States which cast their votes for Breckenridge, Bell and Douglas, the other candidates, were entirely slave-holding. The division thus made was alarming. It was the first time in the history of the Republic that a President had been elected by the votes of a single section of the Union.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

The state in which the Presidential election left the country, was alarming. The excitement was higher than it had been before the struggle at the polls. The Gulf States had declared at an early period of the political campaign that they would withdraw from the Union in the event of the election of a Republican President. The people of the South generally regarded the result of the election as an evidence of the determina-

tion of the Northern States to use the power of the Federal government to destroy the institution of slavery. The disunion leaders exerted themselves to deepen this conviction, and to arouse the fears of the South.

The result was that the Southern States left the Union and the great Civil War followed. After Mr.



LINCOLN MONUMENT, FAIRMOUNT PARK, PHILADELPHIA. Lincoln had been President four years he was elected again. This was a great offence to many of his enemies and they hatched a plot to take his life. The ringleader of this band was John Wilkes Booth, a native of Maryland. Their first idea was to make Mr. Lincoln a prisoner, but not being able to do this they resolved to take his life. On the evening of the 14th of April, 1865, he was attending a place of amusement in Washington when Booth, who had admittance to the theatre on account of his being an actor, approached him from behind without being noticed and placing a pistol within a few inches of the head of the President, shot him. The ball entered his brain and he sank slightly forward without uttering a sound. He continued to

breathe for several hours, but was totally unconscious and died the next morning at half past seven o'clock.

Booth was killed while resisting arrest and the other conspirators were caught and hanged.

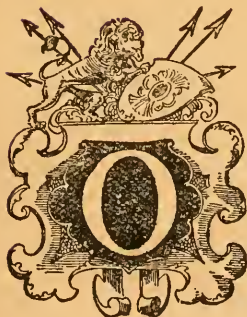
QUESTIONS.

When was Mr. Lincoln inaugurated? What is the meaning of "inauguration?" Why was he guarded on the way from the White House to the Capitol? What can you tell me of Mr. Lincoln's early history? What was his personal appearance? What were some of his peculiarities? What can you say of his fund of humor? How many States voted for him? What great struggle followed his election? How did Mr. Lincoln lose his life? What became of the conspirators?



ADMIRAL DEWEY

THE HERO OF MANILA.



OUR country has had some famous naval heroes, said Uncle Frank, and to-day I will tell you of Admiral Dewey.

I remember all about the battle of Manila, said James, and I think I could tell exactly when it took place.

If you get it wrong, said Elsie, I believe I could correct you. When was it?

On the first day of May, 1898, said James; isn't that right, Uncle Frank?

That is correct, said Uncle Frank, and I am glad you remember. Hear, now, what I have to tell you about him.

Admiral George Dewey, the hero of the great naval battle of Manila, is an old warrior of the navy, who got his christening of fire aboard the old steam sloop Mississippi, under Farragut, in the early days of the Civil War. He belongs in Vermont, and was born at Montpelier, December 26th 1837. He was appointed from that State to the Naval

Academy at Annapolis, Maryland, in September, 1854. Four years later, when he was graduated, he was sent aboard the steam frigate *Wabash* for a cruise in the Mediterranean. Dewey got his commission as lieutenant on April 19, 1861, eight days after Fort Sumter was fired upon, and he was immediately assigned to join the *Mississippi* and do duty with the West Gulf squadron.

He was on the *Mississippi* when she took part with Farragut's other vessels in forcing an entrance to the Mississippi river, and again when



ADMIRAL GEORGE DEWEY—HERO OF MANILA.

the fleet ran the gauntlet of fire from the forts below New Orleans in April, 1862, and forced the surrender of that city. The ship he was in belonged to Captain Bailey's division of the fleet which attacked Fort St. Philip.

The hottest fight that the *Mississippi* ever engaged in was her last one, and this perhaps was as hot as any of the war. In March, 1863, the fleet tried to run by the Confederate batteries at Port Hudson. Some of the ships got as far as a narrow part of the channel, where

they met land batteries almost muzzle to muzzle, and then they were forced to retreat. The *Mississippi* did not get as far as this. A foggy day had been chosen for the attempt, and this was soon made more obscure by the smoke of battle, and amid this the *Mississippi* lost her bearings and ran ashore.

Her officers found that she had struck just under the guns of a battery in the middle of the line of fortifications, and one of the strongest of the lot. In half an hour 250 shots struck the vessel, and she was riddled

from end to end. There was no chance to hold her, and her crew took to their boats and landed on the opposite side of the river, after setting her on fire. Soon, lightened by the loss of the crew and by the fire, she drifted off, and blazing and saluting with bursting shells, she drifted down the river, until finally the fire reached her magazines, and her career was ended in one great explosion.

Dewey was next attached to the steam gunboat *Agawan*, of the North Atlantic blockading squadron, and he took part in the two attacks made on Fort Fisher in December, 1864, and January, 1865. In March, 1865, he got his commission as lieutenant commander, and as such served on the famous old *Kearsage* and on the *Colorado*, the flagship of the European squadron, until 1868, when he was sent for service to the Naval Academy at Annapolis, Maryland.

PROMOTED TO THE RANK OF CAPTAIN.

His first command was in 1870, when he had the *Narragansett* doing special service. He became a commander in April, 1872, and, still on the *Narragansett*, was engaged in making surveys of the Pacific until 1876, when he was made a lighthouse inspector, and later the secretary of the Lighthouse Board. He commanded the *Juniata* on the Asiatic station in 1882-83, and in September, 1884, was made a captain and put in charge of the *Dolphin*, then brand-new and one of the four vessels which formed the original "white squadron."

The following year he was sent to command the flagship *Pensacola*, of the European squadron, and he stayed there until 1888, when he became Chief of the Bureau of Equipment and Recruiting, with the rank of commodore. This place he held until 1893, when he was made a member of the Lighthouse Board. He got his commission as commodore on February 28, 1896, and at about the same time was made president of the Board of Inspection and Survey. This place he held until he was put in command of the Asiatic station, in January, 1897.

Admiral Dewey's masterly dash upon Manila, the capital of the Philippine Islands, on the 1st of May, 1898, was one of the most daring and successful expeditions which naval history has had to chronicle. The quickness of the movement, conducted with so much vigor by its gallant commander, was no less a surprise to the world when it first heard of it than were the skill and daring of the attack and the thoroughness with which the enemy were beaten.

The achievement was a grand triumph for American strategy and seamanship and has won deserved fame for Admiral Dewey and his command. In spite of inferior ships, poor gunners, and without efficient aid from the shore defences, the Spanish admiral and seamen did all that men could. Not an ensign was lowered from a single masthead; all stood manfully by their guns until their vessels took flame, were blown up, sank with their entire crews, or were driven to shoal water.

Of the whole Spanish fleet nothing of any account was left after the brave Dewey had made an end of his work.

QUESTIONS.

When was the naval battle of Manila fought? Where and when was Admiral Dewey born? Under what commander did he serve in the Civil War? On what sloop? Can you describe the fight in which the sloop Mississippi was lost? What positions did Admiral Dewey afterwards occupy? When was he given command of our Asiatic squadron? Can you describe the battle of Manila? What can you say of the heroism of the Spaniards?



COMMODORE DECATUR AND HIS GALLANT EXPLOITS.

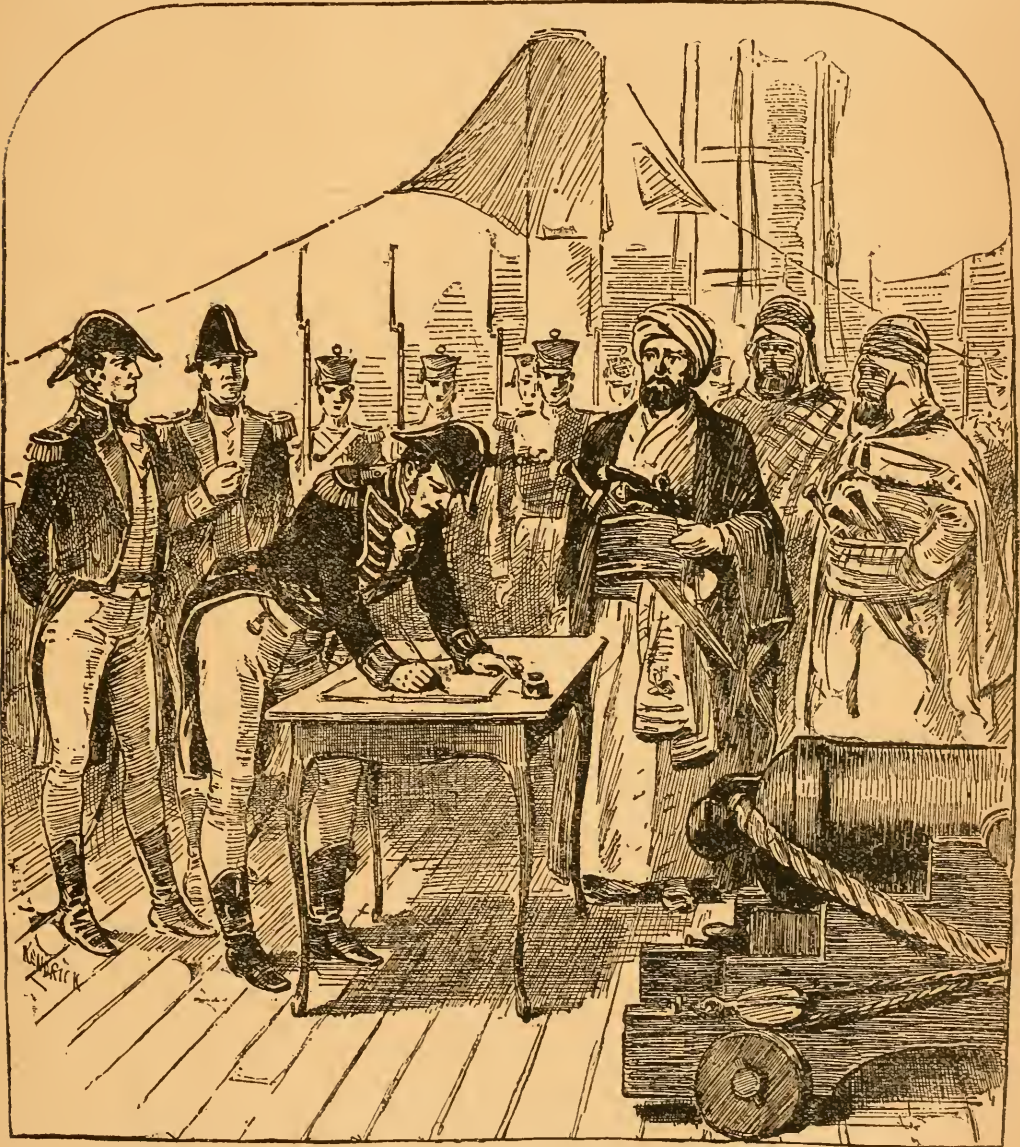


WAY back in the early part of the century, said Uncle Frank, we had great naval commanders, as well as in the Civil War and our war with Spain. I have already told you of some of them, and to-day I wish to describe another. Have you ever heard of Stephen Decatur?

Only as I have read some brief mention of him in my American history, said Mabel. James and Elsie said the same.

He became a famous naval hero, said Uncle Frank, in our little Tripolitan war. At the beginning of the century there were many American vessels upon the seas, carrying goods to all parts of the world; and they had to share the fate of the ships of other nations from the pirates of the Mediterranean Sea. For several of the Mohammedan States upon the

northern shore of Africa—Tripoli, Tunis, Algeria, and Morocco—made a business of robbing all the passing merchant vessels they could catch—unless they were well paid for letting them alone.



DECATUR COMPELLING THE DEY OF ALGIERS TO SIGN A TREATY.

After the Americans had made peace with England they began to think about the *right* of paying robbers to let them alone. So, in 1803, when Tripoli asked for a larger sum than usual, it was refused. Of

course the angry little State began at once to capture our vessels, thinking to bring us to terms. But still President Jefferson refused, and, instead of the money, he sent out the little American navy of gunboats. Among the other officers was Stephen Decatur, then first lieutenant on board the *Argus*. He was only about twenty-three years old, but he had been in the navy four years and had already become known as a brave and skillful officer, with a talent for managing men as well as ships.

After the little squadron had been in the Mediterranean for some time, one of the vessels, the *Philadelphia*, in some way, got aground in the harbor of Tripoli, and was captured. Decatur asked permission of the commander, Commodore Preble, to try to get her back. This, the chief said, could not be done, but after awhile he told Decatur that he might go and burn the frigate so that the Tripolitans could never use her. The lieutenant set about his task at once.

The *Intrepid*, a small boat, was made ready, twenty men were picked out of the squadron's crew; and, one calm, dark night, under Decatur's command, the party set out on their perilous errand.

ON BOARD WITH DRAWN SWORDS.

The *Philadelphia* was a good-sized frigate, carrying forty guns, and now she was surrounded with other gunboats and batteries, ready to fire on the Americans at any moment. Decatur managed to enter the harbor and get alongside of the *Philadelphia* before the Tripolitans knew that the peaceable-looking little vessel was manned by the hated "Americanoes." Then they raised a great cry and rushed on deck, but it was too late. Decatur and his men were on board, with drawn swords. The frightened men of Tripoli were in too great a panic to fight, so in five minutes the deck was cleared, and before they regained their senses the ship was in flames from stem to stern and the *Intrepid* was gliding safely out of the harbor.

For this gallant deed, Decatur was made a captain and presented with a sword by Congress. More decided measures were soon taken against the power of the Mediterranean pirates. A land expedition attacked them on the easterly side, while the town was also bombarded from the harbor, and Decatur, with three American gunboats, had a desperate fight with nine of the enemy's vessels. He succeeded in capturing two of them, by a close and sharp conflict. Just after the first one was taken, he heard that his brother, James Decatur, had boarded another ship whose com-

mander had pretended to surrender, and had been treacherously slain by the enemy.

Calling to his men to follow, he rushed on board of the murderer's vessel, seized the treacherous commander and killed him in a deadly hand-to-hand struggle. Decatur's men, following close upon him, had surrounded him in the fight and beaten back the Tripolitans that tried to force their way to the relief of their chief. One, more successful than the others in eluding the Americans' swords, was just aiming a fatal blow at Decatur, when one of his followers, who had lost the use of both arms, rushed up and received the blow intended for Decatur on his own head.

DECATUR'S NAME WAS A TERROR.

Several attacks were now made upon Tripoli by Commodore Preble, in each of which Decatur took an active part. His name, it is said, became a terror all along the Barbary coast, and helped to frighten the Bey or chief of the State into making peace the next year, when he heard that he was coming to attack him again as one of the leading commanders of a still larger force than Preble's.

While our Government was busy with England, in the war of 1812, the Dey of Algiers—seeming not to think of how affairs between America and his neighbors of Tunis and Tripoli had ended—employed some of his ships in seizing our merchant vessels and holding Americans in slavery; but he did not keep it up long after the Great Britain affairs were settled. Three months after Decatur returned to New York from Bermuda, he was at the head of a squadron bound for Algeria. In a month he passed the straits of Gibraltar, and captured two of the Algerine squadron. He then pushed on to the State and soon convinced the Dey that the best thing he could do would be to immediately sign a treaty promising never more to molest American ships again, and to restore at once all the Americans he held captives.

The work accomplished by Decatur caused the whole of Europe to respect the naval power of the United States. They had done what none of the old navies dared to attempt. They had put a stop to the piracies of the Barbary States, and were the means of freeing the ships of Europe as well as of America from their robberies and from the heavy taxes they had demanded from all nations for many years.

Stephen Decatur was born at Sinnepuxent, Maryland, January 5, 1779. He died at Bladensburg, Maryland, March 22, 1820.

QUESTIONS.

What war did the United States have in the beginning of the century? What did the Mohammedan states of Egypt do to American shipping? Who sent our navy to settle the trouble? Who was the commander of the expedition? What position did Decatur hold under Commodore Preble? Can you describe Decatur's gallant exploit in burning the Philadelphia? Can you describe his battle with the murderer of his brother? Why was he sent to make a treaty with the Dey of Algiers? What was the effect of his exploits upon the countries of northern Egypt? Where was Decatur born and where did he die?



CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH

AND POCAHONTAS.



POCAHONTAS was a young Indian girl, said Uncle Frank, and I think you would like to hear about her and Captain John Smith. What I am going to tell you happened in Virginia during the early history of our country.

In 1605 Captain Smith joined the expedition of a London company that was coming over to settle in Virginia, in the vicinity of the James River.

Was not Virginia at that time nearly all a wilderness? Mabel asked. Was it not a vast forest?

Yes, and was inhabited by wild Indian tribes, said Uncle Frank. Soon after the company reached their new home the settlement was in a pitiable state. The provisions sent out from England had been spoiled on the voyage, and the colonists were too indolent to cultivate the land, or to seek to obtain supplies from the Indians. Sickness broke out among them, owing to the unhealthy location, and by the beginning of the winter more than half their number had died.

From this time Smith was the actual head of the government. Food was what was most wanted by the colony, and as it was now too late to raise it, Smith exerted himself to obtain it from the Indians. He pur-

chased a supply, and towards the close of the autumn the wild fowl which frequent the region furnished additional provisions for the settlers.

The danger of a famine thus removed, Smith proceeded to explore the country. In one of these expeditions he ascended the Chickahominy River as far as he could go in his boat, and then leaving it in charge of two men, struck into the interior with an Indian guide. His men disobeyed his instructions, and were surprised and put to death by the Indians. Smith himself was taken prisoner, and surprised his captors by his cool courage and self-possession. Instead of begging for his life, he set to work to convince them of his superiority over them, and succeeded so well that they regarded him with a sort of awe.

He astonished them by showing them his pocket compass and explaining to them its uses, and excited their admiration by writing a letter to his friends at Jamestown informing them of his situation, and of the danger to which they were exposed, because the Indians meant to attack them. One of the savages bore the letter to the settlers.



CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH.

Smith had been captured by a powerful chieftain of the Pamunkey Indians; but as the curiosity of the neighboring tribes was greatly aroused by his presence, he was led in triumph from the Chickahominy to the villages on the Rappahannock and the Potomac, and then taken through other towns to the residence of the chief. Here the medicine men of the tribe tried for three days to ascertain his character and what he was going to do. All this while he was calm and fearless, as if he were not alarmed for his safety. He was regarded by the savages as a superior being, and was treated with kindness, though kept a close prisoner.

His fate was referred to Powhatan for decision, as the other tribes

feared to bring the blood of such a strange being upon their heads. Powhatan received the captive in great state, surrounded by his warriors. "He wore," says Smith, "such a grave and majestic countenance as drove me into admiration to see." Brought into the presence of Powhatan, Smith was received with a shout from the assembled warriors. A handsome young squaw brought him water to wash his hands, and another gave him a bunch of feathers to dry them. Food was then set before him, and while he applied himself to the repast a consultation was held by the savages as to his fate. Smith watched the proceedings closely, and was aware from the gestures of the council that his death had been determined upon.

The captive was seized and his hands were bound with strong cords. Two brawny savages stood by to beat out his brains with their clubs. During these proceedings Pocahontas, a child of ten or twelve years, "dearly loved daughter" of Powhatan, touched with pity for the unfortunate stranger, had been earnestly pleading with her father to spare his life. Failing in this, she sprang forward at the moment the Indian executioners were about to kill their victim, and, throwing herself by his side, clasped her arms about his neck and laid her head upon his to protect him from the impending stroke. This remarkable action in a child so young moved the savages with profound astonishment. They regarded it as showing the will of Heaven in favor of the captive, and it was determined to spare his life and seek his friendship.

THE CHILD OF THE FOREST AND THE BRAVE CAPTAIN.

Smith was released from his bonds, and was given to Pocahontas to make beads and bells for her, and to weave for her ornaments of copper. The friendship which the innocent child of the forest conceived for him grew stronger every day, and ceased only with her life. Powhatan took him into his favor, and endeavored to induce him to abandon the English and cast his lot with him. He even sought to obtain his aid in an attack upon the colony. Smith declined these offers, and succeeded in winning their good-will for the English. In a short while the Indians allowed him to go upon his promise to send to King Powhatan two cannon and a grindstone.

He showed the Indians who had accompanied him two of the largest cannon, and asked them to lift them. This was impossible; nor could they succeed any better with the grindstone. Smith then discharged the



POCAHONTAS INTERCEDING FOR THE LIFE OF CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH.

cannon in their presence, which so frightened them that they refused to have anything to do with them. Having evaded his promise in this manner, Smith bestowed more suitable presents upon his guides, and sent them home with gifts for Powhatan and Pocahontas. The savage king was doubtless well satisfied to let the "great guns" alone after hearing the report of his messengers concerning them, and was greatly pleased with the gifts sent him.

Smith found the colony reduced to forty men and affairs in great confusion. His companions had believed that he had fallen a victim to the Indians, and he was greeted with delight, as the need of his firm hand had been sadly felt.



POCAHONTAS.

The friendship of the Indians for him now enabled him to buy from the savages the food necessary to sustain the colonists through the winter. In many ways his captivity proved a great blessing to the settlement. He had not only explored the country between the Rivers James and Potomac, and gained considerable knowledge of the language and customs of the natives, but had disposed the Indian tribes subject to Powhatan to regard the colony with friendship. Had the savages been hostile during this winter the colony must

have perished of starvation; but now, every few days throughout this season, Pocahontas came to the fort accompanied by a number of her tribe bearing baskets of corn for the whites.

This friendly feeling lasted for some years, but was finally destroyed. On the twenty-second of March, 1622, a general attack was made by the savages upon all the settlements of the colony. On the previous night the plot had been revealed to a converted Indian named Chauco, who at once hastened to Jamestown, the principal settlement, and gave warning of the danger. The alarm spread rapidly to the nearest settlements, but those at a distance could not be reached in time to avert their fate.

Those settlements which had been warned were able to offer a successful resistance to their enemies, and some of those which were sur-

prised beat off the Indians; but the number of victims, men, women and children, who fell this day amount to three hundred and forty-seven. All these were slain, and their fate would have been shared by the whole colony but for the warning of the friendly Indian.

The effect on the colony was appalling. The distant plantations had been destroyed by the savages, and out of eighty settlements only eight were saved. These, and especially Jamestown were crowded beyond their capacity with fugitives who had fled to them for shelter. Sickness soon began to prevail, the public works were discontinued, and private industry was greatly diminished. A gloom rested over the entire colony, and the population fell



FLIGHT OF THE INDIANS AFTER THE MASSACRE.

off. At the end of two years after the massacre, the number of inhabitants had been reduced to two thousand.

Much sympathy was manifested for the suffering colonists by the people of England. The city of London sent them liberal assistance, and private individuals subscribed to their need. King James was aroused into an appearance of generous sympathy, and sent over to the colony a supply of muskets which had been condemned as worthless in England.

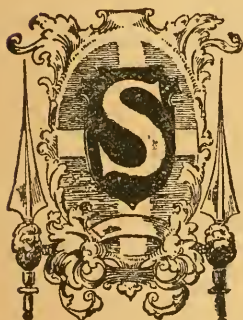
QUESTIONS.

Who was Pocahontas? Who was Captain John Smith? What was the condition of the settlement in Virginia? How did Smith endeavor to obtain food for the settlers? What did his guides do when he was exploring the country and what became of them? What did the Indians think of Smith after they had captured him? What did they determine to do with him? Who saved his life? What became of Smith? What did the Indians think of the cannon and grindstone? Can you describe the attack made on the settlers in 1622.



"STONEWALL" JACKSON

THE BRILLIANT CONFEDERATE GENERAL.



HALL I tell you to-day, said Uncle Frank, of one of the great commanders in the Civil War? He was called "Stonewall;" who can tell me what was his real name?

Jackson, said James very promptly, but I do not remember what his Christian name was.

It was Thomas Jonathan, said Elsie; I remember reading it in my history.

I think that was his name, continued Uncle Frank. He was born in Virginia and graduated from the Military Academy at West Point and was sent fresh from the Academy into the midst of the Mexican War the year it broke out—that is, in 1846. He soon won the rank of first lieutenant. After the war was over he helped to build the forts about New York Harbor and then went to Florida to take part in

settling the troubles with the Seminole Indians. Soon after this—in 1852—he was chosen one of the instructors in the Virginia Military Academy at Lexington, where the Washington and Lee University was afterwards established. He taught natural philosophy and military tactics. He made a good teacher, but he was so very bashful that the students used to have a great deal of fun about him.

He had very strong opinions about States' rights, and as soon as the war broke out he enlisted at once in the Confederate Army, where he was made a colonel and placed in command at Harper's Ferry. From that moment all his shyness left him. He took the lead with his men, as if he had always been a commander.

When he had been three months in the army he was called to take part in the first great battle of the war—that of Bull Run, which was fought July 21, 1861, between the armies of General P. G. T. Beauregard of the South, and General Irwin McDowell of the North. During the battle some of the heavy charges from the North made the Southern lines waver, but Jackson and his men stood firm. One of his fellow-officers caught sight of him and



"STONEWALL" JACKSON.

exclaimed to his own men, "See Jackson standing there like a stone wall!" From that time he was called "Stonewall Jackson;" but it is also said that his troops were first called "the Stonewall Brigade" because they came from the stone wall counties of Virginia.

In September, after the conflict at Bull Run, Jackson was made a major-general; in January he was sent North to keep General Banks occupied and prevent him from making any serious movements. He harassed the Union forces all he could, but did not dare to risk any open battles because he had not enough men. In March twenty thousand more were added to his force; then he was ready to fight.

In the meantime the Northern Army had been divided. General McClellan with the greater part had started for Richmond by water. Another body under General McDowell set out for the same place by land, and another under General Banks was ordered to march down to Manassas and to scour the Shenandoah valley. But General Jackson soon stopped the scouring by falling upon General Banks at Strasburg, Virginia, where he not only beat him in short order, but chased him all the way up to the Potomac.

When the people at Washington heard of this they were greatly alarmed, and McDowell, who had set out to join McClellan, hastened back to protect the capital. This was exactly what the Southern people wanted, for with McDowell up at Washington it would be easier to keep McClellan away from Richmond. This was the next thing to be done, and Jackson immediately started to help Lee do it. The news of his raids and also of his approach to Richmond made McClellan very much afraid that he did not have men enough to fight so dangerous a foe, and finally induced him to give up his purpose for the time. Jackson reached the place just in time to help Lee drive him away.

UNION FORCES FALL BACK.

Two battles were fought while the Northern Army was retreating; one at Gaines' Mills and one at Malvern Hill, neither of which were decidedly won by either army; but they favored the South, for McClellan kept falling back to the James River. Here Jackson left him and started north again, where another large Union army had been raised and sent into Virginia under General Pope.

While on his way to meet this new force, Jackson came across his old enemy, General Banks, at Cedar Mountain. There they had a battle in which Banks was badly beaten. Jackson hurried on and in two weeks more surprised a part of Pope's army at Manassas Junction, captured a large quantity of guns and provisions, and then moved on to the rest of the Northern Army, which was stationed on the old Bull Run battlefield. Here, August 28th, occurred the second battle of Bull Run the victory all on Jackson's side.

The next morning, bright and early, he was up and away again. On the 10th of September he was at Martinsville, helping himself to a good stock of ammunition and provisions which the Union Army had left on hearing of his approach. He followed them to Harper's Ferry, stormed

the place, and, without waiting to receive the surrender—only making sure that it must come—went on to rejoin General Lee. The morning of September 17th he was ready to take an important part in the battle of Antietam. Lee said that whatever credit there was due to the South in this engagement belonged to Jackson. But this was hardly just to himself.

ROUTED IN GREAT CONFUSION.

From the close of this battle until April Jackson was busy preparing official reports and had no part upon the field. Then, May 2d, he engaged in his last battle at Chancellorsville, Virginia. His victorious troops again made fearful havoc among the Northern ranks. With one of his quick, unexpected attacks, he surprised a large force and routed them in terrible confusion. Jackson was everywhere in the thickest of the fight. Night came on, and as he and his aids galloped back to the camp, his own troops mistook them for enemies and fired upon them. Jackson was badly wounded and eight days afterward he died. His loss was a terrible blow to the South. Lee said that his right arm was gone.

As a general, Jackson had few equals. He had wonderful power over his men; he was perfectly fearless, but not reckless; he saw when he could strike a telling blow and never hesitated to do it; but he also saw when the case was hopeless, and would not risk the lives of his men. His most brilliant charges were made after careful planning and close calculation of his own and his enemy's forces. As a man he was modest, upright, and remarkably pure-minded. His loss, it has been said, was the greatest that either party had yet had, in the fall of a single man.

General Thomas J. Jackson was born at Clarksburg, Virginia, January 21, 1824. He died at Guinea's Station, in the same State, May 10, 1863, a few days after he was wounded by his own men.

QUESTIONS.

Where was General Jackson educated? Where was he sent after he graduated? Where was he made military instructor? What was his first command in the Civil War? What Northern general did he twice defeat? Can you describe his brilliant successes? In what battle did he lose his life? By whom was he shot? Why did he receive the name of "Stonewall" Jackson? What were his traits of character? Where was he born and when did he die?

GENERAL PHIL SHERIDAN

THE DASHING CAVALRY COMMANDER.



GENERAL SHERIDAN, said Uncle Frank, was one of the bravest and most successful commanders we had during the Civil War.

Was it he, asked Elsie, that made the famous ride we have heard so much about?

The very man, replied Uncle Frank, and his story is a thrilling one. I must tell it to you.

While the Confederate General Lee was at Cold Harbor, in the summer of 1864, he detached General Early with 8,000 men with orders to attack the Federals in the Shenandoah Valley. General Early appeared close to Martinsburg on the 2d of July, and the Northern General Sigel left the place, losing some of his stores. Early continued to advance, and Sigel continued to retreat, until across the Potomac, when he took up a position on Maryland Heights.

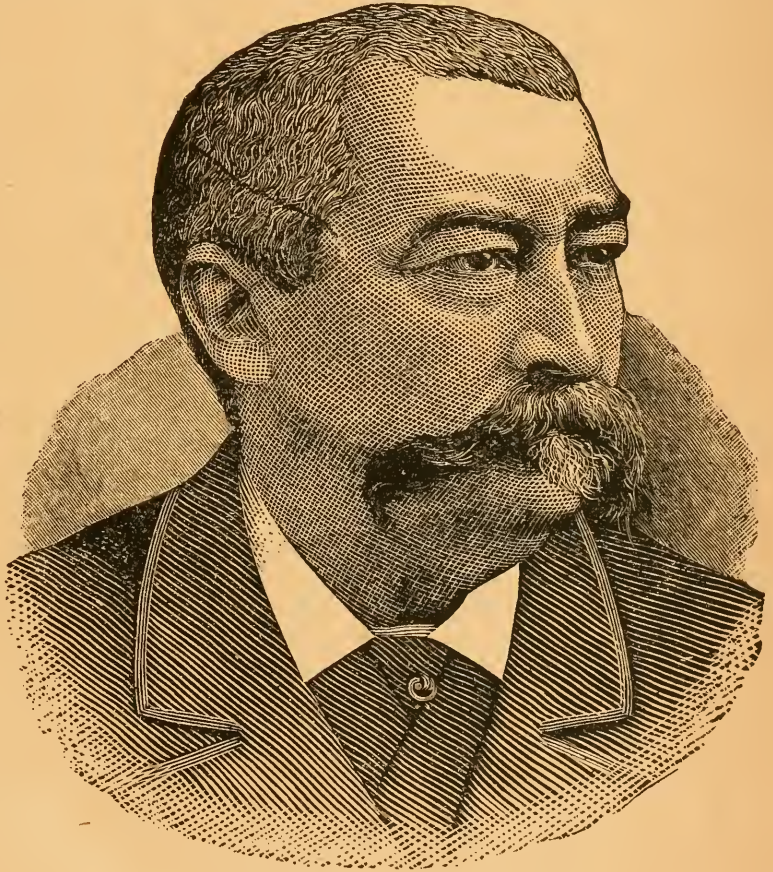
GREAT ALARM IN WASHINGTON.

Early now advanced into Maryland, opposite the heights on which Sigel had intrenched himself. Great alarm was felt in Washington when it became known that a Confederate force had once more invaded the North. In a short time, however, re-enforcements were sent to the endangered section, though scattered bodies of Confederates appeared here and there and laid waste many neighborhoods in revenge for the desolation Hunter had caused in the Shenandoah Valley.

President Lincoln called upon Pennsylvania, New York, and Massachusetts for militia with which to repel the invasion. The soldiers were quickly brought together and sent forward. They were not the kind with which to meet the Confederate veterans. So it was that when General Lew Wallace, their commander, was attacked on the 9th of July, at Monocacy Junction, he was routed. His ill-disciplined troops gave way and fled in a panic toward Baltimore, with the Confederate cavalry whooping and slashing at their heels.

By this time, as you may well suppose, Washington was in a state of consternation. Early attacked Rockville, only fourteen miles west of Washington, and Colonel Harry Gilmor, the famous Confederate cavalry leader, whose home was in Baltimore, cut the communications between that city and Philadelphia. He captured a railway train in which was General Franklin, who, having been wounded in the South, was on his way North for rest and a change of air. Gilmor's men were worn out by their hard riding, and did not keep close watch of the prisoners, who managed to get away.

Early was so elevated by his success, that he now galloped toward Washington before which he appeared on the 11th of July, and engaged the batteries of Fort Stevens. You can understand the alarm in the national capital, when in the dusk of evening they saw the flash of the Confederate guns and the cir-



GENERAL PHIL SHERIDAN.

cling of the horsemen from Lee's army. General Grant had been communicated with on the first alarm, and he sent a corps from before Petersburg. Reinforcements had reached Washington when Early began skirmishing before it, and they now sallied out under General Augur and attacked the Confederates with great spirit. The latter were speedily defeated and withdrew, leaving a hundred dead and wounded behind.

Early withdrew up the Potomac, crossing it at Edward's Ferry, and then passed through Snicker's Gap to the western side of the Shenandoah. Defeating General Wright, who had been sent in pursuit, Early established his head-quarters at Winchester and repelled an attack by Averill, who was forced to seek shelter at Harper's Ferry.

Early had had a taste of invasion, and he tried it again. Crossing the Potomac, on the 29th of July, a force of Confederates passed into Maryland and advanced to Chambersburg, Pennsylvania. At that place Gilmor's cavalry demanded 200,000 dollars in gold, which was not brought forth. The city was then set on fire. When, Averill, riding hard, reached the town, he found it burning, while the Confederate raiders, after some close escapes, reached the southern bank of the Potomac.

SHERIDAN SENT WITH A BIG ARMY.

These raids were so annoying to the national government that it was determined to put a stop to them. Grant being before Petersburg could not give the matter the personal attention necessary. The departments of western Virginia, Washington and the Susquehanna were united into one division and placed under the command of Sheridan, at whose disposal was a force of 40,000 men.

Early had only about 13,000 troops with which to hold his position at Winchester. You would think that under such circumstances the Federals had nothing to fear, but for a time Grant refused to allow any offensive movement on the part of Sheridan through dread of disaster. The commander-in-chief of the Union armies fully realized the critical state of the country and he felt that he could afford no more reverses. Finally, he told Sheridan that he might go ahead on condition that he would so desolate the Shenandoah Valley that there would be nothing left to invite invasion.

Early and Sheridan had been watching each other from opposite sides of the Opequan, a small stream that enters the Potomac west of the Shenandoah. Early, who was covering Winchester, sent a division toward Martinsburg so as to threaten the right of the Federal line. By doing so he exposed his own right to attack.

Sheridan at once crossed the stream and assailed Early. The latter immediately recalled the division sent away and a long and furious engagement followed. At first it was favorable to the Confederates, but a timely charge by Sheridan shattered the Southern battle line and the rout

was complete. Early's army became a wild mob of cavalry, infantry and artillery which scrambled headlong through Winchester with Sheridan's force driving them like so many terrified sheep. General Rhodes of the Confederate Army was killed and three other general officers wounded.

DROVE THE ENEMY LIKE A WHIRLWIND.

Five pieces of artillery, nine flags and 2,500 prisoners were taken. The Confederates had fought well and the losses on the part of their opponents were also severe. Having driven the enemy through Winchester, the Federals were too much exhausted to keep up the pursuit, and Early re-formed his shattered ranks and took position at Fisher's Hill near Strasburg.

Early felt secure in this place, but when attacked by Sheridan on the 21st of September he was routed with heavy loss and forced to retreat still further up the valley. Sheridan followed, sending his cavalry to Staunton, where they destroyed a railway bridge. About this time Early received a reinforcement of a division from Longstreet's corps, and he intrenched himself at Brown's Gap, in the Blue Ridge Mountains, where he was safe against any attack.

Sheridan now proceeded to carry out the orders of General Grant, to devastate the Shenandoah Valley to that extent that there would be nothing left to tempt invasion. How well he did the fearful task let him tell in his own words: "The whole country from the Blue Ridge to the North Mountain has been rendered untenable for a rebel army. I have destroyed over two thousand barns filled with wheat and hay and farming implements, over seventy mills filled with flour and wheat. I have driven in front of the army over four thousand head of stock, having killed and issued to the troops not less than three thousand sheep; a large number of horses have been obtained."

On the return of Sheridan down the valley, he was closely followed by a Confederate force. The latter made an attack and was repulsed. A more important engagement took place at Cedar Creek on the 19th or October. The Federals were intrenched on the north bank of that stream, which runs into the Shenandoah, when at daylight the Confederates made their attack with great fury. Most of the pickets were captured and the rest, roused from sleep, were driven in headlong confusion back toward Middletown. Early seized eighteen of the Federals guns and turned them on the fugitives. At last General Wright, the commander

of the Federals, succeeded in rallying them, and the flight was checked. At this time the Confederates were in the Federal camps, where the sight of food and drink was too tempting to be resisted. They stopped



SHERIDAN'S CAVALRY CHARGE AT CEDAR CREEK.

chasing the Federals and gave themselves up to feasting, and their enjoyment was such as only famishing men placed in a similar situation can appreciate.

Sheridan was not in this battle. Some time before, believing his army fully safe, he had gone to Washington to consult with the govern-

ment. He was on his return and had reached Winchester, twenty miles from the army, where he slept the night before the battle. Mounting his horse the next morning to continue his ride, he heard the boom of artillery. He knew at once that a battle was in progress, and spurred his horse to a swift gallop. In the course of an hour or two he began to meet stragglers. He reproved them in his well-known vigorous language, and spurred his horse to a dead run.

THEY TURNED AND FOLLOWED HIM TO VICTORY.

Many of the stragglers, feeling the magnetism of his example, turned about and followed him. He burst like a meteor among the men whom General Wright was trying to form into line and inspired them all with his own dashing heroism. He was cheered to the echo as he galloped down the line and assured them that they were going right back to retake the camps from the enemy.

He kept his word. Back to Cedar Creek he led his men and they swept every thing before them. Early's troops fled in the wildest panic, leaving their guns. Indeed so thoroughly were the Confederates routed and broken up that nothing more was done by them in the Shenandoah Valley during the war. That section had been cleared of them, and they caused no more anxiety to General Grant and the national authorities.

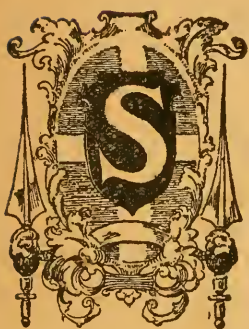
The exploit of Sheridan increased his fame throughout the country. I have no doubt you have read the poem of T. Buchanan Read, called "Sheridan's Ride," which is a description of the Union general's furious ride from Winchester "twenty miles away," to the rescue of his panic-stricken army.

QUESTIONS.

What Confederate general received orders to attack the Union forces in the Shenandoah Valley? How far north did General Early advance? What did President Lincoln do to resist the invasion? How did General Franklin and other Union prisoners make their escape? What did General Early next do? How many men did General Sheridan have under his command? Can you describe his attack upon General Early and its result? Can you describe Sheridan's destruction of property in the Shenandoah Valley? Where and when did Sheridan make his famous ride? What effect did his presence have upon his defeated troops?

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

THE FAMOUS ROUGH RIDER.



HALL I tell you of one of our most celebrated men this morning? said Uncle Frank as the young folks gathered about him.

Who is he? James asked. Have we ever heard of him?

You must have heard of Colonel Roosevelt, and his dashing regiment of Rough Riders that had so much said about them and their bravery at the battles of La Quasina and San Juan, said Uncle Frank.

When Roosevelt brought his regiment back after the war ended he was met at Montauk Point by hundreds of men whose admiration he had won by his heroism and self-sacrifice.

He greeted them as best he could, but all his thoughts were with the disembarking soldiers, whom he was so soon to bid farewell.

HE THOUGHT ONLY OF HIS MEN.

"You are being boomed for Governor of New York," his friends said to him. "You will surely win." He seemed scarcely to hear them.

"Good," he said, and then pointed to the men in the boats. "What do you think of the regiment?" he asked enthusiastically.

"There are campaign buttons already out with your picture on them."

"You must excuse me now," he said. "I must see that my men are comfortable. I will talk about other things later."

For to Theodore Roosevelt, the men who had fought under him at La Quasina and San Juan hill were more important, far more important, than the Governorship of the State of New York. However, he was made Governor of New York, and everybody felt that a strong man was at the head of affairs in the Empire State. Let me tell you what kind of a man he is. When Governor Roosevelt was surrounded by Congressmen and Senators who were urging him to accept the nomination for the Vice-

Presidency, "Buck" Taylor, one of the famous marksmen of the Rough Riders, sat down in the anteroom and wondered whether he would ever get a chance to shake hands with his old commander. And then, through the open doors, Governor Roosevelt saw the waiting man. His eyes lighted up in welcome, he pushed through the group of men surrounding him, elbowed a Congressman out of his way, dodged an anxious party leader, and advanced with outstretched hand to greet "Buck" Taylor. The Vice-Presidency could wait. A Rough Rider wanted to greet him.

WHAT HE DID FOR OUR NAVY.

The men who fought with him in Cuba scarcely knew him then, yet they followed him through shot and shell. They would follow him now through any danger you ever heard of. He was sent to the New York Legislature when quite young. Afterward he held several offices in New York City, and then President McKinley made him Assistant Secretary of the Navy. He was the same upright, fearless man in Washington he had been in New York. He demanded two appropriations, amounting to \$800,000, to be expended on shot and shell for practice shooting in the navy. There were loud outcries at this.

"What!" people exclaimed. "Give \$800,000 to be thrown away on nothing? What utter nonsense!"

Yet by the time the war with Spain broke out the men behind the American guns knew how to shoot. And, judging from the appearance of the Spanish ships after a battle (they seldom went through more than one), their shots went straight to the mark.

When Roosevelt resigned his position in the Navy Department and went out in the wilds of the West to make good his claim that cowboys and Indians could be gathered and drilled in thirty days into a magnificent fighting force people "pooh-poohed" the idea and advised him to give it up. In a month the Rough Riders were in the East, ready to take ship for Cuba.

When Roosevelt accepted the commission of lieutenant colonel and announced his intention of leading his regiment in person his political friends held up their hands in horror.

"Foolhardy!" they exclaimed. "You will get out of touch with politics. You will ruin yourself."

The wires became hot with the news of the glorious conduct of the Rough Riders. Fight after fight was reported and somehow or other

Theodore Roosevelt always seemed to be in the thick of it. When the fighting was over and his men were dying of fever and foul food their colonel overlooked military red-tape and exerted himself to the utmost to relieve them.

"Will he never learn common sense?" wailed his friends at home. "Now he is ruined beyond hope."

Yet when he walked down the gang plank at Montauk Point, New Yorkers were standing on the dock and could scarcely wait for him to land before handing him the Governorship.

As an athlete and a hunter Roosevelt has won great fame. What he calls the most thrilling moment of his life he describes in one of his books. It is an adventure with a grizzly bear.

BEAR TURNED ON HIM WITH FURY.

"I held true, aiming behind the shoulder," he writes, "my bullet shattered the point or lower end of his heart, taking out a big nick. Instantly the great bear turned with a harsh roar of fury and challenge, blowing the bloody foam from his mouth so that I saw the gleam of his white fangs; and then he charged straight at me, crashing and bounding through the laurel bushes, so that it was hard to aim.

"I waited until he came to a fallen tree, raking him, as he topped it, with a ball which shattered his chest and went through the cavity of his body, but he had neither swerved nor flinched, and at the moment I did not know that I had struck him. He came steadily on, and in another second was almost upon me. I fired for his forehead but my bullet went low, entering his open mouth, smashing his lower jaw and going into his neck.

"I leaped to one side, almost as I pulled the trigger; and through the hanging smoke the first thing I saw was his paw, as he made a vicious side blow at me. The rush of his charge carried him past. As he struck he lurched forward, leaving a pool of bright blood where his muzzle hit the ground; but he recovered himself and made two or three onwards, while I hurriedly jammed a couple of cartridges into the magazine, my rifle holding only four, all of which I had fired. Then he tried to pull up but as he did so his muscles seemed suddenly to give way, his head dropped and he rolled over and over like a shot rabbit. Each of my first three bullets had inflicted a mortal wound."

A Western trapper tells another story of a hunting adventure.

"You know Colonel Roosevelt is very near-sighted," he says, "and he carries more kinds of glasses than an Englishman; one pair to read with, one to shoot with, and another to walk with. When the bear charged us he had on his walking glasses; and when I told him that the beast was upon him he coolly took off these glasses, folded them up, and put them away in his pocket, took out and wiped his shooting glasses, and put them on as quietly and deliberately as if there was not a bear in the whole country.

"By the time he had got his glasses adjusted the bear was near, but he pulled up his gun and killed him in his tracks, and did not seem in the least bit excited."

Many good stories are told of Colonel Roosevelt's care of his precious eye-glasses. One of the Rough Riders tells this tale:

STORIES ABOUT ROOSEVELT'S EYE-GLASSES.

"Colonel Roosevelt had been in the habit of wearing nose-glasses with a black silk cord attached, but the arrangement was highly unsuited to a hunting trip, where the glasses themselves would be liable to fall off constantly and the cord to catch on twigs. So he put in their place very large, round spectacles with steel hooks for the ears, and had a dozen pairs mounted. These he stowed away in his clothing, trying to distribute them so no one accident would break them all. One pair was sewed in his blouse, another in his belt, another in his hat, two in his saddle-bags, and so on.

"At the fight at La Quasina his horse was barked by a bullet while being held by an orderly and plunged frantically against a tree. Colonel Roosevelt came rushing up, all anxiety, and began prying under the saddle flap.

" 'They haven't hurt the nag, sir,' said the orderly.

" 'I know,' replied the Colonel, with tears in his voice, 'but blast 'em, they've smashed my specs!'"

When Roosevelt first went and bought a ranch in the Bad Lands of Dakota, the cowboys tried to treat him as a New York dude, but that did not last long. After a man named De Mores had broken up a gang of horse thieves and desperadoes, and had left the country, some of the gang made attempts to continue their stealing. They were openly aided by the Sheriff.

Roosevelt called a meeting of all the ranchers nearby, summoned the

Sheriff, and, with his gun in his hand, called that official a liar and a horse thief. A tenderfoot (one not used to rough life) doesn't often get a chance to use such language twice, but the Sheriff had to take his medicine and resign.

On his own ranch, too, he showed the stuff from which he was made. He bought the most unmanageable cow ponies he could find in the country, and when his men grumbled at having to ride them, the "dude" picked out the worst horse of the lot and broke it. At one time he was thrown and four of his ribs were fractured, but he picked himself up, remounted and conquered the beast before dressing his injuries.

HE WAS THE MANLIEST OF THEM ALL.

His shooting, too, won the respect of the rough ranchmen. Roosevelt could not see ten yards in front of him without his glasses, and is a poor shot with a revolver, but give him a rifle and a long range shot and he can do some fancy work. Further than this, he won his men's admiration by putting on the gloves with the biggest and roughest cow-punchers on his ranch.

He has summed up his philosophy of life in his own words.

"If you could speak commandingly to the young men of our nation," he was asked on one occasion, "what would you say to them?" His reply was:

"I'd order them to work. I'd try to develop and work out an ideal of mine—the theory of the duty of the leisure class to the community. I have tried to do it by example, and it is what I have preached: first and foremost, to be American, heart and soul, and to go in with any person, heedless of anything but that person's qualifications.

"For myself, I'd work as quick beside Pat Dugan as with the last descendant of a patroon; it literally makes no difference to me so long as the work is good and the man is in earnest."

An incident illustrating Colonel Roosevelt's devotion to the men of his regiment was told by Trooper Burkholder, of the Rough Riders. Burkholder was all through the active campaign with the Rough Riders, and returned with them. He was away on furlough on account of a slight attack of swamp fever when the Rough Riders were mustered out, and thus missed, as he puts it, "an opportunity to say good-bye to the most gallant commander and the truest man that a soldier was ever privileged to fight under."



GENERAL GRANT AT BATTLE OF VICKSBURG.

"Only us few men who were with him," said Burkholder, "know how considerate he was of us at all times. There was one case in particular that illustrates this better than any I can recall. It happened after the fight at La Quasina. The men were tired with the hard march and the fighting, and hunger was gnawing at every stomach. Besides, we had our first men killed there, and, taking it all in all, we were in an ugly humor. The usual shouting, cracking of jokes, and snatches of song were missing, and everybody appeared to be in the dumps.

THE COLONEL'S FEAST OF BEEF STEW.

"Well, things hadn't improved a bit,—in fact, were getting worse along toward meal time, when the Colonel began to move about among the men, speaking encouragingly to each group. I guess he saw something was up, and no doubt he made up his mind then and there to improve at least the humor of the men. There's an old saying that a man can best be reached through his stomach, and I guess he believes in that maxim. Shortly afterward he saw the Colonel, his cook, and two of the troopers in Company I strike out along the narrow road toward the town, and we wondered what was up.

"It was probably an hour or so after this, and during a little resting spell in our work of clearing ground and making things a little camp-like, that the savory and almost forgotten odor of beef stew began to sweep through the clearing. Men who were working stopped short and began to sniff, and those who had stopped work for a breathing spell forgot to breathe for a second.

"Soon they joined in the sniffing, and I'll wager every one of us was sniffing as hard as he knew how. Oh, but didn't that smell fine! We weren't sure that it was for us, but we had a smell of it anyway. Quickly drooping spirits revived, and as the fumes of the boiling stew became stronger the humor of the men improved. We all jumped to our work with a will, and picks, shovels and axes were plied in a race-horse fashion, while the men would stop now and then to raise their heads and draw a long breath and exclaim: 'Wow! but that smells good.'

"We were finally summoned to feed, and then you can imagine our surprise. There was a big boiler and beside it a crowd of mess tent-men dishing out real beef stew! We could hardly believe our eyes, and I had to taste mine first to make sure it wasn't a dream. You should have seen the expressions on the faces of the men as they gulped down the stew,

and we all laughed when one New York man yelled out: 'And it's got real onions in it, too!'

"After we had loaded up we began to wonder where it all came from and then the two Troop I men told how the Colonel had purchased the potatoes and onions while his own cook secured the meat from Siboney.

"You probably won't believe it, but the bushel of potatoes cost Colonel Roosevelt almost \$60, and he had to pay thirty odd good American dollars to get the onions, but then he knew what his men wanted, and it was always his men first with him. There was a rush to his tent when we learned this, and if you ever heard the cheering I'm sure you wouldn't wonder why the Rough Riders all love their Colonel.

"I see," said Burkholder, "that in his address to the men at Camp Wikoff the Colonel told how he had to hurry at the San Juan Hill fight to save himself from being run over by the men. That's just like him to say that; but he probably forgets that more than half of the men never ran so fast before and never will again, as they had to run to keep up with him. If Colonel Roosevelt lived in Arizona we would give him any office he wanted without any election nonsense."

LED HIS MEN AND CHEERED THEM.

Mason Mitchell, an actor and a member of Troop K, was wounded at Santiago on July 1st, during the artillery fire just before the famous charge of San Juan Hill. He was lying down when a piece of shell struck him on the shoulder and ploughed its way around, following his ribs, lodging in his right breast.

"I was just about to rise," he said, "when the shell struck me. Pieces of it also struck two other men. It toppled me over and sent me sprawling down the hill until I rolled up against another Rough Rider, who had been a New York policeman. He also was wounded, and we lay there until another member of my troop named Van Schaick, also a New Yorker, came along. He wet his handkerchief from his canteen and bathed my wounds. After that I was picked up and taken to a field hospital and later transferred to Key West.

"Colonel Roosevelt displayed conspicuous courage. He was in sight all the time, cheering on his men, and constantly exposed to the Spanish fire."

A poet in Colorado wrote a poem on Roosevelt, said Uncle Frank, and I think it is good enough to read to you:

"TEDDY" THE ROUGH RIDER.

Now, doff your hats to Teddy, boys, for he's the proper man.
His life has been a triumph since its starting first began.
His pluck and spirit in the days he roamed upon the range
Have builded up a character no circumstance can change.

From a cowboy on the "round-up" to the Governor of his State,
We've always found a man in him that's strictly up to date.
As a daring "bronco buster," or a Colonel in command,
We'll greet him with McKinley with an open, hearty hand.

He served his country nobly, and fired his faithful boys
With patriotic valor, amid the cannon's noise,
And, as they to him were loyal, in battle's fierce array,
So will the voters prove to be upon election day.

Now doff your hats to Teddy, boys, the man with grit and nerve
In every office that he fills, the people will he serve.
Progression is his policy, no laggard in the race,
He'll lead us on to victory, whatever be the pace.

Mr. Roosevelt was born in the city of New York in 1858. He graduated at Harvard College in 1880. After holding a number of political offices, he fought through the Spanish War as leader of the Rough Riders in 1898 and in November of the same year was elected Governor of New York.

QUESTIONS.

Can you describe the scene when Mr. Roosevelt returned from Cuba with his regiment? What great office was immediately offered to him? How did he treat one of the Rough Riders who was waiting to see him? What office did he hold in Washington under McKinley? Why did he want a large sum of money appropriated for the use of the navy? What did he do when the Spanish war broke out? Can you describe his adventure with a grizzly bear? Can you narrate the story of a western traveller? What about Roosevelt's eye-glasses? How did he treat the sheriff on the western ranch? What is his advice to young men?

LIEUTENANT HOBSON

AND HIS DARING DEED.



LIEUTENANT HOBSON, said Uncle Frank, became a famous hero in one night. He performed a deed that was most daring, and risked his life and the lives of the brave fellows who went with him, in an effort to "bottle up" the Spanish fleet in the harbor of Santiago.

The Spanish fleet was inside the harbor, which had a very narrow entrance, and Admiral Sampson with his squadron was blockading the harbor; that is, he was trying to keep the Spanish ships shut in, or was ready to attack them if they came out.

TO SINK A BIG SHIP ACROSS THE MOUTH OF THE HARBOR.

Lieutenant Hobson, at that time assistant naval constructor on Admiral Sampson's flagship, proposed to sink the collier or coal ship Merrimac, a big vessel, right across the narrow mouth of the harbor and prevent the ships of the Spanish Admiral Cervera from escaping. The plan was approved by Admiral Sampson. Volunteers were called for to go with Hobson on the dangerous trip and whole cheering crews stepped forward for the hazardous adventure. About three hundred in the New York, one hundred and eighty in the Iowa and like proportions in the other vessels volunteered. Mr. Hobson picked three men from the New York and three from the Merrimac. Besides them one man went as a stowaway against orders.

The plan had been well thought out by Lieutenant Hobson, and every detail had been foreseen. Sitting in his cabin on the flagship just before leaving on his perilous trip, Hobson said:

"I shall go right into the harbor until about four hundred yards past the Estrella battery, which is behind Morro Castle. I do not think they can sink me before I reach somewhere near that point. The Merrimac has

seven thousand tons buoyancy, and I shall keep her full speed ahead. She can make about ten knots.

"When the narrowest part of the channel is reached I shall put her helm hard aport, stop the engines, drop the anchor, open the sea connections, touch off the torpedoes and leave the Merrimac a wreck, lying athwart the channel, which is not as broad as the Merrimac is long.

TORPEDOES TO MAKE QUICK WORK.

"There are ten 8-inch torpedoes below the water line on the Merrimac's port side. They are placed on her side against the bulkheads and vital spots, connected with each other by a wire under the ship's keel. Each torpedo contains eighty-two pounds of gunpowder. Each torpedo is also connected with the bridge, and they should do their work in a minute, and it will be quick work even if done in a minute and a quarter.

"On deck there will be four men and myself. In the engine room there will be two other men. This is the total crew and all of us will be in our underclothing, with revolvers and ammunition in the watertight packing strapped around our waists. Forward there will be a man on deck, and around his waist will be a line, the other end of the line being made fast to the bridge, where I will stand.

"By that man's side will be an axe. When I stop the engines I shall jerk this cord, and he will thus get the signal to cut the lashing which will be holding the forward anchor. He will then jump overboard and swim to the four-oared dingy which we shall tow astern. The dingy is full of life buoys, and is unsinkable. In it are rifles. It is to be held by two ropes, one made fast at her bow, and one at her stern. The first man to reach her will haul in the tow line, and pull the dingy out to starboard. The next to leave the ship are the rest of the crew. The quartermaster at the wheel will not leave until after having put it hard aport, and lashed it so, he will then jump overboard.

"Down below the man at the reversing gear will stop the engines, scramble on deck, and get over the side as quickly as possible.

"The man in the engine-room will break open the sea connections with a sledge hammer, and will follow his leader into the water. This last step insures the sinking of the Merrimac, whether the torpedoes work or not.

"By this time I calculate the six men will be in the dingy, and the Merrimac will have swung athwart the channel to the full length of her

three hundred yards of cable, which will have been paid out, before the anchors were cut loose.

"Then all that is left for me is to touch the button. I shall stand on the starboard side of the bridge. The explosion will throw the Merrimac on her starboard side. Nothing on this side of New York city will be able to raise her after that."

READY TO MEET DEATH.

"And you expect to come out of this alive?" asked a companion of Mr. Hobson. Mr. Hobson said:

"I suppose the Estrella battery will fire down on us a bit, but the ships will throw their searchlights in the gunners' faces, and they won't see much of us. Then, if we are torpedoed, we should even then be able to make the desired position in the channel. It won't be so easy to hit us, and I think the men should be able to swim to the dingy. I may jump before I am blown up. But I don't see that it makes much difference what I do. I have a fair chance of life either way. If our dingy gets shot to pieces we shall then try to swim for the beach right under Morro Castle."

Hobson has described his exploit and I will give it to you, said Uncle Frank, in his own language.

"It was about three o'clock in the morning when the Merrimac entered the narrow channel and steamed in under the guns of Morro Castle. The stillness of death prevailed. It was so dark that we could scarcely see the headland. We had planned to drop our starboard anchor at a certain point to the right of the channel, reverse our engines and then swing the Merrimac around, sinking her directly across the channel.

"This plan was adhered to, but circumstances rendered its execution impossible. When the Merrimac poked her nose into the channel our troubles commenced. The dead silence was broken by the wash of a small boat approaching us from the direction of the shore. I made her out to be a picket boat.

"She ran close up under the stern of the Merrimac and fired several shots from what seemed to be 3-pounder guns. The Merrimac's rudder was carried away by this fire. That is why the collier was not sunk across the channel.

"We did not discover the loss of the rudder until Murphy cast anchor. We then found that the Merrimac would not answer to the

helm, and were compelled to make the best of the situation. The run up the channel was very exciting. The picket boat had given the alarm, and in a moment the guns of the Vizcaya, the Almirante Oquendo and of the shore batteries were turned upon us.

"Mines and torpedoes under water also were exploded all about us, adding to the excitement. The mines did no damage, although we could hear rumbling and could feel the ship tremble. We were running with our lights, and only the darkness saved us from utter destruction. When the ship was in the desired position and we found that the rudder was gone I called the men on deck. While they were launching the catamaran, or raft, I touched off the explosives.

"At the same moment two torpedoes, fired by the Reina Mercedes, struck the Merrimack amidships. I cannot say whether our own explosives or the Spanish torpedoes did the work, but the Merrimac was lifted out of the water and almost rent asunder. As she settled down we scrambled overboard and cut away the catamaran. A great cheer went up from the forts and war ships as the hold of the collier foundered, the Spaniards thinking that the Merrimac was an American ship.

STRUGGLING FOR LIFE IN THE WATER.

"We attempted to get out of the harbor in the catamaran, but a strong tide was running, and daylight found us still struggling in the water. Then for the first time the Spaniards saw us, and a boat from the Reina Mercedes picked us up. It then was shortly after five o'clock in the morning, and we had been in the water more than an hour. We were taken aboard the Reina Mercedes and later were sent to Morro Castle. In Morro we were confined in cells in the inner side of the fortress, and were there the first day the fleet bombarded Morro. I could only hear the whistling of the shells and the noise they made when they struck, but I judged from the conversation of the guards that the shells did considerable damage.

"After this bombardment Mr. Ramsden, the British Consul, protested, and we were removed to the hospital. There I was separated from the other men in our crew, and could see them only by special permission. Montague and Kelly, two of my men, fell ill, suffering from malaria, and I was permitted to visit them twice. Mr. Ramsden was very kind to us, and demanded that Montague and Kelly be removed to better quarters in the hospital. This was done.

"As for myself, there is little to say. The Spanish were not disposed to do much for the comfort of any of the prisoners at first, but, after our army had taken some of their men as prisoners our treatment was better. Food was scarce in the city, and I was told that we fared better than the Spanish officers."

Hobson was asked, "Where were you when the torpedoes and mines exploded?"

"We were all aft," he said, "lying on the deck. Shells and bullets whistled around. Six-inch shells from the Vizcaya came tearing into the Merrimac, crashing into wood and iron and passing clear through, while the plunging shots from the fort broke through her decks.

NOT A MAN COULD MOVE.

"'Not a man must move,' I said; and it was only owing to the splendid discipline of the men that we all were not killed, as the shells rained over us and minutes became hours of suspense. The men's mouths grew parched, but we must lie there till daylight, I told them. Now and again one or the other of the men lying with his face glued to the deck and wondering whether the next shell would not come our way would say, 'Hadn't we better drop off now, sir?' but I said, 'Wait till daylight.' It would have been impossible to get the catamaran anywhere but on to the shore where the soldiers stood shooting, and I hoped that by daylight we might be recognized and saved. The grand old Merrimac kept sinking. I wanted to go forward and see the damage done there, where nearly all the fire was directed. One man said that if I rose it would draw all the fire on the rest, so I lay motionless.

"It was splendid the way those brave men behaved. The fire of the soldiers, the batteries and the Vizcaya was awful. When the water came up on the Merrimac's decks the catamaran floated amid the wreckage, but she was still made fast to the boom, and we caught hold of the edges and clung on, our heads only being above water.

"A Spanish launch came toward the Merrimac. We agreed to capture her and run. Just as she came close the Spaniards saw us, and half a dozen marines jumped up and pointed their rifles at our heads sticking out of the water.

"'Is there any officer in that boat to receive a surrender of prisoners of war?' I shouted. An old man leaned out under the awning and waved his hand. It was Admiral Cervera. The marines lowered their rifles,

and we were helped into the launch. Then we were put in cells in Morro Castle."

Hobson and his men were afterward exchanged for Spanish prisoners the Americans had captured, and they were accorded a wonderful welcome by the public wherever they went.

QUESTIONS.

Can you describe the mouth of Santiago harbor? What did Hobson propose to do to "bottle up" the Spanish fleet? How many men did he take with him? Can you describe the sinking of the Merrimac? How did Hobson and his men escape death? Where were they imprisoned? How did they gain their liberty? What was thought of Hobson's exploit?



NATHANIEL GREENE

WASHINGTON'S FAVORITE GENERAL.



UNCLE FRANK began his talk by quoting what Washington once said, which was, that if any accident should befall him so that he would be unable to lead the American army, the one general whom he would name to take his place would be Nathaniel Greene.

When the news of the battle of Lexington reached Warwick County, Rhode Island, he was a member of the Kentish Guards of Coventry, and with them he started at once for Boston, and when the Tory Governor ordered them back Greene was one of the four who, refusing to obey, mounted the first horses they could find and galloped on to Boston.

At this time he was the foremost man in Coventry, and general in his State militia. He had been expelled from the Society of Friends, or Quakers, into which he had been born, because he not only loved military life, but was also determined to fight against the armies of Great Britain.

He had begun life by working on his father's farm and at his iron forge, and after working long over-hours to earn money to buy books, he had sat up late at night to study them, until he had succeeded in getting

a pretty good education. His knowledge and good sense gained for him the respect of all the leading men in and about his town, and he had been a member of the Rhode Island Colonial Assembly for five years before the battle of Lexington was fought and the Kentish Guards started for the seat of war. The Assembly of Rhode Island soon after raised a force of sixteen hundred men, and Greene was by common consent appointed major-general. This was in May, 1775, and from that time until the army was disbanded at the close of the war in 1783.

The good effects of hard study in his earlier days now began to be



GENERAL NATHANIEL GREENE.

seen. He soon mastered military tactics, and drilled his raw troops so very well that two months later, when Washington took command of the Colonial forces, he pronounced the troops of Greene "the best disciplined in the whole army." Washington and Greene became fast friends from their first meeting. The great commander saw at once that he could place confidence in this young Rhode Islander, and he did.

But during the next battle—that of Long Island—Greene lay help-

less with an attack of fever, within sound of the firing but scarcely able to raise his head from the pillow. This was a greater trial than any he ever had on the field. He had made himself thoroughly familiar with all the points along the shore. He knew just where the most dangerous places were, and just where the strongest blows could be struck better than any one else, and now he must lie still and wait for the result. He actually cried when told of the Americans' defeat and the great havoc made in his own favorite regiment. Just as soon as he dared leave his bed, he mounted his horse and again took his command.

When Washington withdrew to White Plains he sent Greene to watch Staten Island, and a little later he was put in charge of the troops in New Jersey. When the brilliant dash at Trenton was made Greene was Washington's best man, and his assistance at Princeton had much to do with that victory.

While the army was encamped at Morristown, New Jersey, during the



"NOW PUT WATTS INTO THEM, BOYS."

second winter of the war, Greene was sent by Washington to Congress to set before it the condition of the army and the need of more troops, what dangers it would have to meet, and what was needed to prepare for them. Only a part of the needed assistance was gained, and the spring opened with poor prospects for the patriots.

In the battle of Brandywine, the first in the campaign of 1777, Greene distinguished himself during the retreat of the defeated Americans by his

coolness and firmness in holding the British back from their hot pursuit until the disordered ranks could reform. Finding a favorable spot in a narrow pass through a thicket, he made a stand and held the pass until nightfall.

It is said that if his advice had been taken, both the defeat at Brandywine and that at Germantown, immediately after, might have been avoided. He was asked to select places for the army each time, and chose strong ones where they could have held their ground against attack, but his advice was overruled by other generals, who were anxious to fight in the open field, and defeat was the result. When the army went into camp at Valley Forge, during the third winter of the war, Greene was made quartermaster-general.

The battle of Monmouth was their first engagement after breaking camp. It was here that Lee, disobeying Washington's order, began the retreat, which but for General Greene would have been carried out with great loss to the Americans. Greene promptly came up with his force, and, seeing that Lee's action prevented him from carrying out his own orders, he resolved to act quickly, without direction, and took a good stand where he could stop the course of the enemy, which was moving upon Washington's troops in great force. In this he drew a large part of them away from their attack on Washington toward himself, but his men met their furious charge with the same steady nerves and cool determination showed by their commander.

THE CHAPLAIN HURRIES TO GET WADDING.

At one stage of the battle the wadding of the men gave out, and Caldwell, chaplain of one of the regiments, mounting his horse, galloped to the Presbyterian church, and returned with an armful of Dr. Watts' hymn books, which he distributed among the troops, with the pious injunction, "Now put Watts into them, boys!"

The Americans held their ground and poured volley after volley into the British ranks until they were glad to draw back. That night the Americans slept upon the ground with their arms at their sides as they had fought; the next morning, when the daylight appeared, the British were nowhere to be seen.

Greene's next active service was at Newport, where he was sent to assist Sullivan in an attack upon the British. Here he again held his ground against the British regulars until they were forced to retire.

Then the American force marched to a place of safety before the British were ready to make another attack. This, too, was under very unfavorable circumstances, for there had been a disagreement between General Sullivan and the French commander, D'Estaing, and the Frenchman had left the Americans in such danger that they were very angry. Sullivan prepared a sharp letter to send to Congress, and Washington ordered Greene to go to Congress and try to make peace between Sullivan and D'Estaing.

Greene arrived on the same morning that Sullivan's letter came. In the gallery sat D'Estaing, the French Minister, and some other distinguished Frenchmen. As the Clerk was opening the letter, Greene, who sat near the President, hastily wrote to him on a slip of paper, "Don't let that letter be read until you have looked it over." The President whispered to the Clerk not to read it, other business came up, and the offensive letter was not read. If it had been, probably the French would have refused at once to help the Americans any more. A few words in time had saved to the nation its greatest ally, and Greene returned to camp.

HIS ENEMIES COULD NOT HARM HIM.

During the months that followed, very little fighting was done by any of the forces, and the idle hands found mischief, as they always do. Envy and jealousy broke out among the officers. Greene, as well as Washington, had some very active enemies. He was accused of using his office of quartermaster for his own profit. Congress took the matter up, and Greene was asked to give an account of all his property. He easily proved that these statements were false, but he deeply resented them and soon resigned the office of quartermaster. In less than six months his slanderers had reason to wish they had kept still and let his management alone.

In the early part of 1780 Washington left Greene to guard Springfield, New Jersey, while he moved north to protect West Point, which the British seemed to be threatening. As soon as Washington was well on his way the British suddenly turned and marched toward Springfield five thousand strong. Greene had but two brigades and a small body of militia—thirteen hundred in all. But he placed these in such good position, and roused them to such a firm spirit of resistance, that the British were obliged to return to Elizabethtown.

Then there came another period of rest. Washington went to Hart-

ford to consult with the French generals and left Greene to take charge of the army and to keep him informed of all that went on. With a way of learning about everything that went on at the British headquarters at New York, Greene soon discovered that something was going to happen. He wrote to Washington about it, but said that the success of the plan seemed to depend on keeping it a secret.

Two days later the secret was out. It was Benedict Arnold's plot to let the British into West Point. Andre was captured; Greene presided over the court that tried him and signed the death-warrant, although he would gladly have made the sentence lighter if he had thought it right.

RAW MILITIA, BUT GREAT FIGHTERS.

He was then put in charge of West Point. Soon after this the seat of war was changed to the South, and there Greene was sent before long to take the place of Gates, the victor of Saratoga, after his sorry defeat at Camden in the midsummer of 1780.

Greene found his command in a miserable condition. The term of most of the men had expired, so there was really no army and no supplies, and Congress was out of money with which to provide any of these. But gradually a small force, mostly raw militia, was collected, and with these Greene did some of the most brilliant fighting of the war. He gained no great victories—his forces were too weak for that—but by watchfulness and activity he turned even his defeats to good account; he took advantage of every mistake; he hung over all the enemy's movements, ready to strike an unexpected blow; he chased them here and there, and at last compelled them to leave the whole country—Georgia and the Carolinas—and to shut themselves up in Charleston.

The battle of Eutaw Springs, from which the retreat into Charleston was made, was one of the severest battles of the whole war. It was hard to say which side gained the victory; the British claimed it, but they were glad to leave the field as soon as possible after it was over. They retreated to Charleston, and at last their power in the South was broken. Thus, "by sheer caution, activity, and perseverance, and without winning a single victory, Greene had almost cleared the South of the enemy."

The surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, which occurred about two months after this, brought an end to the war in the North, but there was still trouble in the South. For more than a year longer Greene was obliged to be constantly on the watch for sallies from the British garri-

sons; his own army was in the greatest distress much of the time; they had no food and were forbidden by the Legislature of South Carolina to supply themselves by foraging; they had hardly rags enough to cover them; sickness broke out and finally mutiny. A second act of treason was found out just in time to save the loyal soldiers from a combined attack by the British and the rebelling Americans.

Finally, the Southern Army saw the last of the English Army depart from Charleston. It entered the city amidst great rejoicing, while the praises of General Greene resounded through the country and even across the Atlantic. As a soldier and a man, he is ranked above every other officer in the Revolution, excepting the great Commander-in-Chief. But there was still another long delay before the needy army was disbanded and Greene was free to return to his home. Even then it was not to settle down to the comfort that he had justly earned.

HONORS CONFERRED ON GREENE.

When the Legislatures of Georgia and the Carolinas first met, after the battle of Eutaw Springs had made it safe for them to do so, they showed how much they valued General Greene's services by voting him large sums of money and lands. These he had pledged to secure food and clothing for his army, but the greater part was swept away by the false-dealing of one in whom he had trusted. With the little that was left he settled with his family in Georgia in the spring of 1785. The next year, while walking out in the rice-field, he had a sun-stroke which caused his death within a week.

Nathaniel Greene was born in Warwick, Rhode Island, May 27, 1742. He died on his estates near Savannah, Georgia, June 19, 1786.

QUESTIONS.

Who was Washington's favorite General? What did Greene do when ordered back from Boston by the Tory governor? Can you describe Greene's operations in New Jersey? Can you describe Greene at the battle of Brandywine? What did Chaplain Caldwell do to furnish the American soldiers with wadding? What did Greene do with the letter written by Sullivan to Congress? Why did Greene have enemies? Can you describe Greene's successes in the South? What rank did Greene take as a General? When and how did his death occur?

CARPENTERS' HALL

AND THE CONTINENTAL CONGRESS.



HERE is a famous old building in Philadelphia, said Uncle Frank, that I would like to tell you about. To me it is a most interesting place.

What building is it? Elsie asked. You have already told us about Old Independence Hall.

This building, said Uncle Frank, is Carpenters' Hall. It is one of the most interesting of the many historic structures in Philadelphia, for here the first Continental Congress was assembled in 1774, that body which Lord Chatham is said to have characterized as "The most honorable assembly of men that had ever been known."

COMPANY FORMED TO HELP THE POOR.

The First House Carpenters' Company in the city was formed in 1724, for obtaining instructions in architecture and assisting widows and children of poor members. In 1752 another Carpenters' Company joined it, and in 1768 a lot, 66 by 255 feet, was purchased on Chestnut street, below Fourth, for an annual ground rent of 176 Spanish dollars. The hall was built at the extreme rear of the lot, and subsequently a part of the Chestnut street front was sold, leaving only a small alley for entrance.

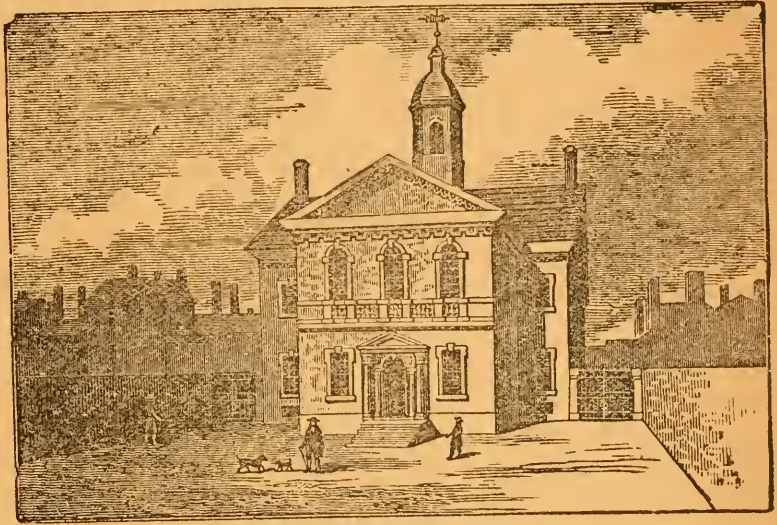
Although the Hall was begun in 1770, the lack of funds prevented its completion until 1791. However, enough of the building was erected in 1771 for the Carpenters' Company to be enabled to meet there.

A conference of committees from all parts of the Province of Pennsylvania met in Carpenters' Hall July 15, 1774, and passed resolutions asserting the rights of the colonies, condemning the conduct of Parliament and recommended that delegates to Congress be appointed. The same year the First Provincial Assembly and the First Continental Congress met there.

On September 5, 1774, the delegates from eleven Provinces, who had been summoned to take defensive measures, arrived in the city, and assem-

bled, for want of a better place, at the Old City Tavern, then on Second street, above Walnut. While the delegates were there word was brought that the use of Carpenters' Hall had been offered by the company, and the Congress approved the offer and adjourned to the then new hall. Here the Continental Congress remained until October 26, when, the State House being put at their disposal, they finished their memorable first session in the larger building, where liberty was yet to be cradled.

In the First Continental Congress were some of the greatest men in the country, men whose names are foremost in our history as a nation, and men worthy of all the praise Lord Chatham bestowed upon them. Among them were Washington, Patrick Henry, Richard Henry Lee and Peyton Randolph, of



CARPENTERS' HALL, PHILADELPHIA.

Virginia; Mifflin, Ross and Dickinson, of Pennsylvania; the two Adamses, from Massachusetts, and Charles Thomson, who was Secretary. The Congress assembled in the first story of the hall, and there the Rev. Dr. Duche offered his celebrated prayer and read the collect of the day, the XXXVth Psalm, which latter seemed so appropriate.

The Philadelphia Library occupied the second floor of the building from 1775 until 1791, when it removed to its new building on Fifth street, and during the Revolution the library was used as a hospital for soldiers. During the British occupancy of the city, in 1777, the soldiers used the building, as they did all public edifices in Philadelphia.

In 1827 a Hicksite Society of Friends used the Hall as a meeting house, and then for many years the first floor was an auction room. The Carpenters' Company resumed possession of their old building in 1857, restoring it, so far as possible, to its original appearance, and since then

it has remained in the society's possession, and used only as a historic museum, second only to Independence Hall.

During the occupancy of the building the Pennsylvania Bank was robbed, in 1798, of \$162,821.61, and the case has remained as one of the celebrated affairs in the city's romances of crime. Pat Lyon, a well-known blacksmith and famous maker of fire engines in those days, was employed to make two doors for a vault of the bank. When the money was discovered to be missing Lyon was promptly arrested. The only evidence against him was that he was widely known as a skilled mechanic. He was imprisoned in the Walnut Street Jail, where yellow fever victims were claimed daily.

PROVED TO BE INNOCENT.

Although protesting his innocence and giving a straightforward account of himself for every hour of the day when the robbery occurred, he was held in \$150,000 bail, in default of which he languished in a fever-ridden jail. The real robbers, a bank porter and a carpenter, subsequently confessed, and Lyon was released. He brought suit and got judgment for \$12,000. A new trial was granted in 1807, and he was awarded \$9,000 nearly nine years after his arrest.

QUESTIONS.

Where did the first Continental Congress meet in Philadelphia? What year was that? Can you describe the location of Carpenters' Hall? Who were some of the great men of the country that attended this Congress? Who made the opening prayer? What Psalm did he read? When was the building occupied by the British? Can you describe the robbery of the Pennsylvania Bank when it occupied this building?

LIFE-SAVING MEN

THE HEROES OF THE SEA.



LL the men in our country who wear medals, said Uncle Frank, do not belong to the army and navy, and all the bravery of American manhood was not confined to our war with Spain and the Filipinos.

As the firemen are heroes, so are the life-savers. Theirs is the more fearful work, for there is none to look on and encourage. The cries of friends in the live streets below are not there for encouragement to noble deeds, the wail of humanity giving strength to bravery is not theirs. They fight alone, in the cold, usually in the dark. They leave every foothold of defense and dare an enemy who has no mercy, an enemy whose weapons are winds and waves.

THEY FACE DANGER TO SAVE THE SHIPWRECKED.

Theirs is not the bravery which lasts the hour out, and then goes home to luxury and applause. Year by year they face those giant seas, waiting that mocking cry of Death, which comes howling at them through the storm; until that wild laugh of power comes shrieking to them through the teeth of an icy gale.

They know the task before them; they are not men who mock danger, who laugh and think heroism a cheap and easy thing. They launch their cockle shell out on those giant seas and know, every man of them, that chances are against them. As they work, their purse strings do not grow longer; they, like the firemen, receive a mere pittance compared with what they ought to receive, but they face danger and do great and glorious things because of the noble blood in them.

The United States has divided the sea coast and lake shores into twelve life-saving stations. Out of the dozen superintendents two have been drowned, one very nearly so and another sacrificed his life to the cold and exposure. Four deaths out of twelve persons is a heavy mortality.

So great did the splendid heroism of these men become by 1874 that

the United States authorized an award of medals for bravery. The first were awarded to two English crews for rescuing the crew of an American



GALLANT RESCUE BY A LIFE-GUARD.

ship, and Spain sent medals to a little band of men at Hog Island, Va., for saving the crew of the ship Albano at fearful risk.

Many of them along the New Jersey coast have medals, and right well have they deserved them. Christopher Ludlam, of Hereford Inlet, was decorated for running a boat out through a great gale and snowstorm to the rescue of a lime

schooner; she was stranded and afire, and there was no sane reason for one of that little body of rescuers ever coming back alive; but there was an insane risk and they took it and did come back, not only with themselves, but the men they went to get.

John C. Patterson and crew, of Shark River, have medals for work. As Patterson started to launch the surf boat a messenger ran to him with the news of a dying brother beseeching that he come to his deathbed.

Patterson stood a moment with his hand on the gunwale of the cockle shell; the crew stood respectfully silent; then the keeper threw back his head and said as simply as if superintending a pleasure jaunt, "shove her in."

Chadwick and his crew, on Mantoloking, have received medals for their great endurance, fighting for the life of every man on a pitching, sinking schooner, and Valentine and crew, of Monmouth Beach, modestly show their medals. Theirs was a glorious triumph. They saved the crews of two vessels, bringing every sailor to shore. The boats had to fight their way through pitching wreckage. Each man used his individual judgment and strength; it was a soul-stirring time and the work that each man did that day was sufficient to put down to the credit of an able-bodied man for a lifetime of endeavor.

The Thanksgiving game of the students at Northwestern University is one to be remembered in the annals of the history of the brave.

TERRIBLE STRUGGLE WITH THE STORM.

There is a station at Evanston, Ill., and every surfman outside the keeper is a student of the university. As some one expressed it: "It is the kind of college team that has the waves of Lake Michigan for a playground, human lives for a goal and the winds and waves for umpire."

The story of their great game is that early one morning word came to them of the going down of a steamer at Fort Sheridan, twelve miles away. They made their way to the beach with the lifeboat; the vessel was being pounded to pieces 1000 yards from shore. The gale was something fearful, the mercury was below 30 degrees, snow and sleet were blinding and choking eyes and throat.

The team had to take their boat down a ravine, a gorge that was in itself a fearful obstacle to their path. Soldiers came over from the fort and dug out footholds for them in the ice down the steep sides of this ravine.

Three times did the boat fill and four times did keeper and crew turn it over and start it off again. Out they went on the fourth trial, and they pulled with the strength of demons, or athletes. It was forced toward the wreck inch by inch; it was a hand to hand struggle with the elements. At last they reached the vessel, their clothing frozen stiff, their spirits boiling.

Six men were rescued on the first trip and back, and then back they

went until every life was saved. Crew and rescuers had to be rescued back to life when all was over, but there were hundreds of glad hearts and

loving hands to do it. They had won their great game, and besides the roaring huzzas of the great university came the seven gold medals from the United States Government.

Life saving men seem not to know what fear is. They never earn the term coward, no matter what duty is to be performed, no matter how well they know death waits for them at the other end of the line. They follow behind their red rocket's glare with the energy of the rocket; they go



SAVING THE CREW OF AN OCEAN WRECK.

out into space with a silent prayer that they may be returned to shore.

Jerome G. Kiah, superintendent of Sand Beach, Michigan, was one of the conspicuous figures in the service. He alone remained from a splendid crew, and it seemed that he, too, had better have been taken than

left, for his mind was wrecked for months. But, happily, mental powers were restored later. He has been given the Michigan post as another reward for bravery, beside the gold medal by his appreciative country.

He was then keeper of the station at Point Aux Barques, on Lake Huron. The vessel was out of line reach, and the keeper knew the hopelessness of a surf boat in that sea, but he ordered it out and took an oar. In the open lake the storm was not to be dealt with, no boat could live in it. Over and over went the surfboat, losing a man each time. Those who could cling on soon gave way through numbness. Kiah was by that time insensible. He never remembered how he kept his grip. When people found him he was supporting himself against the root of a tree on shore—a raving lunatic.

It is the custom of the life savers to make the attempt to reach a vessel regardless of how certainly they think they must be lost.

HE WENT TO SURE DEATH.

One poor keeper gave up on account of the frightful seas on the Cape Cod coast and was forced to know that whole year that a volunteer crew had succeeded in saving the wrecked vessel's crew. It wrecked his life, for the villagers mocked him, and then one awful night he went out in the howl of an inshore gale, behind the rocket's flare to the line where another rocket glared.

No human being could have lived in that sea, and he knew it. The villagers never laugh now at his memory.

That is all the fearful side of it—but the bright side is with the rescued and the statistics of lives and property saved.

So the life savers are not only "heroes of peace," but great property savers. No one who has ever lived on the coast can help that little shudder in the shriek of the gale as one fancies one hears the rattle of the lifeboat as she makes her way down to the surf, or restrain the quick prayer, not only for the crew of a distressed vessel, but for the little band of six men that seem to be always going out at some point on our great coasts—out into the blackness of a gale-swept ocean on a mission of which it has been said, "Greater love hath no man than this."

When Uncle Frank had finished his story, James said he had been much interested. Not more than we have, said Mabel, speaking for herself and Elsie.

I have a poem here, said Uncle Frank, written by Minnie Mackay that I would like to read to you.

THE LIFE BRIGADE.

Hark! 'mid the strife of waters
A shrill despairing cry,
As of some drowning sailor
In his last agony!
Another! and now are mingled
Heart-rendering shrieks for aid.
Lo! a sinking ship. What ho! arouse,
Arouse the Life Brigade!

They come with hurrying foot-steps;
No need for a second call;
They are broad awake and ready,
And willing one and all.
Not a hand among them trembles,
Each tread is firm and free,
Not one man's spirit falters
In the face of the awful sea.

Yet well may the bravest sailor
Shrink back appalled to-night
From that army of massive breakers
With their foam-crests gleaming white,
Those beautiful, terrible breakers,
Waiting to snatch their prey,
And bury yon hapless vessel
'Neath a monument of spray!

But rugged, and strong, and cheery
Dauntless and undismayed,
Are the weather-beaten heroes
Of the gallant Life Brigade.

"To the rescue!" shouts the leader,
Nor pauses for reply—

A plunge!—and the great waves bear him
Away to do or die!

The whole night long, unwearied,
They battle with wind and sea,
All ignorant and heedless
Of what their end may be.
They search the tattered rigging,
They climb the quivering mast,
And life after life is rescued
Till the frail ship sinks at last.

The thunderous clouds have vanished,
The rose-fingered morn awakes,
While over the breast of ocean
The shimmering sunlight breaks;
And the Life Brigade have finished
The work God gave them to do.
Their names are called. "Any missing?"
Mournful the answer—"Two!"

Two of the best and bravest
Have been dragged by the cruel waves
Down to the depths unmeasured,
'Mid thousands of sailor graves!
Two lives are given for many!
And the tears of sorrow shed,
Should be tears of joy and glory
For the grandeur of the dead!

QUESTIONS.

What can you say of the bravery of the life-guards? How many life-saving stations have we in the United States? Who are some of the men that have won medals? Can you describe the rescue made by students of the Northwestern University? What can you say of the hardships and sufferings of the life-guards? Can you tell the story of the superintendent of Sand Beach, Michigan? Can you repeat any part of the poem entitled the Life Brigade?

GEN. JOHN C. FREMONT

THE GREAT PATH-FINDER.



HAT a big country ours is, said James. I was reading what a large part of it lies West of the Mississippi River.

I must tell you something about the discovery of this immense territory, said Uncle Frank, and in order to do that I must tell you the thrilling story of General Fremont.

He was a remarkably bright boy, and at the age of fifteen entered Charleston College, South Carolina.

For two or three years after leaving college he was a teacher of mathematics on some of our naval schoolships.

HE MARRIES JESSIE BENTON.

The interest in opening up the country and building railroads had grown very fast, and Fremont decided to leave the sea and become a Government surveyor and civil engineer. He helped to lay out the railroad routes through the mountain passes of North Carolina and Tennessee, and after that he was one of a party that explored some of the then unknown sections of Missouri. Before this latter work was finished he was promoted to the rank of second lieutenant of the map-making or topographical engineers; and three years later, when he was twenty-eight years old, he had an unlooked-for appointment from the Government to explore and survey the Des Moines River.

Mr. Fremont was deeply in love just then with young Miss Jessie Benton, a daughter of a United States Senator from Missouri. Her parents were much opposed to having her marry a Government officer; so it was with a heavy heart that the young man set out for the frontier wilderness of Iowa, and the land of the Sacs and Fox Indians along the Des Moines banks; but he did his work well, and when he returned in the fall the Bentons agreed that since he was in every way worthy as a man they would forgive his being an officer and consent to the marriage.

This happy event was of importance to more people than themselves alone; for by her energy and powers of mind Mrs. Fremont was not only a direct help to her husband in carrying out the most important explorations ever made under the United States Government, but she cheered and encouraged him to keep up heart and push on through many years of work and hardship, often clouded by injustice and disappointment.

FROM MISSOURI RIVER TO THE PACIFIC OCEAN.

The expedition to the Des Moines settled the purpose of Mr. Fremont's life. He then learned enough of the great Western country to know that the Government and the citizens who were gathered along the Atlantic seaboard really knew almost nothing of the truth about the uninhabited portions of their land; that the extravagant tales which had been told by adventurous traders and travellers were mostly false; that probably a great portion of the country could be used for farm lands and manufacturing towns; and that railway routes could probably be laid across the whole continent.

Filled with a desire to open up these treasures of knowledge, he applied to the War Department for permission to survey the whole of the territory lying between the Missouri River and the Pacific Ocean. The request was granted and means provided for an expedition to be fitted out, especially to find a good route from the Eastern States to California, and to examine and survey the South Pass of the Rocky Mountains—the great crossing-place for emigrants on the way to Oregon. It was his own wish to have this order, for he knew—though he did not then say so—that if the Government had this particular section explored and surveyed it would fix a point in the emigrants' travel and also show an encouraging interest in their enterprise.

On the 2d of May, with his instructions and part of his supplies, Lieutenant Fremont left Washington for St. Louis, which was then a good-sized town on the border-land of the Western wilderness. There he collected his party and finished fitting out the expedition. About twenty men joined him—mostly Creoles and Canadians who had been employed as traders for fur companies and who were used to the Indians and all the hardships of the rough life they should have to lead.

Besides these men, he had a well-known hunter, named Maxwell, for their guide, and the celebrated mountaineer, Christopher Carson—or Kit Carson, as he was usually called—who was both bold and cautious, and

knew more about the West than almost any hunter in the country. This was the little band that, armed and mounted, set out with their gallant leader on his first great exploring expedition.

They found him a man full of determination and self-reliance, having skill and patience and many resources, and who grew stronger in his purpose when perils and discouragements lay in his path. His men were well chosen, spirited, and adventurous, while most of them were also hardy and experienced.

Most of the party rode on horseback, but some drove the mule carts that carried the baggage, instruments, and what food it was thought necessary to take along. Tied to the carts were a few loose horses and some oxen to be killed on the way for fresh meat.

PUSHED ON INTO THE WILD COUNTRY.

After they had crossed Missouri and reached Chouteau's Landing—where Kansas City now stands—they felt that their journey was really begun. Starting here at the mouth of the Kansas, they followed its winding course across the northeastern corner of Kansas State, and pushed on into Nebraska until they reached the barren banks of the Platte. Then they followed that stream, taking the direction of the Southern fork, when they reached the division, and following where it led almost to Long's Peak.

Then they changed their line of march, and keeping near the banks of the Northern fork, pushed on to Fort Laramie. This was reached in safety in the middle of July, the travellers having had only one great buffalo fight and one encounter with the Arapahoe Indians in the course of their journey. The meeting with the Indians turned out a friendly one, though it would not have been so but for Maxwell, who had traded with the tribe, and knowing the warriors, shouted to the leader in the Arapahoe language just in time to prevent a fray. The chief was riding on furiously, but at the sound of words in his own speech from the white men, he wheeled his horse round, recognized Maxwell, and gave his hand to Fremont in a friendly salute.

At Fort Laramie reports were heard of trouble among the Indians and white people between the Platte and the Rocky Mountains, and the explorers were told that their lives would be in danger if they went any further west until matters were quiet again. But Fremont and his men thought that probably the stories were exaggerated, and resolved not to

be daunted by them. So, after a few days of rest, they got ready to start out. Just as they were about to depart, four friendly chiefs appeared with a letter, warning Fremont of danger from bands of young warriors if he went further.

He received their warning very respectfully, as well as thanking them for their kindness, and also made a pretty little speech in answer to theirs: "When you told us that your young men would kill us," he said, "you did not know that our hearts were strong and you did not see the rifles which my young men carry in their hands. We are few, and you are many and may kill

us, but there will be much crying in your villages, for many of your young men will stay behind, and forget to return with your warriors from the mountains. Do you think that our great chief"—meaning the Presi-



INDIANS SURPRISED AND DEFEATED.

dent—"will let his soldiers die and forget to cover their graves? Before the snows melt again, his warriors will sweep away your villages as the fire does the prairie in the autumn. See! I have pulled down my white houses, and my people are ready; when the sun is ten paces higher we shall be on the march. If you have anything to tell us you will say it soon."

The chiefs were not expecting such words in reply, but they liked the bold spirit of the white man from the East, and what they soon had to say was that they would send one of their young warriors to guide the party. It was a little favor of only one man, but it was everything to the explorers, for—as both they and the Indians knew—his presence in the party was sure protection for them against all the savages they might meet. Fremont heartily accepted the courtesy, and at evening the company set out for the distant region of the Rockies.

LIKELY TO DIE FROM STARVATION.

Now their real difficulties began. Soon they entered a most desolate country, where, the interpreter assured them, they were likely to die of starvation if they went very far. They had only food enough left to last for ten days, and the gallant leader called his men together and told them that he intended to push on, but that all who wished to had his permission to turn back. "Not a man," he says, "flinched from his undertaking." One or two, who were not very strong, he sent back to the nearest fort, but the rest kept close to him till their aim was reached. "When our food is gone, we'll eat the mules," said one of them.

The most difficult part of the whole expedition was now ahead of them, and it was necessary to go as lightly weighted as possible; so they hid all the luggage they could spare in the bushes or buried it in the billows of sand that were banked up near the Wind River. Then they carefully removed all traces of what they had done so the Indians would not discover their stores and steal them. A few days' march brought them to the water-shed of the Pacific and Mississippi slopes, and then to the object of their search—the great, beautiful South Pass.

Instead of the rocky heights they had expected, they saw a gently rising sandy plain stretched beyond the gorge, and the much-dreaded crossing of the Rockies was an easy matter. Entering the Pass and going up into the mountains, they found the sources of many of the great rivers that flow to the Pacific. Further on, they discovered a beautiful

ravine, beyond which lay the fair water called Mountain Lake—"set like a gem in the mountains," and feeding one of the branches of the Colorado River.

The expedition had now fulfilled its orders from the Government, but the leader did not give the word to return until he had gone up the lofty height of Wind River Peak—now known as Fremont's Peak—that stands in majestic grandeur near the Pass. The summit was reached after a most difficult climb, and Fremont himself was the first white man to stand on its narrow crest and to look out upon the country from the highest point in the Rocky Mountains.

On one side lay numberless lakes and streams, giving their waters into the Colorado, which sweeps them on to the Gulf of California; in the other direction he saw the lovely valley of the Wind River, the romantic home from which the Yellowstone carries its waters to the Missouri, away to the east; in the north he saw the snow-capped summits of the Trois Tetons, where the Missouri and the Columbia rise, and the lower peaks that guard the secret of the Nebraska's birth.

GRANDEUR OF AMERICAN SCENERY.

Between, beyond, and all around were lesser peaks, gorges, rugged cliffs, and great walls of mountain rock broken into a thousand bold, fantastic figures, and standing up in weird and striking grandeur. A thousand feet below him, steep, shining ice-precipices towered above fields of snow gleaming spotless white. "We stood," said Fremont, "where human foot had never stood before and felt the thrill of first explorers."

When the travellers were again at the base of the peak and all their explorations and discoveries had been carefully noted, and their specimens of rock, plants, and flowers gathered together, they turned their faces homeward. They found their hidden stores, made up their train once more, found the camp of the men who had remained behind, and, glad with their success, took up the eastward march.

A full report of the expedition was soon sent to Congress, and in a short time Fremont's discoveries became a subject of great interest in both Europe and America. From Fremont's Peak he had brought some of the flowers that he found growing beside his path, a bee that had flown up to them soon after they reached the summit, the rocks that formed the peak, and the rugged shelving mountain above which it reared its icy, snow-capped head. Over the whole course of his extended trip, he

obtained the height both of plains and mountains, latitude and longitude; he reported the face of the country, whether it was fertile or barren, whether travelling over it was easy or difficult, and the practicability of certain routes for public highways.

The grand features of nature were clearly described in fitting language, and in some cases he illustrated them by drawings. Military positions were pointed out, and in all other ways a thorough examination and survey was made of a vast portion of the national possessions which up to this time had been unused, unknown, and unappreciated.

GENERAL FREMONT STARTS ON ANOTHER JOURNEY.

Europe and America praised the manner in which the expedition had been managed, and the Government, well pleased with the wonderful results he had obtained, appointed Lieutenant Fremont to set out on another journey at once and to complete the survey between the State of Missouri and the tide-water regions of the Columbia River.

This was just what he wanted to do. A trip to the top of Wind River Peak and back had but revealed to him what vast secrets of the Western country there were yet to be discovered, and he lost no time in getting ready to return. With some of his old companions and several new ones, he soon made up a band of about forty men, who left Kansas with him just one year after the first expedition had started. The route this time lay in a northwesterly direction—before it had been almost due west.

In four months they travelled over seventeen hundred miles, reaching the Great Salt Lake early in the autumn, and before winter began they had found the Columbia and followed it to its mouth. The same careful observations and surveys were taken along the route of this journey as had made the other so valuable, especially in the region of the Great Salt Lake, about which no true accounts had ever been given before.

Although Fremont had fulfilled the orders of the Government when he reached the mouth of the Columbia, this was really but a small part of what he intended to do upon this expedition. The vast region beyond the Rocky Mountains—the whole western slope of our continent—was but little known then in any way, and not at all with accurate, scientific knowledge. This, Fremont longed to go through and explore. At first he intended to begin doing so by returning home through the Great Basin—now Utah—between the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevada; but he

took another direction finally—a route through almost an unknown region between the Columbia and Colorado—that led them further west, showed them California, and resulted at a later time in securing to the United States that rich country, which was then owned by Mexico.

The cold winter came on almost before they had started, and they had not gone far before they found themselves in a desert of snow where there was nothing for either men or horses to eat, while between them and the fertile valleys of California was the rugged, snow-covered range of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. They tried to get some of the Indians to show them the way over this great barrier; but the savages declared that it could not be crossed—no human being had ever crossed it, and no guide would consent to go with them for any amount of money. But they said there was an opening further south, and gave Fremont some directions as to where it might be found. So the party took the risk of guiding themselves and kept on in their cold and desolate march. When they reached the pass it was only to see toward the west a still greater range before them. It was plain that they would get lost if they attempted to push on alone, and they had gone too far now to turn back. At last they found a young Indian who for a very large present would undertake to guide them.

On the 1st of February they started out, and after a terrible journey of forty days they reached the Sacramento River, and a comfortable resting-place at Sutter's Fort, the place where gold was found four years later. Half of their horses had perished, and the men were so weak and thin that it was two months before they were able to go on again.

THE EXPEDITION RETURNS HOME.

Fremont did not attempt to go any further into California; but when spring opened and the men were well enough to travel, gave the word for home. They crossed the Sierra Nevada, and making their route as nearly due east as possible, they passed by the Great Salt Lake, crossed the Rocky Mountains through the South Pass, halted at several places they had become acquainted with before, and reached the Kansas country in July. There the ground was known to them, and the rest of the journey was quite smoothly and quickly made.

By midsummer Fremont had reported himself to the Government and was once more with his family. He learned then that a letter of recall had been sent to him after he started; but that his wife held it

back, seeing that it was upon some false charges made by his enemies at Washington. So he had really made this journey as a fugitive, but Mrs. Fremont's act was approved when her husband returned with a name that went over Europe and America for the great and valuable discoveries he had made in the northwest territory and the terrible hardships he had endured to make the expedition successful.

FREMONT'S LOG FORT ON HAWK'S PEAK.

In spite of the efforts that were made against him by some political opponents, Congress accepted his labors, gave him another appointment, and when he again went out—which was as soon as his reports were finished—it was with the rank and title of captain in the United States Engineers. His object this time was to find out more about the Salt Lake and other portions of the Great Basin, and to explore the coasts of California and Oregon. After several months of discovery and careful surveys of the streams and watersheds between, he again crossed the Sierra Nevada in midwinter and went down into the rich and beautiful country lining the Pacific shore.

This territory was then held by the Mexicans, and while he left his men at San Joaquin to rest, Fremont himself went on to Monterey, the capital, to ask of Governor Castro permission to explore his country. The request was granted at first, but as news of the war between the United States and Mexico arrived just then, the permission was recalled with orders that the travellers leave the country at once. But this the dauntless captain did not intend to do, so he built a rude fort of logs in a strong position on the Hawk's Peak Mountain, about thirty miles from Monterey, and with his sixty-two men waited for an attack from the Mexican forces, which under General Castro encamped themselves in the plain below.

They watched him for four days and then, deciding not to fight, allowed him to go on his way through the Sacramento Valley to Oregon. Before he had gone very far, he was met by a party that had been sent out to find him, with orders from the United States to act for his nation in case Mexico should form a treaty with England to pass California into the hands of Great Britain.

General Castro soon threatened to attack the Americans settled along the Sacramento, but before he had time to do so, Captain Fremont marched rapidly to their rescue collecting them in his band as he went

along, so that by the month of July the whole of northern California had passed out of the hands of the Mexicans and into those of the United States, and Fremont, the conqueror, was made governor of the land and raised to the rank of lieutenant-colonel in the army.

Meanwhile the Government had resolved to make a sweeping conquest of the rest of the territory, if possible, and have our possessions extend from ocean to ocean. Commodore Sloat, who commanded the United States squadron of the Pacific, seized Monterey, where Fremont soon joined him with a hundred and sixty mounted riflemen; and at about the same time there arrived Commodore Stockton of the navy with orders from Congress to conquer California. The Mexicans still held the southern portion of the territory, but the towns of San Francisco, Monterey, and Los Angeles were all taken without much resistance, and at the end of six months Upper California was surrendered to the United States.

When this was about completed General Kearney arrived with a force of dragoons, and disputed Commodore Stockton's right to be military governor of the territory. A quarrel arose, in which Fremont took the side of the commodore, who had made him major of the California battalion, and civil governor of the country; but when the matter was carried to Washington and settled by the Government in favor of Kearney, he recognized his position and obeyed his orders. But the general would not forgive his former allegiance to Commodore Stockton, and arrested him and made him return to Washington with his own men by the overland route, treating him very disrespectfully all the way.

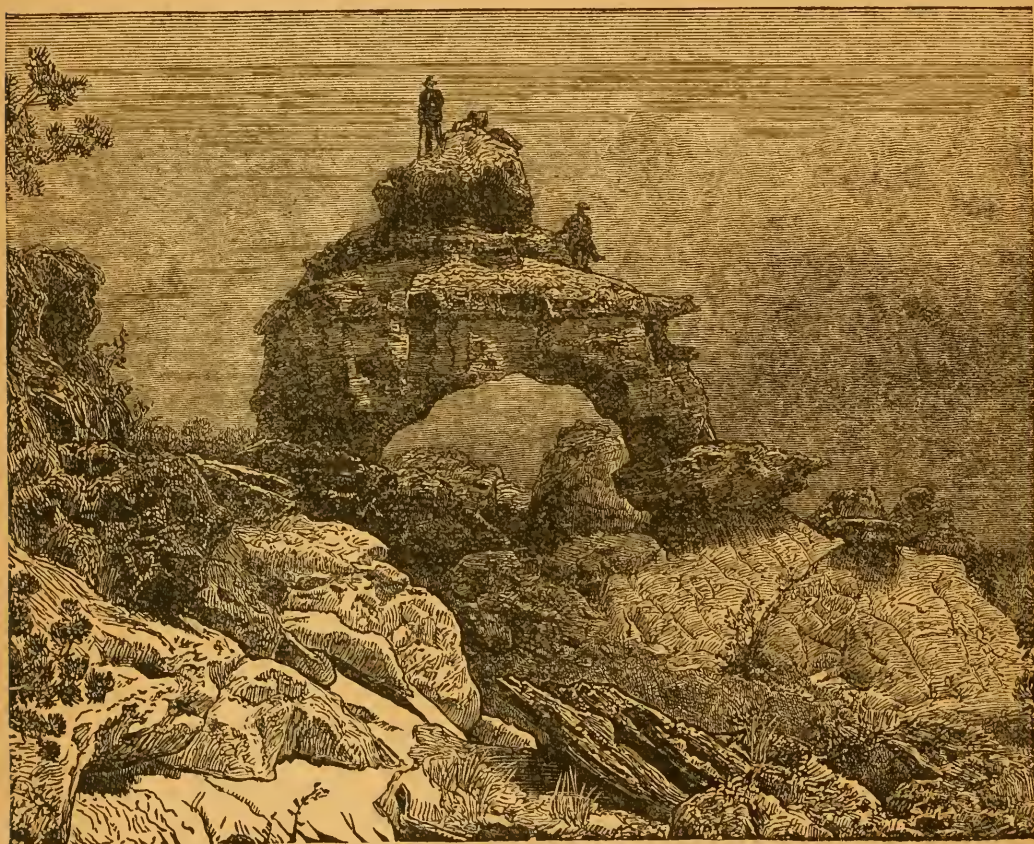
WOULD NOT ACCEPT OFFERED PARDON.

"My charges," said Fremont, "are of misconduct, military, civil, political, and moral, and such that, if true, would make me unfit to be anywhere outside of prison." He demanded a trial by court-martial, which might have cleared him if he had taken pains to get evidence upon his innocence; but as he did not, he was pronounced guilty of mutiny and disobedience and ordered to leave the Government service.

But the court requested President Polk not to confirm their verdict; he did not, and granted Fremont a pardon, with permission to keep his position in the army. This he would not accept; he refused to receive as a favor that to which he had a right, or to go about as an officer pardoned of offenses he had never committed. So he resigned his commission, and at the age of thirty-five became a private citizen.

Although he was still a young man, it seemed to him, for a time, that he had nothing to look forward to in life; but he soon made up his mind to undertake another exploring expedition. This had to be on his own responsibility and at his own expense; but he soon succeeded in getting a party together and fitting it out.

He was doubly anxious now to find some good routes from the States



THE "LAVA BEDS IN THE NORTH-WEST.

to the new possessions on the Pacific, for in February of this year—1848—gold had been found on the Sacramento River, and many people were already starting out to dig for the precious ore. So far there was no direct route to California. A long and dangerous journey across Kansas, Colorado, Utah, and Nevada, and through the Rockies and Sierras could be made by land, or a voyage by way of the Isthmus of Panama could be made by water. These were the best possible ways of getting there.

Fremont's desire was to find a route which could be made into a safe

and direct public line of travel, and it was with this object in view that he soon started out with his little band. This time he went to the South, crossing the northern part of Mexico, and following the Rio Grande del Norte toward California. The beginning of the journey as far as Santa Fe was made successfully; but from there it became a tour of distress—the saddest Fremont ever undertook. The route lay through a country inhabited by Indians then at war with the United States, which was dangerous enough; but added to this, winter was just coming on, and while they were in the most perilous part of their journey, among the snow-covered Sierra, the guide lost his way. Finally they were forced to turn back, but before they could get to Santa Fe, one-third of their men had died of cold and hunger, and all of their mules and horses had perished.

Even this terrible experience did not alter Fremont's resolve to find if possible a southern pass to the Pacific coast. He hired thirty new men to go with him, and once more set out, more determined to succeed than ever. After a long search he was rewarded, for in the spring of 1849—when the gold fever was getting to its height—with the cruel Sierra behind him, he again came in sight of the Sacramento River.

GOLD HUNTERS IN CALIFORNIA.

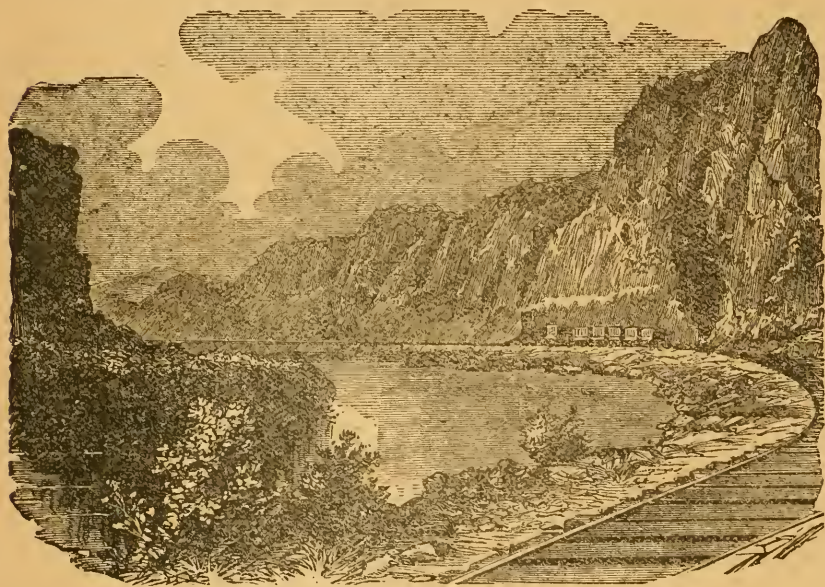
Two years before he had bought a very large tract of land, on which there were rich gold mines, and he had resolved, when he left the States, to remain upon these after he had found a southern pass, and not go back to the East to live. So now he settled down, worked his mines, and began to prepare a home for his family.

The enthusiasm about gold was drawing thousands of men to the Territory from all parts of America, and from Europe, so that California soon had enough people to become a State. Fremont took a great deal of interest in this growth in the country he had discovered to the United States and won for the Government, and he worked very earnestly to have it made a free State. Meanwhile he was not forgotten at Washington. President Taylor soon called upon him to run a boundary line between the United States and Mexico, and when that was done, California having been taken into the Union, he was chosen by the Legislature to represent the new State in the Senate at the national capital.

It was during this term that the King of Prussia and the Royal Geographical Society of London awarded him the honor of their medals for his services as an explorer.

He went to Europe after his term was over, and was treated with great respect by many of the most eminent people of the time. Mr. Fremont spent a few years at about this time in looking after his own affairs, but he had not yet given up exploring the great territory of the West. When—on his return from Europe—he found the Government preparing to survey three railroad routes across the continent, he again fitted out an expedition of his own to find a good southern route to the Pacific. This time he was successful.

He went without much difficulty to the place where the guide had lost his way in the expedition of 1848, and, following the course, which had been described to him by the mountain men whom he asked, he finally succeeded in picking out a route of safe passes all the way to the Golden State.



HUMBOLDT PALISADES, PACIFIC RAILWAY.

But this was not secured without terrible hardships. The country was barren, bleak, and cold; the provisions of the party gave out, and for fifty days the men lived on the flesh of their horses. Sometimes they had nothing at all to eat for forty-eight hours at a time.

Progress, too, was slow. For awhile they only made a hundred miles in ten days; and so deserted was the region that for three times that distance, they did not meet a single human being, not even a hardy Indian, for the winter was unusually severe and even the savages did not venture far into the dangerous passes, where the air was full of snow and fogs.

In this terrible distress Fremont feared that his men would be tempted to eat each other; and so he called them to him one day, and in the solemn stillness of the great ice mountains he made them take off their hats,

raise their hands to heaven and swear that they would instantly shoot the first man that should attempt to appease his hunger with the flesh of a comrade.

Little by little they kept pushing on; and at last all obstacles were overcome, the fair California valleys were reached, and the jaded, frost-



CHEYENNE INDIANS INSPECTING FIRST TRAIN ON THE PACIFIC RAILROAD.

bitten band entered San Francisco. One man only was missing. He, poor fellow, was courageous to the last, and died like a soldier, in his saddle; and like a soldier his comrades buried him on the spot where he fell.

The rest, though worn almost to skeletons, survived; and Fremont forgot his sufferings in the joy of having gained the object of his journey. He had found for a certainty that a railroad could be built over the road he had taken, and that was a success of so great value to the nation that even the winter of distress to himself and his band and the sad loss of one brave man was a small price for it.

The Central Pacific Railroad was begun in a few years; and the region being richly stored with vast quantities of iron, coal, and timber, the workmen were supplied with much of their materials as they went

along. In a dozen years more the great task was completed, and cars were running from East to West, carrying tourists and emigrants by the thousands and spreading prosperity and civilization to the benefit of, not this nation alone, but of all people in the civilized world. The Northern and the Southern Pacific roads have followed the first one, opening up other sections, and calling forth and using the resources of the land all the way across the continent, placing our country first among all countries in several of the most important articles in the world's commerce.

Among all the men who have devoted themselves to the success of these roads, there is no one to whom the nation owes more than to Fremont—who first surveyed the regions—northern, central and southern, and who well merits the honor of the title, the “Path-finder of the Rocky Mountains.”

The survey of the Central Pacific was the last great exploration of his life. In 1856 he was almost elected President by the then new Republican party, in the contest with James Buchanan; he was also named for the next President, but withdrew in favor of Lincoln. At the beginning of the Civil War he was made major-general in the army, and during the first year had command of the Department of the Mississippi. He lost this because he ordered that slaves should be freed by all in his district who were in arms against the Union. President Lincoln thought he was taking the step too soon, but gave him another command a few months later, from which he resigned in June, 1862, and left the conflict entirely.

Mr. Fremont was born at Savannah, Georgia, January 21, 1813. Died July 13, 1890.

QUESTIONS.

At what age was Fremont when he went to college? What did he do after he left college? Whom did he marry? Can you give an account of his first expedition? What was his object in making it? How many men did he have? What can you say of his guides? Who warned him of his danger? What was his reply? Can you describe Fremont's Peak? Can you give an account of his second expedition? Can you describe the sufferings of Fremont and his party? What part of the country did he explore? What about Fremont and the Mexicans? How long after his explorations before railroads were built across the continent? When was Fremont a nominee for the Presidency? Where and when was he born? When did he die?

HAYES AND HALL

CELEBRATED ARCTIC TRAVELLERS.



PERHAPS no greater heroes ever lived, said Uncle Frank as the young folks sat down beside him, than the men who have made journeys into the far North. They have encountered dangers and met with hardships that are enough to make one shudder even by reading about them. I wish to tell you this morning of two famous explorers, and I will take them one at a time.

I have already told you of Dr. Kane and his wonderful Arctic voyages. The next party that left the United States for the Arctic regions, the north-east coast of America, was commanded by Isaac I. Hayes, who was surgeon on the *Advance* in Dr. Kane's last expedition. He, too, had returned with the rescue party, firmly believing that an open Polar sea had been found, and he began at once to plan another expedition to make sure of this and to push other discoveries into the mysteries of the North.

BEGAN YOUNG AS AN EXPLORER.

Dr. Hayes was also a Pennsylvania man and had graduated from the Medical School of the University of Pennsylvania the year in which he started out with Dr. Kane. He was only twenty-one years old then, but he showed that he had the enterprise and the ability that is necessary to make a good explorer. More than one of the sledge-journeys made from the *Advance* were in his charge, and he also did some of the most important chart-making work of the expedition. So, when he wanted to make up another party, his plan was encouraged by the Government, and some of the most important scientific societies in the world including the Smithsonian Institution. Five years after the second Grinnell Expedition returned, and three years after Dr. Kane's death, he set out from Boston Harbor much better prepared for his undertaking than any former American expedition had been.

The hardships which make up so large a part of the story of all Northern explorers fell in full share upon Dr. Hayes and his little band in the schooner *United States*. Such trials as were described in the account of Dr. Kane's journey have been the experiences of all who have ventured within the icy region of the Arctic circle, either for the help of men or the cause of science. Ice, snow, bitter cold, and often fatigue, hunger, want of sleep, and lost bearings make the frame in which the picture of all that they have done is set. But to balance these trials, the explorers have found a great deal in those northern seas that is more grand and wonderful than the sights of any other part of the world.

GLORIOUS PICTURE IN THE POLAR WORLD.

Off the coast of Greenland Dr. Hayes wrote: "It is midnight; the sea is smooth as glass, not a ripple breaks its surface, not a breath of air is stirring. The sun hangs close upon the northern horizon; the fog has broken up into light clouds; the icebergs lie thick about us; the dark headlands stand boldly against the sky; and the clouds and bergs and mountains are bathed in an atmosphere of crimson and gold and purple most singularly beautiful. The air is warm almost as a summer night at home, and yet there are the icebergs and the bleak mountains. The sky is bright, soft, and inspiring as the skies of Italy; the bergs have lost their chilly appearance, and, glittering in the blaze of the brilliant heavens, seem in the distance like masses of burnished metal or solid flame."

In the midst of this glorious picture, the good schooner sailed on, to *Pröven* and to *Upernavik*, from whence she headed north to *Tessuissak*—"the place where there is a bay." Six weeks from the time she left Boston, the party, now larger by several natives, hunters, and Danish sailors taken aboard at Greenland, entered *Melville Bay* in a thick snow-storm. Pretty soon they had to build their snow-houses, set up their stations, and make the regular preparations for winter.

In the spring they worked their way further northward up *Smith's Sound*. Then taking a companion and starting out on a sledge-journey Dr. Hayes went over about the same route he had followed before on one of his journeys from the *Advance*. All the way he made careful observations, especially to correct errors that he found in the charts made on the last trip. Pushing up *Kennedy's Channel* he finally got beyond the limits of the former discoveries, and reached the lower cape at the entrance to *Lady Franklin Bay*. This was a point forty miles further than that



attained by Dr. Kane on the opposite shore, when he had explored the east and Dr. Hayes the west shore of this channel—which they both believed led to the Open Polar Sea. At this place—which he named Cape Lieber—he unfurled several United States flags which had been given him to open at the most northerly point in his journey.

He did not find a clear sea here; but the ice was thin and decayed, and he felt sure that open water lay beyond, though it was then impossible for him to push any further North to prove it. After making a great many careful scientific observations, he started back to the schooner, which passed the early part of the summer in Hartstene Bay, while the party spent most of the time in making discoveries round about them, watching the action of the tide and studying the habits of the Esquimaux.

START ON THEIR HOMEWARD JOURNEY.

In the middle of July the schooner broke out of the ice, and the homeward journey was begun. For a long distance Dr. Hayes surveyed the coast as he went, gathering specimens of plants and natural history and all the scientific information possible. At last the vessel was out of the Arctic regions, and a direct route was taken for Boston. He reached port after an absence of fifteen months, and found the country resounding with the news of war, the battle of Ball's Bluff having been fought a few days before the party landed.

Dr. Hayes at once offered his vessel and himself to the Union cause, and it was not until after the conflict was over that he brought out the narrative of his journey. This book, which is called the "Open Polar Sea," was thought so well of that the royal geographical societies of both London and Paris awarded gold medals to its author, while many other honors were paid him for his valuable services to the cause of science and geographical knowledge.

Two years after this book was published Dr. Hayes again went to Greenland, and explored the south coast of that country. He then studied the regions of the north for the sake of their beauty and historic interest more than for scientific knowledge. He observed the great Greenland glaciers and icebergs, visited the places where the Northmen had their colonies in olden times, and finally took his vessel—a steam yacht called the Panther—up into the much-dreaded ice-pack of Melville Bay. Accounts of this journey are given in the book entitled "The Land of Desolation."

After his return he went into politics, and was for a time a member

of the New York Legislature, although he never lost his interest in the Arctic regions, nor ceased to write about them.

Dr. Hayes relates an adventure he had with Walruses. One day he and his party came upon a large herd, and wounded one old bull with a harpoon, when all turned at once upon their enemies.

That they meditated an attack, says Dr. Hayes, there could be no longer doubt. To escape the onslaught was impossible. We had raised



THE WALRUS OF THE ARCTIC SEAS.

a hornet's nest about our ears in a most astonishingly short space of time, and we must do the best we could. Even the wounded animal to which our boat was fastened turned upon us, and we became the focus of at least a thousand gaping, bellowing mouths.

It seemed to be the purpose of the Walruses to get their tusches on the gunwale of the boat, and it was evident that in the event of our having such monster tusches on us, the boat would be torn in pieces, and we would be left floating in the sea helpless. All this gave motive, there-

fore, to be active. One of my men plied his lance from the bows, and gave many a serious wound. The men pushed back the nearest with their oars, while others loaded and fired as rapidly as we could.

Several times we were in great danger, but the timely thrust of an oar, or the lance, or a bullet, saved us. Once I thought we were surely gone. I had fired, and was hastening to load; a wicked-looking brute was rushing at us, and it seemed probable that he would be upon us. I stopped loading, and was preparing to cram my rifle down his throat, when a sailor, who had got ready his weapon, sent a fatal shot into his head.

MOUTH WIDE OPEN AND BELLOWING.

Again an immense animal, the largest I had ever seen, and with tusks apparently three feet long, was observed to be making his way through the herd with mouth wide open, bellowing dreadfully. I was now, as before, busy loading; the other rifles had been discharged, and the men were well engaged with their oars. It was a critical moment, but, happily, I was in time. The monster, his head high above the boat, was within two feet of the gunwale, when I raised my piece and fired into his mouth. The discharge killed him instantly, and he went down like a stone.

This ended the fray. The herd suddenly lost courage, and all dove down with a tremendous splash; and when they came up, although still shrieking, they were some distance from the boat, with their heads pointed seaward. A dozen had been killed and many more wounded. The bull to which we were made fast pulled away with all his might after the retreating herd; but his strength failed, the line was hauled in, and he was soon approached near enough to use the lance.

I never before regarded the Walrus as a very formidable animal; but this contest convinces me that I have done their courage great injustice. They are full of fight; and had we not been very active and self-possessed our boat would have been torn to pieces, and we either drowned or killed.

Dr. Isaac Israel Hayes was born in Chester County, Pennsylvania, March 5, 1832. He died in New York City, December 17, 1881.

A few weeks after the United States bore Dr. Hayes and his party away from Boston Harbor on their scientific voyage to the Polar Sea, another expedition left New London, Connecticut, to renew the search for Sir John Franklin. This was a simple affair of two men, Charles Francis Hall and a native Esquimaux for an interpreter.

Mr. Hall was a noble-hearted, energetic man of Cincinnati, an engraver by trade, poor, and about forty years old. Since the first Grinnell Expedition went out he had been deeply interested in every attempt that had been made to find the lost explorers, and soon after the failure of Dr. Kane's heroic effort, he came forward with a new plan by which he felt sure they could be discovered; for Mr. Hall—like many others—still firmly believed that some of the party at least were living, although sixteen years had then passed since they left England. The plan which he proposed for finding them was, for the rescue party to go prepared to live just as the natives lived, and to travel about with them over the country where it was supposed that Sir John was lost.

While he was thinking this over he heard that the British relief ship *Resolute* had been laid up as a hull in the Mediterranean, and he decided to make an effort to secure it and begin preparations. He interested Governor Chase, of Ohio, and several prominent citizens enough to get them to sign a petition to the British Government for the use of the ship to take him to join Sir Francis McClintock, an Englishman who had gone on a search expedition a little more than a year before.

HEARTY RESPONSE TO APPEALS.

He then sent out a circular calling upon all lovers of man and science to assist in fitting out this expedition. Leaving Cincinnati soon after that, he came to the Eastern cities, visited Mr. Grinnell, the relatives of Dr. Hayes, and several others who had taken an interest in former expeditions, who met his efforts with a hearty response.

In the midst of their active preparations word came from England that McClintock had returned with the good news that he had found traces of the lost party in King William Land. In a tin cylinder, underneath a pile of stones, he had found a paper which stated that Sir John Franklin and twenty-six of his men were dead. But one hundred and thirty-seven had gone out, and hopes of finding the others now helped to speed on Mr. Hall's plan very swiftly.

Mr. Grinnell again lent his aid, and a generous firm of New London offered free passage for the expedition as far as Northumberland Inlet, on their whaler, the *George Henry*. On this Hall set out on the 29th of May, 1860. His outfit was small but complete, and his only companion was an Esquimaux man, who had come down to New England from Greenland on the *George Henry's* last trip. It was a tiny expedition,

but not a weak one, for Hall was a host in himself, as he afterward proved.

Difficulties began at the outset. The Esquimaux died soon after the vessel left port; head-winds made her tardy in reaching her winter quarters, and during the winter Mr. Hall lost his expedition boat, which was all that he had depended on for reaching King William Land from Northumberland Inlet. Nothing could now be done without a new outfit, and



ESQUIMAUX IN HIS WATER-PROOF CANOE.

as it was several months before the whaler could get out of the ice, he had time to study the Esquimaux language and to make several sledge journeys into the interior so as to get some idea of what experiences were before him.

In these he gained a great deal of useful knowledge about the country, made friends with some of the people, and carried on some very valuable scientific explorations. His companions on these sledge journeys were a very intelligent Esquimaux man and his wife—"Joe and Hannah" he

named them—and another man whom he had befriended. The woman used to track the snow in front of the dog team while her husband drove, and at night she would start the light in the stone lamp to dry the wet clothing, while the men built the snow hut for their shelter.

They were out forty-three days on the first trip, and Mr. Hall learned from that how many days would have to be spent in the future—making but little progress, suffering greatly from cold and hunger, and having nothing to eat but frozen whale-hide. But in spite of these sufferings he was encouraged to go on with his plans.

Gradually the winter passed away; spring came, and then the summer, in which the captain of the *George Henry* had expected to sail for home. But the ice-pack still held her fast, and there was nothing to do but remain until the next summer, when she might be freed. Before that time came provisions began to fail, and the second winter would have seen suffering for food, if Hall had not been able to go to the natives and ask for provisions whenever the larder was empty.

In this way he kept the party alive. Then, when the men on ship-board fell sick of the scurvy—a disease that attacks almost every exploring party in the north country—he had them taken to live in the huts, where they soon got well on the native “igloo” food. This proved that his idea that the white men could live with the Esquimaux was correct. During this second fall and winter he made many short excursions into the country, and in the spring he set out on a long tour of two months.

HOME AGAIN FOR FRESH SUPPLIES.

In August—after a stay of two years—the *George Henry* was released from the ice and started for home, carrying Hall back in quest of fresh supplies and another boat. He now felt sure of success.

Hannah and Joe returned with him on a visit to the United States, bringing their baby and seal dog with them. They were very much interested in all the wonders of civilization that they saw; and the people of civilization were equally interested in them.

Mr. Hall found it very hard work to fit out his second expedition. The long and costly conflict of the Civil War had begun while he was away; and the Government had more expenses than it could comfortably meet already, and many of the people who had given money for the search before, now felt too poor to do so. He was not discouraged, and soon managed by lecturing to earn funds enough to prepare for another journey.

The Monticello, a whaler bound for the regions about Hudson's Straits, offered him free passage for the little party and the outfit, and in that vessel they started in July, 1864. They made a direct route to Frobisher's Bay, and there took on board four Esquimaux, with their wives and sledges, who, with Joe and Hannah, were to be Mr. Hall's companions after he left the vessel.

Through some mistake in the reckoning, instead of landing the travellers at the mouth of the Wager River—from which Mr. Hall intended to journey by boat to Repulse Bay and be ready to start in the spring for King William Land—the captain let them off forty miles south of the mouth of the river, which made it impossible to reach Repulse Bay that fall. It took them nine months to get to their proper landing-place, and then they had to wait till spring before setting out for Repulse Bay. Thus a whole year was lost.

WOULD NOT GIVE WAY TO DISCOURAGEMENTS.

But Mr. Hall did not lose heart. He lived with the natives as one of them, and in the spring of 1865 again started northward—not on a smooth, rapid journey, but on a slow, vexatious one. His Esquimaux companions felt none of his anxiety to hasten onward, and sometimes they would not travel more than two or three miles a day. This was an unlooked-for trouble, but, while it greatly hindered his work, it did not thwart him entirely.

One day, as the little party was journeying along, they met a band of natives who had seen Franklin. They described him and showed articles that had belonged to some of his men. They said that the ship was crushed in the ice and that some of their boats were found with dead men in them. This information made Mr. Hall more anxious than ever to push on; but the Esquimaux still dallied, stopping on one pretext or another after every little march. Even the faithful Joe and Hannah were swayed by the superstitions of their countrymen, and with them, at last, refused to go any further. The end of the second season found them back on Repulse Bay—"disappointed but not discouraged," wrote Hall in his diary.

The next spring he made a final and resolute start for King William Land, taking with him this time only Joe and Hannah, a white man named Rudolph who had gone with him from the whaler, and one of the Esquimaux who was more docile than the rest. As he neared Ig-loo-lik,

in Melville Peninsula, the natives told him that white men had often been seen there; and a little further on he discovered a place where a tent had been made, but he found no records.

The winter was spent on the Peninsula, and the next summer he reached the long-desired King William Land. Here he found some of the remains of the missing party, and learned that the Erebus and Terror, Sir John's vessels, had made the north-west passage and perished there.

So at last he had succeeded in learning the fate of the unfortunate party. He found some articles that they had left, learned that there were books and records further on, and wanted to go in search of them and the bodies of the explorers, but his companions refused to go with him, and he had to give it up. Making his way southward, just below Repulse Bay, he took passage in a whaler, bound for new England; in the early part of 1869, with Joe, Hannah, and a little adopted child, he landed at Bedford, Massachusetts, with precious relics of the lost Englishmen.

FARTHER NORTH THAN ANY EXPLORER HAD BEEN.

He went straight to New York, and within a month was at work for another expedition—this time to find the North Pole and also to get the Franklin records about which the natives had told him. Lectures and writings awoke a great deal of interest in his project. Congress voted fifty thousand dollars for it; and in June of 1871 the *Polaris* left New York with a party of able, scientific men and a good crew, placed by the Government under the command of Mr. Hall. By the end of August they had reached a point further north than any white man had ever yet been, and in a few months they set out on a sledge-journey toward the Pole, finding the country warmer than they had expected, and abounding in game.

It was too near winter to press all the way on, but they returned to the *Polaris* well satisfied with their survey, and much surer than before that they should finally succeed; but the night they returned to the vessel, Captain Hall was taken with an attack of apoplexy, and in two weeks he died.

Charles F. Hall was born in Rochester, New Hampshire, some time in the year 1821. He died on the steam-tug *Polaris*, in Newman's Bay, on the west coast of Greenland, November 8, 1871.

ROGER WILLIAMS

AND THE PILGRIMS.



GOOD-MORNING, Uncle Frank, said the young folks, as they came bounding out on the lawn and seated themselves under the big elm tree.

You may well call this a good morning, was Uncle Frank's reply. I have been listening to the birds since 6 o'clock, and it is very sweet music. What shall we talk about to-day?

The old Puritans, said James. Tell us about the Pilgrims, and how the people lived in the early days of New England. The girls were eager to hear the same story and Uncle Frank cleared his throat and began.

The most important colony that settled in New England was a band of Pilgrims, who, driven from their native land on account of their religion, first sojourned in Holland, and then embarked for America. They landed at the place which John Smith had already named Plymouth on the 21st of December, 1620.

FAMOUS LEADERS OF THE PILGRIMS.

The leaders were the courageous, energetic soldier, Miles Standish, who was the military leader of the Pilgrims in their wars against the Indians; John Carver, who was chosen governor after the landing, and managed the affairs of the colony with care and wisdom for the four months that he lived; and William Bradford, who was elected governor after Carver's death, and held that office for over thirty years.

But probably the greatest man among the New England settlers was Roger Williams, who did not come to America until a little more than ten years after the Pilgrims landed. He was a scholarly young Welsh clergyman, who had been educated for the Church of England at Oxford University, but had become a Puritan of the stanchest kind. He was already quite famous, and at first the people welcomed him and his wife

very cordially. But they soon felt that he was not severe enough in his ideas, so he had to leave Boston, and went to Salem.

There, too, he made enemies because he did not think just as the authorities did about some church affairs, and he was forced to leave that place also. One of his great "errors" was that he said the authorities had no right to punish any people for not going to church or for wanting in their way the liberty that the Puritans themselves had come so far to secure. The Salem people were very angry at him when they sent him away, but after a couple of years he was called back and was installed as pastor of their church.

MEN SHOULD HAVE LIBERTY.

Meanwhile he had been at Plymouth, and had become well acquainted with the Indians, learning their language, and also some of their grievances. He boldly said that the King of England had no right to give away their land to white people, without first paying them for it. Then and the freedom with which he still spoke his mind about the rulers and magistrates having no right to interfere with the religious beliefs of the people were more than the rigid Pilgrims could stand, and before long they said so, and gave him just six weeks in which to leave the colony. This time was afterward lengthened to several months. Williams improved it by spreading his doctrine as fast as he could and announcing that he himself would start a colony in which people might believe as seemed to them right and not after the law of any council.

The rulers heard of this and decided to send him at once to England, but they did not succeed in doing so; for he was warned by his friends just in time to make his escape. It was in the middle of a bleak, cold New England winter; but there was no time to lose, and so, leaving his wife and children behind in safety, he fled from Salem to find refuge in the wilderness.

Snow lay thick upon the ground, marked here and there with the footprints of wild beasts. He could hear their voices, too, at night as he crouched in the shelter of some hollow tree or lay in the smoky hut of some of the friendly Indians, from whom he also begged his food. "They were," he said, "the ravens that fed me in the wilderness."

In his other exile at Plymouth, Williams had known Massasoit, the great Indian king; he had then made him presents and shown him much kindness, for he felt that the white men owed a good deal to the red



Americans whose country they had taken possession of. Remembering this former friendship he now went to Massasoit in his distress.

The great chief had not forgotten his kindness and welcomed him right royally to his camp. In the spring he gave him a tract of land by the side of the Seekonk River, near the place now known as Manton's Cove, and here the fugitive preacher resolved to make his home.

He had left Salem all alone, but five others had now joined him, and together they began to build a cabin and plant corn. But soon word came that they were still on Plymouth soil. Governor Winthrop, who was secretly a friend to Williams, sent a letter advising him to move to

the other side of the water, where he might have the whole of the country before him, and be as free as they were.

So, in a short time, he took leave of his fields of sprouting corn and his unfinished



LANDING OF ROGER WILLIAMS AT PROVIDENCE.

cabin and with his five companions set out in a canoe in search of a place where he could establish a free government, and afford a home to those who were persecuted because of their opinions.

At last a favorable place was found on the west side of the peninsula near the mouth of the Moshassuck River—the place where the city of Providence now stands. Roger Williams gave it this name “because,” he said, “of a sense of God’s merciful providence unto me in my distress.”

When he drew up the plan of government for the new settlement he resolved to have it a liberal one. Providence he desired should be “a shelter for persons distressed for conscience.” All who should come to live there would be asked to promise obedience to laws for the public good, but “only in civil things.”

The settlement was hardly begun before Williams had a chance to heap coals of fire on the heads of the magistrates who had driven him from

Salem. The Pequot Indians had made an attack on some of the settlers and were trying to induce the Narragansetts — a very large and powerful tribe—to join them in a general massacre of all the white people of the Plymouth Colony. As soon as the rulers heard of this they were in great fright.

Peace must be made with the red men in some way, or the Pilgrims would



PEQUOT INDIANS IN COSTUME.

be entirely destroyed. There was but one white man in the country who knew these Indians well enough to have any influence with them. That was Roger Williams. So they sent to him—away out in the wilderness to which he had fled from their persecutions—and begged him to go to the camp of the Narragansetts and induce them not to join the Pequots.

It was a bold request to make of a man on whom they had turned as an enemy, especially as he would have to risk his life if he undertook the journey; but Roger Williams was too noble to refuse even this sacrifice for the sake of so many others, and he lost no time in setting out. He found the Pequots already there, when he reached the dwellings of the Narragansetts, and their stirring appeals to their kindred to rise and kill the white men who were fast robbing them of their hunting-grounds and the burial-places of their fathers had almost persuaded the cooler Narragansetts to join them.

Williams went at once to the dwellings of the sachems and spent three days and three nights in company with the treacherous Pequots, whom he expected every night would put their "bloody knives to his throat." But the friendship he had formed with the Narragansetts was a strong one. They respected his counsels, and finally, with the Mohicans, another strong tribe, agreed to make a treaty with the English against the Pequots.

LONG AND BLOODY INDIAN WAR.

That tribe soon opened war, and in the wretched conflict, which lasted four years, the magistrates depended almost entirely upon Williams for advice and for keeping the peace with the friendly Indians, and it was chiefly due to him that the war was at last brought to an end successful to the colonists.

Yet, when Governor Winthrop moved that he be recalled from banishment and some mark of favor be shown him for his services, the authorities refused to do it, and a few years later they even refused to allow the colony of Providence to join those of Massachusetts Bay, Plymouth, Connecticut and New Haven in a league for mutual protection against the Dutch and French. The only allies of this little band of refugees were the Indians. Even with them it needed very skillful managing to keep from an outbreak on account of the wrongs they suffered from the other colonies.

At length the people of Providence decided to look to the mother country for protection. They sent Williams to England to procure for them a charter which would define their boundaries and forbid the other colonies from interfering with them. Massachusetts had already begun to dictate to them as though they were under her control, and none of them felt quite willing to let them alone. Williams sailed in the summer

of 1643 from New York, and in a little more than a year returned with the charter and the good wishes of the mother country.

The next few years were very busy ones for Williams. Many of the colonists were dissatisfied with the government which the new charter instituted. The Indians were troublesome, owing to insults which they

received from the united colonies of Massachusetts and Connecticut. These colonies still treated the people of Rhode Island contemptuously whenever they had a chance. They went so far as to arrest three citizens of Newport who went to Lynn to visit an old friend, and had them fined and imprisoned.

At length it became necessary for Rhode Island to have a new charter in order to settle the difficulties that were constantly coming up between the towns on the mainland and those on the island. Williams was begged to go again to England, and finally consented, though he had to sell his trading-house to do so. The colonists were not only unable to support their preacher and governor and his family, but actually tried in vain to raise money enough to pay his expenses when he went across the ocean on their own affairs.



A DELAWARE INDIAN.

When he reached England the government was in such great disorder that he could do scarcely anything for his colony for some time. But he did not wait in idleness. Being an excellent scholar, he easily found pupils, and by teaching languages to several young men, he earned money enough to pay the cost of his trip. Besides these duties, he wrote pamphlets, and spent a good deal of time in trying to relieve the suffer-

ings of the poor miners, who were then out of work because of the tumult of the times.

Although Williams staid in England three years, he finally had to leave before the matter of the charter was settled, for trouble had broken out in Rhode Island that made it necessary for him to return at once. So, leaving his business in the hands of Mr. Clark—who had gone with him from Providence—he went back as soon as he could to make peace. At last he was rewarded. In August, 1654, after ten years of quarreling, the towns all united in a union and chose Mr. Williams for their president.

When, ten years after Williams left him, Mr. Clark came back with the charter, it was received with great joy and was at once put into operation. The first governor was a man named Benedict Arnold. Roger Williams—beside being chief pastor to the whole colony—was one of his assistants, and for twelve years everything moved along quietly and pleasantly, to the satisfaction of the residents of the colony.

DEATH OF THE GREAT CHIEF, KING PHILIP.

Mr. Williams was growing old now; but he was strong and able still; and when not busy with public duties, attended to his private business, wrote religious tracts, and preached to the Indians. Then came the terrible scenes of King Philip's war. The Narragansetts could no longer be kept from joining the other savages in a general attack upon the pale-faced usurpers.

When the dusky warriors were seen coming toward Providence, to treat the people there as cruelly as they had used the other settlers, Mr. Williams—then over seventy years old—took his staff and went out to meet them. The old chiefs, who knew him well, came towards him and told him that they were still his friends, but that the young warriors were so bitter against all the white men that it would not be safe for him to go among them. So he returned to the settlement and joined in the fight. The war lasted a year, only ending with the death of King Philip and almost the entire destruction of the savages.

About a year afterward, the venerable hero, the friend of the oppressed everywhere, and the founder of Rhode Island, passed quietly away.

Roger Williams was born at Conwyl Cayo, Wales, in the year 1606. He died at Providence, Rhode Island, in 1683.

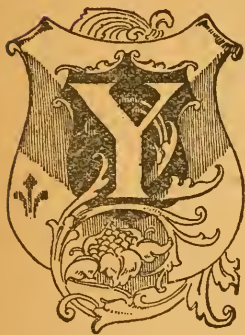
QUESTIONS.

What was the most important colony that settled in New England? Can you mention some of the most distinguished Pilgrims? Who was Roger Williams? How was he received by the New England Puritans? What was his feeling toward the Indians? What did the Puritans do to get rid of him? What Indian chief became friendly to Williams? When banished where did Williams go? What meaning was given to the name of Providence? Can you give some account of the Indians and the wars between them and the white settlers? What became of Roger Williams in his old age? Where was he born and when did he die?



HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

THE FAVORITE POET.



YOU have told us nothing about our American poets, said Mabel. Elsie and I have been talking of some of them, and we would like to know more about them.

James was not unwilling to be informed on this subject and united his request with that of Mabel. Uncle Frank said he was glad to find his young friends interested in poets and poetry, and would tell them of Longfellow.

He is the most widely popular of American poets, said Uncle Frank. His beautiful, refined and gentle poems are read by all ages and all classes of people, wherever the English language is spoken. His father was an eminent lawyer in Portland, Maine; his mother was fond of music and poetry, and it was from her, Longfellow believed, that he inherited his imagination and taste for romance. When he was only eight months old his mother wrote of him, "He is an active rogue, and wishes for nothing so much as singing and dancing." He was a sweet-tempered, unselfish little fellow, too.

The first letter he ever wrote was sent to his father when he was seven years old; he began by asking his father to bring home a little Bible for his younger sister, who wanted one very much, and then, when

he reached the last line of his letter, he told about the drum he wanted for himself. Such thoughtfulness for others before himself was as marked all his life as in this little childish letter. There were also an uprightness and high sense of honor in Mr. Longfellow's character, as well as a gentleness and refinement of feeling, that were admired by those who knew him more than it is possible to admire any written poetry, however beautiful. His life itself was a poem, full of goodness and truth.

He was a handsome little boy, with brown curls, blue eyes, and rosy cheeks; and as he grew up he became equally handsome as a man. Even when he was old and white-haired, he was the most beautiful, venerable person that the visitors to Cambridge ever saw. His first verses were written when he was thirteen years old; he sent them to a town paper, and waited eagerly to see whether or not they would be published. Yes, they were! How excitedly happy he felt! That is until he heard some one—who had no idea who wrote them—say they were "very poor stuff." That changed all his happiness into misery.

CRITICISM DID HIM GOOD.

Still, he soon made up his mind to write some more and try and do better. After that a number of his pieces were published in the *Portland Gazette*. Meanwhile he had some more serious studies than poetry, and when he was fourteen he entered Bowdoin College, at Brunswick, Maine. Here he was particularly distinguished for his blameless and orderly life. He was merry and fond of amusement, but, as one of his classmates said, "it seemed easy for him to avoid the unworthy."

As a student he was more noted in composition than for anything else; he wrote uncommonly well, both in prose and verse. When he graduated he would have been class poet, but that his standing was so good that he had the higher honor of delivering the English Salutatory.

Soon after he graduated he was asked to return to Brunswick and take the chair of Modern Languages and Literature in the college. He accepted the appointment, but with the understanding that he should first pass some time in Europe to make himself better fitted for his duties. The next four years were spent in travel, in making himself better acquainted with foreign languages, in reading and writing, and in leading a most happy life. France, Spain, Italy and Germany were studied, and when he returned he was—though only twenty-three years old—finely fitted for his work.

He performed his duties so well at Bowdoin that after about six years he was offered the still more important professorship of Modern Languages and Belles-Lettres at Harvard College. Then he left Bowdoin to make his home in Cambridge for the rest of his life. As before, he made a trip abroad before taking up his duties. It was then that he lost the young wife whom he loved most dearly, and whose memory is preserved to the world in many of his poems. She died and was buried in Holland.

During these years of his youth and early manhood Longfellow was writing as well as studying; he was helping to make literature, while deeply interested in that made by others; but he was so modest in his estimate of his own talents that he was unwilling to come before the public as an author until he had done his best to write something worthy of being printed. Four years after he went to Cambridge, and when he was thirty-two years old, his romance called "Hyperion" appeared, and also a small collection of his poems, entitled "Voices of the Night." They attracted a great deal of attention, and at once raised him to a place of note and honor among American poets.

BEAUTIFUL STORY IN BEAUTIFUL VERSE.

For nearly forty years after this he wrote almost steadily, and every few years the English-speaking people all over the world would rejoice that a new volume of Longfellow's poems was out. One of the most admired of all his writings is "Evangeline," a beautiful story in beautiful verse, which, it is said by those who study poetry for its own sake, is the most perfect piece of rhyme and melody in English hexameter that is known.

His next great work was the "Songs of Hiawatha," which is the most popular of all his poetry. That came out eight years after "Evangeline," and a year later he resigned his chair in Harvard University. In the next year, when he went to Europe, he was received everywhere with marked attention.

Both the great English Universities of Oxford and Cambridge honored him with their degrees of Doctor of Civil Law, and some of the most distinguished people of all the countries he visited welcomed him with cordiality and respect.

After Mr. Longfellow's first trip abroad he was always in the habit of making translations of some of the best ballad poetry in the European

languages; but in the year 1867, before his last visit to the Old World, he began to publish a careful and scholarly translation of the "Divine Comedy" of the celebrated Italian poet, Dante, which was far more important than any other translations he ever made.

It makes three volumes altogether, the last of which came out the year after his return. Meantime, he also wrote some delightful works in prose, romances and books of travel. All his writings are full of simplicity, purity, and beauty. No word that does not tend to make men better and the world happier ever came from his pen.

CHARMING POEMS WITH LOFTY THOUGHT.

It has been said: the great characteristic of Longfellow is that of addressing the moral nature through imagination, of linking moral truth to intellectual beauty. In beautiful language, sweet, singing verse, and cultivated taste, both Dana and Bryant are probably as fine as he; but he has surpassed them in great thoughts of real importance. The "Psalm of Life" touches the heroic string of our nature, breathes energy into our hearts, sustains our lagging purposes, and fixes our thoughts on that which lasts forever.

He is a poet who has perfect command of expression. He selects with great delicacy and precision the exact phrase which best expresses or suggests his idea. He colors his style with the skill of a painter, and in compelling words to picture thought he not only has the warm flush and bright tints of language at his command, but he catches its changeful, passing hues. He draws out new meaning from many of life's rough shows; he clothes subtle and delicate thoughts in familiar imagery; he embodies high moral sentiment in beautiful and ennobling forms; he inweaves the golden thread of spiritual being into the texture of common existence; he discerns and addresses some of the finest sympathies of the heart; but he rarely soars out of the range of common interests and sympathies.

In "The Psalm of Life"—our critic continues—in "Excelsior" and "The Light of Stars," Longfellow teaches us with much force to reckon earthly evils at their true worth, and to endure with patience what life brings us. "The Village Blacksmith" and "God's Acre" have a rough grandeur, and "Maidenhood" and "Endymion" a soft, sweet, mystical charm which show to advantage the range of his powers. Perhaps "Maidenhood" is the most finely poetical of all his poems.

The "Spanish Student," though it lacks the dramatic skill and power necessary to make a good play, is one of the most beautiful poems in dialogue born in American literature. In it are to be seen the imagination, fancy, sentiment, and manner of the poet, for it seems to comprehend the whole of his genius, and to display all the powers of its author as none of his other works do.

In all, from the first to the last, Mr. Longfellow's writings, like his life, were simple and noble, beautiful and good. Few great men have had such a happy life as he, whom we call the Cambridge Bard. Unlike many poets, he never had to struggle with poverty, or to live lonely and unappreciated. His gifts were at once recognized, and friends, wealth, and fame came to him without waiting. He was not free from sadness, though. Years after the first Mrs. Longfellow's death, he married again; and in 1861 this lady met her death by a shocking accident. While dressing for a party her clothes caught fire from a light in the room, and she was burned to death.

Good fortune sometimes injures our characters more than trials; but they did no harm to this sunny, gentle nature. If he had known all kinds of griefs, he could scarcely have been more sympathetic with all men, or more of a friend to the unfortunate than he was.

Henry W Longfellow was born at Portland, Maine, on February 27, 1807. He died in Cambridge, Massachusetts, March 24, 1882.

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QUESTIONS.

Who was Longfellow? Can you describe his disposition? What can you say of him as a boy? What was he noted for as a student? What positions as instructor did he hold? What are the titles of some of his popular poems? Can you describe the characteristics of his poems? Where was Longfellow born and when did he die?

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